

PIRATE LIVING

FOR LANDLOCKED PEOPLE

BY
SEX MAHONEY



November

2007

Sun

Mon

Tue

Wed

Thu

Fri

Sat

25

I've got a
new ex-
girlfriend

The
electro-
magnetic
intrusion

I fix my
funk like
Thelonus
Monk

Open up
the
window
sucker

I wear
my magic
smile just
for you

23

24

December 2007

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
						1
2	All for Chocolate cake	He's chosen you to do his will	Perpendic ular to the name of this town	Nobody on the bus makes good money	Last night he flew to Baghdad in his magical armchair	8
9	Got them baby gangsters selling dope for us	I'm a hopeless romantic, you're just hopeless	It lacks creativity and intelligen ce but they don't care	Call me Black-N- Decker, I don't screw them hoes I drill	Side saddle on the golden calf	15
16	Young, uniform minds in uniform lines and uniform ties	Didn't I reach out and hold you in these loving arms	I'm forever yours temporar ily	She's gone man let her go	No dress code, Depeche Mode, ice cold attire required	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	She walks the halls like Joan of Arc on mescaline					

January 2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
		1	You could have a steam train	The things I did not know at first	Time doesn't wait for me	5
6	Take off your coat and grease your throat	Looking for the quarter piece inside my caprice	I walked right out of the machinery	For persuasion , I still like candlelight and wine	These are the days	12
13	The bitch is in heat	You know he would have tended	You got into disco	Tu no tienes la culpa mi amor	If it weren't for the lottery	19
20	The Egyptians take away our mortar	Flies under a magnifying glass	Here come the jesters	One last bull to fight	In a country where they turned back time	26
27	Cigarettes in my ashtray and I don't even smoke	Listen to the duck with the little bird singing	Только огни аэродрома	I laugh when old men cry		

February 2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
						2
3	A vest on my chest, a bullet in my lung	5	6	7	8	9
10	I shouldn't talk when I can't take the advice that I give	12	Everything went numb for the money and the guns	14	15	16
17	If you're the one buttering the bread on my plate	19	The Pastor peels his onions	21	They call your bluff and watch you fall	23
24	Small town on a windy day	26	What will she do with Thursday's rags	28	29	

March 2008	<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	Dead Sea Monkeys She's one of those girls I've been waiting too long to be a dead man	15
	16	Steady going nowhere	18	When you think the night has seen your mind	20		22
	23	Raised up out the dust like a blood lust phoenix	25	Maybe he's as scared as me	27		29
	30	31					

April 2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
		1	2	3	Enlighten her nostalgia for a little flirt	5
6	A purple little lady	8	9	10	This one goes out to my people with addiction	12
13	A drop of vanilla behind each ear	15	Hopping like a monkey on holy toothpick	17	Around the stump of bigotry	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	Seventeen skulls in a hole in the woods	29				

May
2008

Sun

Mon

Tue

Wed

Thu

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Sat

1

Let your
girl
scouts
lip-synch

3

4

Awoke
myself
from a
nose dive
glide

6

You have
a flair for
taking off
clothes

8

For a
wailin
song and
a good
guitar

10

11

12

13

When I
make
love to
your
memory

15

Your legs
are like
corned
beef

17

18

Let's
duet in
ways that
make us
feel good

20

I just
flipped
off
President
George

22

I'll play
along
with the
charade

24

25

I'll be
gone in a
day or
two

27

Die for
oil sucker

29

He rides
head first
into a
hurricane

31

June 2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
1	I hid in the clouded wrath of the crowd	3	England's had him long enough	5	6	7
8	Make crosses from your lovers	10	I opened my eyes when you were kissing me	12	God said to Abraham, Kill me a son	14
15	Microwave, or is that microwove	17	I am in the henhouse with a dozen eggs for sale	19	I found me a whore who looks just like you	21
22	You say my kisses are not like his	24	Most of the women who are against abortion	26	He spoke to me, I took his flute	28
29	30					

July

2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
		1	2	3	4	5
6	He spoke to me, I took his flute	8	Center of the sunbeam light show	10	His hopes were filled with sand	12
13	Don't take any wooden nickels	15	Andy would bicycle across town	17	If you don't cry, it isn't love	19
20	Just say you love me	22	You just did what you're supposed to do	24	25	26
27	Lay down their bandanas and complain	29	South on I-95	31		

August

2008

Sun

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Sat

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

It's time
to kick
some
zombie
ass

12

Her
profession's
her
religion

14

15

16

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21

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26

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God
damn
you
shrubbery

29

30

31

September 2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
	1	2	16 25 24 19 33 25 34 46 37 33 42 40 37 34 49 73 46 45 45 5 26	4	You're so damn hot	6
7	She's out of my league I'm insane	9	What's a few broken bones	11	You are just like a pornstar	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	We'll walk across the water holding hands	23	I'm at a loss, you were my tangerine	25	Blindly falling faster	27
28	I have not showered in 36 days	30				

October 2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
			I don't mind falling down and scraping up my knees	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	That motherfucker he took everything we had	All the dishes rattle in the cupboard	Cutting through jello	Like testicles from rearview mirrors	18
19	Cream rinse and tobacco smoke	We are the skyscraper condemnation affiliate	We are not two we are one	You're always home in bed by half-past eight	If you might die when you're 20	25
26	My shirt is so comfortably lovely	I'm all right jack keep your hands off of my stack	She'd roam the hallways half asleep	30	31	

November 2008

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tue</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thu</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
						1
2	3	Send me all your money	The doctor wouldn't see me	6	7	8
9	Talking to me just when I need it most	Must we come up with 110 reasons	12	We're born with ten fingers	I'll make a million dollars	15
16	Throw it in the trash and kiss it	We just got switched with Venus	We might just make it after all	20	21	22
23						

Foreward

Hi, folks. I'm Sex Mahoney.

Thank you for reading my book. If you had a book, I would read yours, and that means a lot because I am a busy man with lots of important things to do.

Did you know that you can earn one penny per ounce of recycled aluminum? Most people just give it to their city for free, but that's because they're suckers. Anyway, digging through the trash eats up a lot of my time.

If you like what you read here, please pass it around and get other people to read it as well.

Sometimes you recommend things to people and they don't take your suggestion because they think you're an idiot, so you're really going to have to stay on them if you want them to read it (and we do).

Try tying them up and holding the book in front of their face for hours until they relent.

If they still manage to avoid reading the book at this point, you'll just have to read it to them. Don't forget to do voices for all the characters.

There's not much entertaining material in this book, which is why you got it for free. If it was good, you would have had to pay something for it. That's how the free market works.

If you like the book, then please drop me a line at sexmahoney@gmail.com.

As soon as you're finished, I promise you can go back to masturbating.

Sex Mahoney
for
President

I've got
a new
ex-
girlfriend
, she is
so fat
and ugly

There's nothing quite like fall weather.

The sun never shines, rain falls like it's going out of style, and people are miserable everywhere.

That's why I love it so much.

There's nothing that makes me happier than seeing unhappy people.

When I see people rejoicing and having fun, it depresses the crap out of me. That's why I spend my spare time giggling away at funerals, laughing in the back of ambulances, and beating small children with their favorite toys.

I am a reactionary. When the rest of the world is sad, I feel peachy; however, when everyone else is happy, I go into deep doldrums of despair.

Human suffering makes me laugh; not just the normal stuff, like a guy getting hit in the nuts, or a woman falling into a pit of scorpions; I laugh at some of the things that people take really seriously, like racial genocide and pederasty.

I want to make one thing clear, I don't laugh at these things unless there's a good reason to laugh; for instance, there's nothing funny about a child being raped; however, if that child is raped by a religious leader because their

parents insist on teaching their children "good moral values" then the rape becomes very funny, because it's an example of irony. Racial genocide is just always funny, there's no two ways to slice it.

Similarly, I don't laugh at people who are dying of cancer, but if that person, at some point in time, told me to quit smoking, stay out of the sun, stop eating red meat, and move out of the city because those things were bad for my health, then I would certainly laugh at them.

It's not that I have no respect; in fact, there are certain things which I respect very much; it's just that I don't take anything seriously until it has earned my respect. Nothing comes for free in this life.

My parents taught me that lesson when I was very young; my mother would bring a fresh bucket of fish heads into my kennel once a week, but she would withhold them until I had shown a proper amount of affection; then she would signal my father to turn off the hose, and he would loosen my neck restraints so I could reach the fish. It was a hard year, but most of that stopped by the time I was a year old.

When I grew up, my parents expected no less from me; whenever I meet a new person, I make it a point to give them a hard time until they earn my respect. Before I got married, I gave my wife a terrible time. To prove her abilities as a guardian, I made her stand outside all night while I slept (you can't be too careful, sleep is when we're most vulnerable to our many enemies and friends). At first, she would complain about all kinds of silly things like asking for a coat, some food, or to come inside when it was raining, but a coat would slow down her reaction time, food would make her sleepy, and only a baby wouldn't want to stand out in the rain for eight hours a night (ten on Sundays, I like to sleep in). Now, things are much better; my wife has earned my respect so I give her special favors, and even let her sleep inside once or twice a week.

So I do take some things seriously, just not the same things as everyone else.

I'm not alone in feeling this way; there are lots of people out there who like to laugh at other people's misfortune, only they don't have the balls to do it when it concerns themselves. Sure, they might chuckle when someone else's grandfather falls off the side of a building when he accidentally breaks into his visiting grandson's stash and tries LSD for the first time, but, when it happens to their grandfather, suddenly it's not so funny.

Just about everything we do is worthy of a joke or at least some gentle derision. Human beings like to build themselves

up, like they're some kind of special species just because they can read Proust, know what Beaujolais means, or play a wicked banjo; but we're just little tiny animals running around scared most of the time. All the benefits of society do very little to keep us from suffering the same maladies we have faced for millennia. You'd think we would have learned to take it easy by now, but no, human beings are still one of the most stubborn groups of people in the world

I say that it's about time to wipe everything out and start over. We humans have had our run of the planet long enough, and it's only a matter of time before the cosmos does something to bring about our destruction anyway; why not have a big, world wide, group suicide and get all the countries in the world to fire off their nuclear weapons all at once. Not only will we get to have a great party while we're waiting for the bombs to drop, but the survivors will evolve into a race of super mutants, and it will purge humanity of its ridiculous fear about nuclear Armageddon.

So, let's get on that. Let's stop pussy footing around and blow up everything. At least we'll all get a good show before we're incinerated.

Sex Mahoney for President

The electro- magnetic intrusion is just another word for confusion

It's a Wonderful Life
inarguably is the best
movie of all time.

That's why American
elections are so pointless.

There are very few movies
that can elicit the type,
and range, of emotions with
which I associate the Frank
Capra classic. So often,
the movies designed to make
you cry keep you crying
throughout; however, even
there are some gut-
wrenching comedic scenes in
IaWL the end of the movie
makes me weep like a little
bitch every single time.

Still, upon closer inspection, the end of the movie is not
as heartwarming as the filmmakers would have us believe.

The entire movie, Jimmy Stewart puts his miserable savings
and loan, and the equally miserable citizens of Bedford
falls, ahead of everything until he's reduced to an angry
shell of a man with little to show for all his years of
toil, and always one minor accident away from complete and
total failure. As George Bailey heads closer and closer to
an emotional breakdown, his friends, family, and the town he
helps keep alive, are nowhere to be found; however, upon
hearing of his troubles, the citizens of Bedford Falls do
exactly what good Americans do, they throw money at the
problem and hope that it goes away, which, thanks to a
heartwarming rendition of *Auld Lang Syne*, it does.

Of course, after that night, nothing really changes; George
is still sitting underneath Damocles' sword, Potter is still

a mean old rich bastard, and Donna Reed is still giving out blowjobs to buck privates in 1941 Hawaii, but for one night, people can throw money at a problem and hope that it goes away.

Just like American elections.

Hell, elections in general.

Politicians can't change the world; they can only climb on their soapboxes to take enough bribes to last them to retirement. Placing your faith in a politician is like assuming that the guy you meet on your first day of prison is giving you that candy bar out of the kindness of his heart.

In both cases, you'll soon find yourself taking a big, black dick in your ass.

Okay, so maybe politicians don't have big dicks, otherwise they would get worthwhile jobs, and chances are equally good that it won't be a black dick, since most politicians are so white they think that Hall and Oates is some pretty funky shit; but there are a lot of them, and, when you're talking about a gigantic, bureaucratic system like the US, it's just as bad to get fucked in the ass by a million little white dicks; especially since they'll probably sing something like 'Maneater' while doing it.

The only real democratizing force is the labor movement; it's no coincidence that America's greatest progressive governmental strides occurred in conjunction with the growth of organized labor. It is also no coincidence that some of the most brutal governmental oppression was, is, and will always be directed toward labor unions.

Sure, unions, just like any other human endeavor, start out well-intentioned and end up becoming bloated, corrupt hog wallows, but that's no reason to assume that they don't work.

As America becomes less industry oriented, labor union power is waning, and so are citizens' rights.

When I used to work for L'Oreal, I was appalled by the treatment office workers received. There was one woman who showed up everyday at 9 AM and didn't leave until one or two; one year, on Christmas Eve, I talked her into leaving early at midnight, but she caught hell for it when she came into work the next day. Her supervisor called her from home, where he was having dinner with his family, to excoriate her.

The union president, a big Italian guy who once threatened

to have my thumbs broken for failing to pay protection money, would come into the office with his lackey, a bright eyed young man who still believed in the power of industrial labor unions. He and I would talk all the time, and I told him about my plan to develop white-collar labor unions. He agreed that it was a good idea, but said that it would probably never work.

Factory folk are tough, especially the ones who formed the core of organized labor in its pre-mob heyday; office workers are soft, they sit at desks all day long and forward Ziggy comics to their coworkers. I could see a group of machinists standing up to fire hoses and German Shepherds; I doubt that a group of accountants could do it.

Still, more and more American workers are located in cubicles these days, and their jobs are at the whim of people who don't spare them a thought in between actual, non-metaphorical, golden showers and a new sport, the American rich have developed, called hobo polo.

It's those office workers that are the last hope for America; otherwise, people will continue to show up at George Bailey's house once a year, toss a few bucks in the pot, sing 'Auld Lang Syne' and assume that everything would be okay if their conservative/liberal counterparts would just stop being so obtuse just because their favorite television blowhard said that's why everything is still messed up.

So there it is, stop protesting, stop voting, stop listening to Rush Limbaugh, and stop trying to tell me that Miller Lite is the better beer because it has the same great taste but is less filling; start convincing the guy in the next cube to stop forwarding last night's David Letterman top ten list and start demanding his employers treat him like a human being.

Now is the perfect time, all the writers are on strike, so there's less bland, inoffensive material on TV with which to waste other people's time.

Sex Mahoney for President

I fix my funk I like The Ionius Monk

I feel bad for people from older generations; it must have been damn near impossible to steal records.

I'm not talking about 45s, I mean those monstrous, 12 inch, polyvinyl chloride discs that were popular for most of the twentieth century.

Sure, they didn't have magnetic anti-theft devices on them, and, in the days before inexpensive CCTV systems it must have been much harder to identify a perpetrator, but still, those things are so bulky that you'd either have to be a master of prestidigitation, or at least faster than the shop keep, to swipe one.

Plus, when you consider the weight of records, it limits the amount you can steal at any one time. I no longer offer to help my audiophile friends move their stuff because I'm tired of lifting all those damn records.

Today, that is no longer a problem.

Why, just this morning I stole an entire lifetime worth of tracks commonly broadcast on the Dr. Demento show. I don't feel bad about it because I can't stand that bearded freak. Actually, Dr. Demento is a really nice guy and I wouldn't want to say anything bad about him, but he forced my hand when he made "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer" a household name.

I shouldn't use the word 'stole' as it refers to music, or any other kind of art for that matter, because you technically can't steal art.

The difference between art and imagination is that art is a creative expression; if you create a work of art, the primary motivation is to express your creativity to other people, no matter whether it's to make them laugh cry, or invite their friend Tom over to double team their wife. If you create art, you intend to share it with the world (unless, of course, you're JD Salinger, and you just want to be left alone).

If you don't want other people to experience your art, there's no reason to bother committing it to a medium, you

can just imagine it in your head and appreciate what you would create if you were interested in other people's opinions.

That's why the television and Hollywood writers are off their fucking rockers if they expect to get more money from the enormous multinationals that own them.

There's no reason why television and movies are still relevant; if an artist is so intent on creating, then the internet is a perfectly good medium on which to paint. The problem is that people are greedy, and they not only want to hear about how much people love their art (and by extension, the artist), but they also want to get paid.

You can't have it both ways.

Commercial success may be nice, but the chance of becoming a successful commercial artist are about as bad as becoming a professional athlete; it doesn't happen that often, and rarely to people who don't have parents in the industry. For the rest of us Peter Paintbrushes and Wrally Wrightwells, we just keep plugging away at our creative projects and hope that somewhere in time someone will actually watch or read our mental flatulence.

With very few exceptions, television is pretty awful. Not as bad as this blog, but pretty shitty nevertheless.

I can count the number of good television shows on one hand and still have plenty of fingers left over to diddle a group of Swedish quadruplets; that television writers want more money is an insult to the thousands of people who are now permanently scarred by decades of bad comedy, and who now see humor in things like Will Ferrell, Jack Black, and Dane Cook.

If anything, professional film and television writers should get in line and give back, to the American people, some kind of compensation for the years of flagrant abuse. Whether it's because we had to sit through 'Daddy Day Care' on a flight to Phoenix, or because your grandmother makes you watch reruns of 'Matlock' and 'Murder She Wrote' every time you are legally obligated to visit her, those writers owe us. We should be the ones going on strike against them.

And it's not bad enough that their years of crappy writing alienated TV audiences to the point where there is at least one reality show playing at all times of the day, but they want more money to pay for all the fancy things that writers will wastefully purchase such as clothes and education for their children, food for their family, or a brand new cup from which to sell pencils on street corners.

First, we have to send a message to the networks that we're not going to put up with their garbage anymore; for all the crappy programming on TV, you may as well save the money that you would spend on a new set and just have a sewage line installed in the middle of your living room. Not only would the fresh, raw sewage smell a whole lot better than any of Jay Leno's jokes, but the random articles that pop up in the sewage, and the possible mutations or fatal diseases it would cause in your family, will be much more interesting than someone making a codpiece out of used condoms on 'Project Runway.'

Then we have to teach those uppity writers a lesson by churning out countless pages of our own crap on the internet. Eventually, some of us will become good enough that people would rather see, read, and hear our stuff for free than have to pay for it on TV.

Let everyone have it for free, because the purpose of art is to share something beautiful with other people; I may not be a great writer, but sometimes I'm okay, and the more I hear people tell me how much I suck, the better I'll become. When you put restraints on art, and try to keep it to yourself, it withers and dies like 'Leonard Part 6.' As far as I can tell, the only harm in letting people have it for free is that large companies, that spend most of their time making bombs, can't control it like they once did.

Steal everything.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to carefully remove these records from my anus.

Sex Mahoney for President

Open up
the
window,
sucker,
let me
catch my
breath

I've been having especially smelly turds lately.

Not just the turds, either, over the last three days my farts have turned into something lethal; they cannot be contained.

The farts are so bad that even I think they stink, and you all know how much I love my own farts; however, once your own farts start making your eyes water, you're headed into trouble country.

Politicians are people who never have this problem, that's why they can get on stage and talk about issues that will never affect them and act like they not only care, but are genuinely touched by the issue. Sometimes they even cry. That's the political equivalent of someone putting a tube up your ass and attaching the other end to a gas mask over your face so you can savor the lovely aroma of your own flatulence all day long.

Unfortunately for me, I work in a Korean office, which means that, at any given time, there are four or five heat fans broiling the air around me. If you're never seen a heat fan, they look like regular fans, except instead of blades that spin and circulate fresh air, they have nichrome coils that bake stale office air. Under normal conditions, my recent farts have been debilitating; at work, they are lethal.

The other people in the office have been very nice about the hole situation. Even though they duct taped my ass cheeks

together and plugged my anus with a 1.6 liter beer bottle, they allowed me the use of my hands, so I can still write this to all of you out there in blogoland.

It's such a shame when our farts become so potent that even we, who generated them, can't enjoy their fragrance anymore. Without anyone to appreciate them, old farts just fade away (although not in my office where the heat fans carefully preserve every odor that ever existed in this room; every winter it's like Ralph Lauren dumped five billion gallons of Polo Sport into the world's largest stagnant raw sewage depository). That's not fair to the farts; everybody needs someone who loves them.

That's why I like standing up for unpopular causes, because everyone deserves a little sympathy, no matter how much of a bastard they are. Believe me, I know, I used to be such a bastard.

This brings me to child molesters, society's modern day punching bags.

It seems like politicians can get any law passed just so long as they attach it to something that puts more restrictions on child molesters. I wouldn't be surprised if one day we see a bill go through Congress that's titled the "Concerned Citizens Opposed to Child Coercion and in favor of Environmental Pilferage Act."

We can all agree that there are few things as low as a child molester, but that doesn't mean they deserve less kindness and understanding than anyone else. People make mistakes and they should be forgiven for their transgressions. Not one of us has the right to judge anyone else; we're all sinners, and we are equally guilty for our comrades' crimes just as they are guilty of ours.

Besides, aren't we overlooking the child's culpability in all of this mishagosh? I know that children like to show off by wearing tight overalls and saying suggestive things like "Can I have a cookie" but their parents, and society at large, should be more responsible in teaching them valuable lessons.

It's about time that diaper manufacturers started making less revealing diapers. The average child's diaper shows off a lot more leg than even Paris Hilton's shortest skirt; plus, the diaper manufacturers are practically forcing the children to take them off by using easy to remove adhesive strips to hold the diapers together. The only underpants on which adults have such an option are the ones sold in porn shops and novelty stores.

Parents think that labeling, threatening, and electronically

listing sex offenders will keep their children safe, but they are loath to put the same kind of restrictions on their children. Most playgrounds are constructed out in the open, in easy to access places, and on well trafficked streets; it's as though the parents are taunting the potential molester with constant images of their children laughing, having fun, and enjoying themselves. It's even worse when the potential molester must sit and watch the children gently rocking back and forth on those plastic animals attached to large springs. If a ninety-year-old woman was raped at home while watering her flowers, it would be no less clear that she was to blame for her perpetrator's crime for inciting that desire. Children's playgrounds should be caged off from the outside world, with some kind of concrete walls, and bars on all the windows. It's the only way to keep them safe.

Of course, some people will say that, in a sexually repressive society, people with semi-abnormal sexual appetites will slowly develop unhealthy neurosis as their peers and social guardians pressure them to conform to a 'normal' sexual identity, but those are just people who have no idea how real life works. In real life, women are supposed to lie still while a man does his thing, and then pretend like his penis is god's gift to femininity once the whole thing is over; heaven help them if they yawn. Make no mistake about it; masturbating your same-sex friend when you're curious twelve year olds is just as bad as having sex with an animal... or a corpse.

That's why we should forgive child molesters; right now our farts smell pretty good, but there will come a day when a slight change in our diet will produce gaseous emissions, of such monstrous proportions that they will blot out the sky, kill all plant life, and force the few remaining human survivors to live underground like common trolls.

Before that happens, for god's sake, make peace with your holes.

Sex Mahoney for President

I wear
my magic
smile,
just for
you

Once upon a time, men were men, women were women, everything was sepia colored and sex crimes were only committed by a close family member or a community religious leader that everyone knew was a child molester but nobody did anything to stop him... or her.

There is, among all people, a desire to believe that life was much simpler at some point in time, and that things are in a constant state of degradation now.

That's because people have piss poor memories.

I don't mean that they have no good memories, as in, nothing good ever happened to them, I mean that they don't remember well.

People have said that the world is going to hell in a hand basket since they first learned to speak; in fact, I'm pretty sure that it's the first things human beings learned to say. First they developed fire, and then they developed sitting around the fire and bitching about how good things used to be.

That's the thing about life that most people forget; no matter how old you are, the worst thing that has ever happened to you is always just about to happen. Sure, the converse is true, so the best thing that ever happened to you is also always just about to happen, but the majority of people are pessimists, that's why they believe in God.

If you think that everything is going to be okay, there's no need to believe in an afterlife.

Pessimists look to the past because it's much easier to imagine that things were once simpler than to recognize that things have always been exactly as complicated as they are now. That's why I find it so surprising that so many people are opposed to gay marriage.

Sure, man on man homosexual sex may be a little dangerous, what with the increased probability of anal tearage and AIDS infection, but we're human beings, damnit, when we encounter a dangerous activity, we don't stop doing it, we take futile steps to make it safer.

When our forefathers first met on the field of battle and realized just how dangerous war really was, did they stop killing each other? No, they made armor to protect themselves. When people realized how dangerous it was to keep handguns around the house, did they get rid of the guns? Nope, they put a safety switch on them, and now we don't have problems with guns anymore. So what if male homosexual sex is one of the easiest ways to contract the AIDS virus, outside of getting a blood transfusion in Haiti, we have condoms to combat that problem; and now, no one has to worry about AIDS anymore.

Whenever I hear people talk about 'the good ole' days' before the modern queer movement, it makes me think of a group of enrobed, white men, sitting on a porch somewhere in 1870s Georgia, saying to one another: "Remember when you could just chain them boys up and sell em off to some other owner? Those were the good old days."

There are no good old days, everything is as fucked up as it's going to get, and the only reason that it now seems more fucked up is that your ability to withstand the world's fucked up-edness is slowly diminishing with age.

The trouble started when I went to a home improvement store that was in the middle of a big 'extreme' advertising campaign. I just needed a new mail box, but apparently that's a sissy name because box is just a little too feminine, so they didn't have any mail boxes.

Instead, I bought the 'Extreme Mail Hole 6000.' It has more features than the 3000, but it's less expensive than the 9000.

Once the mail enters my brand new 'Mail Hole 6000,' the letter carrier has three seconds to remove their hand; otherwise it will be severed by a razor sharp, reinforced steel door that slams down, clamping my mail hole shut.

A lot of my neighbors didn't like my 'Mail Hole 6000' especially when I started showing it off around the neighborhood. They said that a 'Mail Hole 6000' is supposed to be private, something that's shared between a man and his wife, with the possible exception of a once a day visit from the postal worker.

Part of growing up is learning to deal with change; things

have to keep changing, otherwise they stagnate and die.

I often hear people, mostly men, say that they have no problem with homosexuality, just so long as they don't have to see it, hear about it, or think about it; however, there's a double standard, because most men will kick their own mother in the pussy just to watch two girls going at it. I have even seen 'Focus on the Family' leader James Dobson doing exactly what I just described at a recent 'Girls Gone Wild' taping; the only difference was that most of the other men who brought their mothers only kicked them in the pussy once or twice; Dobson went to town on his mother's cunt for a good ten minutes, about half way through, she was spitting up blood and holding out her copy of the bible to protect her. Obviously religion didn't do her much good, because her son continued for another five minutes.

You have to be willing to try everything once; chances are good that you won't like everything you try, but giving something an fair chance usually makes you much less of an asshole about it. Man on man homosexual sex can't be all that bad, just look how many conservative Republicans do it, and those guys don't like anything.

As I have said to many of my ex girlfriends, regarding anal sex, just try it once. What's the worst that could happen? A lot of people tend to think of the asshole as an outhole, but you'd be surprised what you could fit in your butt; not only will the occasional butt fucking keep you nice and grounded, it will also better prepare you for an eventual trip to a prison, concentration camp, or a life as an international drug smuggler. You can't just shove twenty pounds of heroin up your butt all at once if you're not used to getting it in the rear.

And for those of you who think that these modern ages are chock full of perverted and twisted people like me, think back to all those times you heard your mom getting plowed; for every year that your parents were married, the probability of engaging in regular anal sex increases exponentially from 5%. It's not that married couples get bored with a monotonous sexual routine, it's just that, in the first year of marriage, you love your spouse, and you would never do anything to hurt them; in the second year, they've done a few things to piss you off, and you'll need to blow off some steam every now and again; by the time you're married for three years, your spouse becomes nothing more than a constant pain in the ass, and that's where we get that phrase.

So, live a little, let your guard down, don't bother those two, nice, neat, and well-dressed young men who move in across the street, and, for god's sake, take those awful sepia glasses off your memory eyes. See the past for what it

really is, the world's best and worst present.

Sex Mahoney for President

A Long Time Ago

A long time ago, when the earth was green, I was one spiteful motherfucker.

There was no offence too small for retribution.

Since then, I've given up vengeance. Bad things happen all the time, but making bad things happen to other people is no balm for pain, offers no protection from hardship, and turns you into an asshole just as smelly as the person who wronged you.

What's surprising is that I, a non-believer, arrived at the same conclusion, and found no trouble implementing, that which Jesus preaches in the bible. I wasn't surprised to find such a philosophy in the bible, I had read it before I gave up vengeance, and I wasn't surprised that Jesus preached about letting go of vengeance because, let's face it, the guy's kind of a pussy. I was surprised that I was able to change my life and live by a biblical tenant. I have a hard time following most of the other rules in the bible; for instance, when I take my neighbors raiment, I try to have it back to them by sundown, but my day is so hectic that I can't do it all the time, and in the winter, when the days are short, forget about it.

I'm not saying that I'm some kind of pious motherfucker, because I love to covet my neighbors possessions, and I couldn't stop killing hobos if I tried, but, as far as it comes to revenge, that's pretty easy.

All you have to do is turn the other cheek.

What's surprising is that so many people find it so hard.

As far as I can tell, part of being a good 'Christian' means living by Christ's principles; otherwise, you're just an 'ian,' which is kind of like being a Jew except you can still get into most country clubs. One of Christ's principles is turning that proverbial cheek.

Under these guidelines, the appropriate, Christian, response to September 11th would be to present any would be terrorists with another target, not start two wars to bring them to justice; besides, if you believe in God, what's the point of wasting your time with earthly justice when there's already a neat little setup prepared for the sinners and the saints in their afterlives.

I've never much liked that term, afterlife, because after you're alive, you're dead; I suppose that people could call it their dead life, but that's just too oxymoronic.

As much as they would like to deny it, Christians are self proclaimed pacifists.

Or, at least, they would be if such things mattered.

For most people, religion is like a suit they wear because they're ashamed to stand naked. It's not that they dislike their bodies, or they have self-esteem issues, it's just that, once you're naked, there's nothing left behind which to hide. Just like patriotism, nationalism, fashionism, and sports teams, religion acts as a shield, behind which, many cowards hide.

When you make up your mind to live you by certain principles, it doesn't matter what book you think is holy, or where you waste your time on Sunday mornings (or Saturday night).

I have heard people say that, without religion, there would be no morality, but that's specious logic. Sure, if there is no God, then technically you are free to do whatever you want, but, if there is a God, who's to say that God didn't tell you to rape everything you see.

That's why, when it comes to God, it's best to leave things at a personal level and not get too involved. Sure, we can't prove that God doesn't exist, but we can't prove that God exists, either.

The strangest part of the whole thing is that anyone dares to talk about God with any kind of certainty. Even if there is a God, there is no way that any one of us could have any idea what God is think, or even any concept of how God thinks, since an omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent deity would act totally differently from us mortals.

Still, we can take a clue from such a God, if such a God exists, which is exactly why there's no need to take revenge on anyone for anything.

Sure, you may feel a sting when bandits make off with your best livestock, your wife leaves you to be with the Guatemalan pool boy, or the vending machine eats your change, but revenge will not ease that pain; if anything, revenge only exacerbates pain since, instead of just one person suffering, there's now at least two. My advice is to be like God.

No, that does not mean raining sulfur and brimstone on your enemies; nor does it mean killing all the male Midianites and taking their virgins as your spoils; what I mean is to just be patient and wait; that's what God does.

Eventually, your enemies will all die, since, when last I checked, the mortality rate for human beings is still close to 100%. Try to get into disputes with people older than you, that way you are more likely to have the pleasure of watching them die.

Of course, I think the mortality rate for human beings is 100%, but I can't prove that it's not; therefore, every person who has ever lived is still alive, and they're probably somewhere in Cleveland.

Sex Mahoney for President

He's Chosen You to Do His Will

I rarely ejaculate in people's mouths.

It's not that it's hard finding someone in whose mouth to ejaculate, most poorly lit bars provide a generous helping of men and women who are willing to help out a fellow; it's just that I like to think of myself as a considerate person. I'll hold open a door for anyone, I'll do my best not to fart in your presence, and I will never show you the pictures I took of your grandmother when she took out her teeth and gave me a blowjob (I will tell you about it, just so things aren't awkward between us at Christmastime); however, I try not to cum in people's mouths because it tends to leave a taste that lasts longer than most popular brands of chewing gum. Besides, it's just as easy for me to pop out at the last minute and blast some poor sucker in the face.

I don't want to trample on anyone's personal space.

Like any large group, religious folks tend to be congenial in small numbers, but down right annoying in large groups; obviously, there's a lot of people out there who are no fun to be around at all, but for the most part, everyone usually does their best to get along in a crowd. Sometimes, you can have fun with these people by getting them to do things they wouldn't ordinarily do. For whatever reason, people have opened up to me my whole life; they tell me things in confidence that I would be embarrassed to repeat. If nothing else, these people and their secrets taught me how to keep my mouth shut. Still, I always try to remember that people are highly suggestible, and that I shouldn't take advantage of that weakness.

Religious missionaries have no problem exploiting that weakness, and they use it to steal people's hard earned money. That kind of thing leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

This is exactly why women should be allowed to bare their breasts in public.

Actually, people should be allowed to get as naked as they want while they're out in public. Businesses can regulate what kind of people they're willing to service based on clothing, but the government has no business regulating people's behavior in regards to the visibility of their genitals.

That women should be allowed to bare their breasts in public is a forgone conclusion since breasts are not genitals, they're not even sex organs; they're enlarged tear ducts surrounded by huge sacks of fat. That people should be allowed to show their genitals in public, well, that's going to take some explaining.

Children are well versed in genitalia. Without the social restrictions placed on so many adults, kids frequently touch themselves in public, unabashedly stare at adults they see naked, and say all kinds of funny things like "Daddy's cock looks like it could tear Mommy in twain." Okay, so I've never actually heard a child say that last one, but they would if they had a sense of humor; kids are about as funny as the jokes you read on Popsicle sticks and Hallmark cards.

The main argument I hear people use against public nudity is the effect that it will have on children, because children are not equipped to handle images of the naked human body. Bullshit, kids are naked all the time, they love being naked; when I was a kid, I used to take baths with my brother and sister, and my friends and I would all take a piss at the same time, we even used to play Ghostbusters with out urine and make stupid jokes about 'crossing the streams.'

I also hear people say that there are just some humans that no one wants to see naked; obviously that's not true, because I'm someone, and I want to see everyone naked. Sure, not everyone looks like Mae West, Burt Reynolds, or Condoleezza Rice, but that doesn't mean I don't want to take a gander at their genitalia. I'd like to see everyone naked.

If everyone were naked, there would be no more bullies. Penis size is directly related to a person's asshole level; I'm smallish, not quite laughable, but nothing to write home about, so I'm kind of a jerk, but I won't steal from you or cum in your mouth; most bullies have cocks so tiny that they compensate for their inability to please women by beating the crap out of skinny, dorky guys, who, as everyone knows, have the biggest cocks on the planet. Seriously, think back to your high school days, the guy that got beat up all the time, wore black clothes and carved 'The Smiths' lyrics into his body with superficial knife wounds was probably so well hung that it would make a seasoned pro cry from the pain.

Not to mention that Presidential elections would become a lot more interesting in everyone was naked.

Of course, if people are allowed to get naked in public, then it is much more difficult to draw the line in regards to obscene behavior. What's to stop a naked man from running up to your impressionable son or daughter and harassing them by waving his penis in their face?

Well, people don't seem to mind it all that much right now. Why, when I was a child, I was approached by a group of Jehovah's Witnesses who asked me to help them complete a survey for their university studies. Turns out they were lying; the survey was actually a questionnaire designed to lead me into thinking that they could help me, and, when I asked them where they studied, they told me it wasn't at a university, but just a college; apparently God has yet to become accredited to issue post-graduate degrees.

After they harassed me with questions about my religious affiliation, they went to go bother some kid who was flagrantly loitering in front of a corner store.

I fail to see how trying to convert kids to religion on the street is any better than waving your willy-wag in some child's face. I would never suggest that religious folks can't go around trying to convert heathens, but the same courtesy should be extended to people who think that the middle of July is no time to have to wear clothes.

Something is only obscene if there's someone to object to it; the people who claim that the human body is obscene are really just uncomfortable in their own skin. They have every reason to be; as a society, we can be very judgmental; however, if everyone wasn't so uptight about getting naked, then maybe we could bring a little bit of fun back to this crazy, mixed up world.

So come on everybody, tell those missionaries to put away their clipboard and join you in some good, old-fashioned, friendly nudity; just remember, try not to cum in their mouth unless they ask for it.

Sex Mahoney for President

Perpendicular to the name of this town

I like the idea of a minimum wage; it sends a good, strong message to people who need to realize how little society cares about them.

There are plenty of other areas that might benefit from some government mandated minimums.

For instance, what about minimum pussy? Every teenage boy, starting from the age of twelve or thirteen, should be issued a certain amount of new pornography every month until they are legally allowed to buy it themselves. Sure, they can already get porno for free on the internet, but I'm sure it won't be as high quality as government mandated porn; besides, I don't care what anyone says about them, I would love to see the video footage of Monica Lewinsky going down on Bill Clinton. I think she's pretty.

How about a minimum ass whooping? Most black people who live in urban areas tend to get this anyway, but it would be nice if everyone in America could benefit from having their ass handed to them on a regular basis; not only would people be a lot more humble, but it would give me great satisfaction knowing that Pat Robertson has the shit beat out of him once in a while.

As long as we're imposing minimums, then why not extend that to immigration as well; the United States owes its success to immigration, both legal and illegal; instead of trying to keep people out, why not set a minimum number to bring in?

Of course, these government benefits can be expensive, so we'd have to put limits on the number of times that people can use these services. Too many ass whoopings can really be hazardous to a person's health; if bartenders are legally allowed to deny someone alcohol because it might make them more of a menace to society, then the government employees should have the same right.

The key to healthy living is moderation.

Too much of anything is no good. Even water will fuck you up if you take enough of it.

That's why it's not enough that we have a minimum wage, but we should also have a maximum wage.

After a certain point, too much money becomes unhealthy.

Take a look at what happened to sports over the last fifty years. In the old days, athletes would actually die during competitions, and not from steroid abuse. I'm talking about guys who would go out to play baseball without helmets, get beamed in the head and die right there on the field; guys who would go out to play football without pads, helmets, and common sense; in 1905, there were 19 football related casualties and the sport was almost shut down by a presidential order.

Or take music, which is a bit more egalitarian. Every so often, a bunch of people come up with a truly unique musical style that draws a lot of fans; soon, every creep and yahoo with a guitar is doing their best imitation that the market becomes so saturated that none of them are profitable anymore; that's when record companies trot out the old tried and true staple of boy and girl bands. If there's one thing for which people will line up in droves, it's bland, inoffensive pop music.

Too much happiness is bad for business, because when you give people too many rewards, they get happy and they think they deserve more than they're getting, the Hollywood writers are a perfect example. After years of churning out crap like 'Silver Spoons' 'The Hogan Family' and 'Friends,' writers began producing quality material like 'The Simpsons' 'Malcolm in the Middle' and 'Arrested Development.' They won awards, got raises, and eventually got too greedy, and now I have nothing to distract me from the slow process of dying.

With a maximum salary, a cap if you will, we could put a stop to all those rich folks who think that they deserve more than the millions of dollars they annually earn. It would keep them in line, just like the minimum wage does to poor folks.

You see, just as too much happiness can lead to desire, too much hardship leads to anger. The trick is keeping people in the middle, where they're just miserable enough that they don't think they deserve any more than they have, but happy enough that they won't riot and kill you.

Remember, moderation is the watchword.

The maximum salary can still be something astronomical, like 100 million dollars, which is certainly more than enough to keep you well fed, your kids well educated, and your wife well... far away.

In the end, it all comes down to how much any one person needs. Nobody needs anything sold by The Sharper Image, nobody needs Pat Boone's Greatest Hits on 8-track cassette, and nobody needs multiple billions of dollars.

After all, rich people are an American minority, so let's not forget what America is really all about... abusing the rights and privileges of minorities.

God bless America.

Sex Mahoney for President

Nobody on
the bus
makes
good
money, so
why
these
high
school
kids
making

fun of me

If it's not hard, it's not worth doing.

I mean, seriously, is there anything worse than limp dick? You get all excited for some dick action and then some poor shmuck can't even get it hard enough for government work, let alone some serious fucking. It's the worst when it happens in porn; you don't see it so much anymore, but back in the day, it was not uncommon for men to uselessly attempt to force it in to some doped up starlet who would try to pretend that the dick, which resembled a sock full of jello, was the best thing to happen to sex since the invention of the donkey punch.

I'm not over criticizing, because it happens to the best of us; sometimes, because we're too tired, not interested, or just finished masturbating, there's nothing you can do to get a full on erection. Sure, you can manually stimulate it back to life, but that never lasts long and there's nothing worse than sex that has to stop every five minutes so your lover can do their best impression of a turn of the century auto-motorist crank starting a Model-A.

But that's not what I meant.

I meant that, without a challenge, simple tasks are just boring, repetitive exercises in patience.

Married people know exactly what I'm talking about; sure, you could have tied the knot to some nice person who never disagreed with you, always does what you ask, and doesn't pull the covers over your head when they fart in bed, but where's the fun in that?

I prefer manual transmission automobiles; not only are they more fuel efficient, since they're not carrying around a big automatic transmission, but I feel more in tune with the car and how it's handling; sure, it sucks to sit in traffic, but the benefits far outweigh the disadvantages and power loss that comes with an automatic transmissions torque converter (I know nothing about cars, I had to research manual transmissions to find the appropriate vocabulary).

Doing things the hard way is the best way to learn the way systems work; when things become too automated, end users usually have no idea why these systems work or how, and they become dependant on the people who do.

Dependency is death.

The moment that you become completely reliant on someone else is when you cease to be an individual and go back to being part of the livestock that is the human race.

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm reliant on many other people for all kinds of things, and there's nothing inherently wrong with that, because without those people, I would not be able to cast my own plastic molds and build a computer case, butcher the animals that eventually become my dinner, or fuck unsuspecting strangers in the ass with a steel dildo named 'Betty' but becoming dependant means that you give up your freedom.

Anytime that people in a society talk about freedom, it makes me laugh a little because society is the antithesis of freedom.

Freedom is being completely self reliant to the point of growing or catching your own food, constructing your own domicile, and answering to no one.

Unfortunately, even then, we're dependant on other life forms to sustain us; we need trees or rocks to turn into house, we need plants and animals to eat, and we need tiny little microorganisms in our digestive tracks to help us break down all those delicious foods we stuff into our otherwise hot-air-emitting pie holes.

So it's not just society that is dependant, but all of life; life is dependency, and dependency is death.

We people like to think of ourselves as superior, but we're just the bacteria the emerges around a food supply and, unless we figure out a way to get ourselves off this stupid rock before the sun dies out, we're going to dry up like a puddle of coagulated semen on the tissue of life.

We all depend on each other, and every thing on this planet, to survive. What hurts one of us, hurts all of us.

So we've got to stop wasting our time with petty arguing and pointless pride, not one of us is any better than the rest, and, if you'll give me a minute, I'll prove it.

You know how sometimes, when you're taking a shit, it feels like you squeezed all of it out, but then, when you wipe your ass with some toilet paper, there's a big stain left from the semi-pinched loaf; you can try to wipe the rest away, but each time you go back there, there's just more and more, albeit smaller, brown stains on the paper; so, eventually, you give up and go back to your day; however, later that night, when you inspect your underwear, there's a small brown stain exactly where your asshole rests? That used to happen to Einstein.

So help people who need it, no matter what they've done to you, be a little bit nicer to jerks like me, and never forget that millions of years of evolution (or God's perfect design, depending on your degree of lunacy) and thousands of years of technological innovation have not been able to keep people from leaving a little bit of shit in their pants every once in a while.

Stay humble.

Sex Mahoney for President

Last
night he
flew to
Baghdad
in his
magical
armchair

I can't imagine
anything worse than dying at
the mall.

Yesterday, the news came over the wire announcing that yet another lone nut went nuts and shot a bunch of people at the local shopping emporium. This tragedy strikes me in a very soft spot, not because I have any sympathy for people, as human beings they are born automatically guilty, but because it must be terrible to have Britney Spear's latest single, being blasted from a chic fashion store that sells glitter nail polish to twelve year old girls, be the last thing you hear as you slowly bleed to death.

That makes me go a little misty, not much, mind you, but a little.

As for the victims, well, sure it's sad that a child will be sitting alone at the dinner table tonight, wondering why mommy hasn't come home and daddy is crying in the bathtub, but it's not a tragedy. Crazy people are all over the place, and part of the fun, of living in a modern society, is never knowing when one of them is going to snap.

There's no justice to death, that's what so great about it; dying is the great equalizer. Every billionaire who forces their beliefs on the unwashed rest of us is just as prone to slipping in the shower, or being trampled to death by wild horses, as the rest of us.

Surprisingly, everybody gets all sad when someone dies, as if it's a bad thing. Okay, so maybe you were never able to get

that meatball recipe you liked, and now you won't have someone with whom to talk about television, but that's the way life works. I can understand being sad when someone moves far away, or stops returning your phone calls, or has a judge issue an order that you're not allowed within 500 yards of them, but that's because the people are still around; you could still hang out with them if not for a particular, mutable circumstance. When somebody dies, there's nothing you can do to see them again, so you may as well just let them go.

That's why, whenever something, like yesterday's mall shooting, occurs, you can always count on religious folks to disprove their own beliefs. If religious people really believed in an afterlife, they would be jumping up and down, rejoicing every time someone died, because that person would be on their way to heaven a whole lot faster than they expected. Hell, you'd think the pope and Pat Robertson would be running around all day, hoping someone would kill them, since they'd be like VIPs in heaven... if they actually believed their own bullshit. That they take extra care to keep themselves alive is proof positive that they don't believe in the snake oil they're peddling.

I don't want to die, at least not before I see more breasts. I've seen lots of breasts, to be sure, but I don't feel like I've seen enough. There are so many breasts, of so many different varieties, and I want to see them all, so I've got that going for me; aside from that, I'm not afraid of dying. It would be nice to know when I'm going to die, because then I could plan my schedule accordingly, but I usually save all my work for the last minute when I have deadlines, and I don't want to have to go find George Lucas, so I can kick him in the balls for the last three 'Star Wars' movies, while I'm on my deathbed.

Death doesn't bother me, but killing does. I wouldn't want to kill anyone. It does sound like a lot of fun, but not so much fun that I want to stop masturbating long enough to do it. Besides, who am I to say that anyone should live or die? Sure, I've got lots of good suggestions, but I'm not an expert on the subject.

Politicians like to think of themselves as experts on the subject of killing, because they like to mete out death sentences all the time. They declare wars and send soldiers off to kill or be killed, they use capital punishment to get revenge on a wayward criminal, and they veto workplace safety measures that could do a really good job saving lives, if only they weren't so damned expensive.

People are a frightened bunch, and massacres, like the one at the mall, tend to make them more fearful since it raises the grim spectre of death right before their beady little eyes; they don't like to be reminded of how fragile life really is. When you have people in positions of power, especially politicians, they tend to forget the simple fragility of life just like teenagers.

Teenagers rarely think they're going to die, even the ones who dress in black all the time and think that any band, clothing line, or similarly themed product with the word 'darkness' in it are all pretty groovy; they take chances and do stupid things. Politicians are much the same because their sense of power, and entitlement, leads them to believe that something, once given, can never be taken away.

We have to send a wake up call to these politicians, by reminding them of their own mortality, which is why I propose that, once a week, we take the senator or congressional representative, who has done the least amount of work, behead them on the capital steps and mount their head on a pike somewhere in the city. I don't know if it will actually have any effect on governmental accountability or the legislative process, but I've always thought that Washington DC would be a lot cooler to visit if there were heads on pikes all over the place.

The only reason we would have to keep doing it is that, in Washington DC, those heads are bound to get stolen.

Sex Mahoney for President

Got them
baby
gangsters
selling
dope for
us

It seems like learning how to use a tampon is something that you can pick up from the directions on the box.

Maybe it's just my male ignorance that leads me to believe that it can't be too hard to figure out, but, then again I've never had a vagina, and, most likely, I never will.

The more I think about it, the more I'm sure that there are a thousand other female related practicalities that I've never considered. I've learned a few of them, like how to unhook a bra with your teeth, and which kinds of douche are actually best for a summer's eve, but there's probably lots that I would never be able to fully learn.

Luckily, depending on your point of view, the women in my life have been kind enough to let me in on some of their more embarrassing secrets. I would never have guessed that most women are the kind of hard nosed survivalists that zombie and serial killer films make them out to be, apparently, that is the case; while most men would probably starve to death if you left them in the woods without any tools or provisions, I've seen women use their ingenuity to turn four paper clips, an old cork, and seven pounds of horse manure into a kickin' dress, some hand made mascara, and a first rate asshole repellent spray.

As surprising as this was, there was nothing that surprised me more than the way women interacted with their mothers; specifically, I had no idea that so many women gave their daughters a hard time about their weight.

For years, I've read that actresses and models, ridiculous standards of beauty, phallogentric media, etc, were all responsible for feminine eating disorders, but it turns out that none of those things compare to the nagging power of a typical mother.

A close friend showed me a few emails sent by her mother, and they all end with the line 'Don't forget to watch your weight.'

Now, it's easy to see why people would want their children to stay healthy, not necessarily thin, but at a weight where they don't wheeze going up or down stairs, or one where they won't get knocked over by a stiff breeze, but I don't understand why mothers would put so much pressure on their kids.

Mothers, put less pressure on your daughters. That's for me to do.

I don't mean to say that everyone is beautiful in their own way, because that's certainly not true, there are a lot of genuinely ugly people out there; however, aside from selective genetics and heavy doses of plastic surgery, there's nothing that can be done to make you any better looking than you were born to be. Dressing yourself up, applying lots of makeup, and dousing yourself in perfume do nothing to add to your attractiveness, but they do say a lot about you.

There's no reason to dress up. Society has advanced to a point where we don't need to show off our status through clothing. I can understand why, in the pre-industrial revolution days, it made sense for people to show off their clothing, since clothes were hand made by someone who put a lot of time and effort into every single garment. Most clothes, that people wear today, were put together in a factory in Malaysia, and were mass produced, so factory made clothes do not express any individuality.

Makeup may seem like a good idea, but that's only because you're not thinking clearly. For centuries, people have put all kinds of pomatums and pastes on their faces to protect themselves from, and/or hid the ravages of age; unfortunately, the only seem to want to do this on their faces. There's nothing more disturbing than looking at a woman who has the face of an eighteen-year-old girl and a neck like Fyvush Finkle. It would be one thing if only older women were guilty of this, but young girls do it at the first sign of blemishes or aging. Not only does makeup look ridiculous, and smell awful, and damage your skin in the long run, but it costs so much money. Ladies, if your face is the only thing you're worried about and you're thinking about slapping on two or three coats of varnish to hide the miniscule wrinkles you think are developing around your eyes; save your money and buy a Halloween mask.

Perfume, or toilet water, is the worst of all of them. A lot of people call toilet water 'perfume' but the two terms are not interchangeable. Perfume contains a lot more oil and a lot less alcohol than toilet water, which is why toilet water is so cheap (relatively, it's still pretty expensive) compared to perfume. The average bottle of toilet water contains anywhere from 5 to 20% fragrance, while the average bottle of perfume contains anywhere from 10 to 40%. Sure there is some overlap

there, but most of what people buy in department stores, and then liberally sprinkle on their bodies, is toilet water;| low end toilet water. Human beings, aside from being intellectually, visually, and audibly unique, are also odiferously unique; we all have our own smells, some of which are pleasant, like the smell of a fresh fart, or some which are revolting, like the stink that comes from your crotch after a two or three days at the beach without showering; for whatever reason, people feel the need to cover up these smells with masking products of all kinds. It has nothing to do with cleanliness; it has everything to do with comfort.

We're not comfortable in our bodies, because we want to be individuals, but we also want to fit in, so we dress ourselves in costumes, cover up our natural stink, and do our best to hide those things we consider our flaws; the more time a person spends grooming themselves, the less comfortable they are just being.

Women get the lion's share of neurosis when it comes to physical appearance, but men are not immune to similar problems, nor do they spend any less time or money coming up with not-so-creative ways to fashion themselves. As simple as it is, we people have got to stop worrying about what other people think and just get comfortable being ourselves; those 'defects,' the wrinkles, the stink, the extra five, or five hundred, pounds, define us, and they're only hindrances if we choose to hold ourselves up to an impossible standard. So come on, ladies, stop telling your daughters to limit themselves to four or five corn dogs at a sitting; let them enjoy all the hot dogs they want;| I certainly love watching them do it.

And, for God's sake, can someone help me get this tampon out of my ass? It's been stuck there for, like, five days.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'm a
hopeless
romantic,
you're
just
hopeless

No matter where you go, something more interesting is always happening somewhere else.

It doesn't matter if you're one of the lucky people who stood in front of the Lincoln Memorial and listened to Martin Luther King Jr. make his 'I have a dream' speech, waved hello to John Lennon as he returned to the Dakota Hotel on December 8th, 1980,

or ate the very first corn dog at the Louisiana State Fair in 1939; something more interesting is always going on wherever you aren't.

The displaced excitement level varies accordingly with the contentedness of the person experiencing the excitational jealousy.

A person who is content will be less likely to feel jealous of important things going on elsewhere; whereas, a malcontent will feel deeply envious of those whom they perceive as 'in the middle of things.'

Nowhere is this truer, than in the world of celebrity.

People idolize celebrities because they think that being in the public consciousness and having lots of money means enjoying life and freedom, but that couldn't be more false.

Imagine drunkenly stumbling down the street late at night and dipping into a small alley to take a piss; ordinarily, that wouldn't be a problem, but if you happen to be Brad Pitt, then you had better hope that none of the sleeping bums, on whom you are pissing, has a camera; otherwise, that picture will be in a gossip column before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' Similarly, imagine that you spot an advertisement for a one day only sale on butt plugs, dildos, and sybians on your way home from work; an ordinary person can go into the store and have a awkward, but enlightening, conversation with the clerk about what kind of double sided dildo will last the longest, but if you're Zack Efron, then you will probably have to spend a fair amount of time signing fake, plastic vaginas and

novelty underwear for the proprietor's children and telling stories about how you've never seen anyone who can take eighteen inches up the ass like Vanessa Hudgens.

When you think about it logically, celebrities have the same kinds of lives as everyone else, only with a lot less privacy. Yes, celebrities do go to more parties, but think about most of the parties you've attended in your life, and I mean really think about them, then filter out all of the inebriated memories where you were firing off witty rejoinders like a Harvard alum (when you were actually telling your friends that you had something important to tell them and then burping in their faces when they leaned in to hear it) or entertaining the other guests with one of your many talents (when you were actually playing a watered down version of whatever Radiohead song you think is most likely to get you laid). Celebrities are just like normal folks, they have to spend the same amount of time sitting on toilets and listening to banal conversations, and repeating the same anecdotes over and over and over again.

As far as you're concerned, the most interesting place you will ever be is where you are right now.

Yes, life may seem humdrum, but just remember that, to a person in jail, the simple things you take for granted, like going outside whenever you want and not getting anally raped by a big black man every night after light's out, are the best gifts in the world.

Sometimes, people develop a peculiar pathology and assume that somewhere, not only is something more interesting happening, but that interesting thing involves a lot of people who are actively working to make your life a living hell. People become so dissatisfied with their lives that they start inventing conspiracy theories.

There is no place more suited to conspiracy theories than the actions, or non-actions, of governments.

While there are those who say that conspiracy theorists are unpatriotic, since they question the official government story, those who say such things are completely full of shit. Conspiracy theorists are so patriotic that they are willing to believe that their governments are more capable than they actually are. Take, for instance, the 9/11 conspiracy theorists who claim that the US government was responsible for the attacks on the World Trade Center. Not that I don't think the US government wouldn't try to take down the World Trade Center through duplicitous methods, if it had the proper motivation, but I doubt that they could.

Governments, by and large, are ineffective bodies populated by people who want nothing more than to collect paychecks for doing nothing; most elected officials can't even be bothered to show up to anything more involved than a photo shoot.

Nobody wants to believe that their government is completely useless, so they invent conspiracy theories to explain why the government, in which they believe, could fail so miserably.

I'm not saying that all conspiracy theories are false; certainly there are lots of conspiracies that have been proven true over the years, but when it concerns something on a grand scale like blowing up the World Trade Center, the number of people who have to act in conjunction to pull off a con of that magnitude far exceeds any human being's ability to plan maneuvers from a distance. In the course of just one day, there are enough unique fluctuations as to ruin almost any, well laid plans. Hell, a little bit of rain makes it impossible to plan something as simple as a picnic.

So yes, maybe you are right when you lay in bed on a cold night and imagine all the fun that people are having wherever you are not, but there's a lot of people in the world, and chances are good that, no matter what you do, you're never going to find the most interesting place in the world; but that's only if you never take off your blinders and realize that life is about as interesting as things get. If you ever feel bored, just go outside and look at a rock; that rock may live for a long time, but it will most likely not travel far, and it spends a large portion of its time just sitting there, being a rock. Treat every experience as if it's fresh, new and exciting, and simple things like taking out the garbage or discovering a rare element that turns semen into gold will suddenly become a lot more interesting.

And if you see Zack Efron, please tell him to clean my dildo before he returns it this time.

Sex Mahoney for President

It Lacks
creativity
and
intelligence
, but they
don't care
because
the
company's
selling it

I am a sick man.

As a child I contracted many strange diseases that should have killed me long before I reached maturity, but, thanks to modern medicine, I survived to become a cancer on society.

I am the sum total of millions of years of evolution and a complete drain on the species. I want no children, I hate to work, and my dream is to retire to a farm where I can smoke marijuana and wear white pants all year round.

None of the education I received has done any practical good, and I could, with the money I spent on university, rent several large construction vehicles that I could use to demolish a significant portion of a small town (it's not that I wish anyone harm, I just always wanted to be Godzilla and driving a backhoe through a series of small suburban homes is as close as I'll ever get).

I can't tell if other people share my illness because it doesn't have the helpful lesions and warts that go along with a user-friendly disease like herpes, or genital warts. The hardest part is that I feel that I suffer alone, when I know that there must be people out there who share my affliction.

The problem is that I've lost all perspective, and I can't tell if I'm sick because of the way things are around me, or if my behavior is normal, and everyone else is crazy. There

are certain words and phrases that make logical sense, but that should never have been used to create ideas. In the end, the two will blur together completely and I'll spend the rest of my life watching to make sure the squirrels don't band together and start the revolution. I can already see them watching me, and I know what they are thinking. The next time you look at a squirrel, remember that they would kill you and everyone you know without blinking an eye.

Even worse is that I've been sick for so long that I can't remember what it was like before I was sick, or if there ever was a time before the illness. It seems like there should have been, but part of it might be my memory being too hopeful. When I meet children today, I can't believe that any of them could be sick, but the law of averages states that there must be one or two out there. This disease is very frightening.

Where normal people have boundaries and restrictions, my disease renders me unable to recognize those limits. From the time I was small, my imagination reveled in the imaginary worlds of fantasy, science fiction, and horror; books, movies, and stories of all kinds; however, my father tempered my wild imagination with an engineer's hard nosed practicality, so my wildest flights of fancy are based in reality.

I could have been a productive member of society had I not become fixated, at a very young age, on the most hardcore pornography; so, while other children hid in cardboard forts and pretended to be kings of their backyards, I was the first six year old to win an Adult Video award in the twelve and under category for an all girl scene called fists of fury. For years, many of the girls in the neighborhood refused to talk to me.

A rational mind might realize that there are some problems that can never be solved, but the dreamer in me yearns to create, to explore a practical way to talk to several pairs of sisters into some kind of fun, sexually explorative weekend retreat.

So, when I think about sexually transmitted diseases, I have to believe in a solution, because all problems have solutions, no matter how difficult they might seem. You see, there's a war on, and, although we're not on the losing side yet, humanity has ignored the enemy within. The traditional course to combat friendly infections has been abstinence, treatment, and protective equipment, but that's the coward's way out. We're trying to contain an enemy that is waiting for the right moment to spring an attack and go on the offensive. This is a war for the most important part of being human; we have to go on the offensive.

Viral and bacterial diseases are only half of the problem. Today, there are too many children in the world; not that there aren't enough people to take care of children, most of them don't want to take care of children (and you can't blame them, kids are a real drag, why just the other day, a small child made a terrible mess all over my enormous sport utility vehicle when he wouldn't move out of the way). People are having more kids than anyone wants to take care of, so it's time that the population was sterilized. Take generous sperm samples from every boy in the world from the time they're thirteen years old until they're thirteen years old and two days (that should be enough sperm to repopulate the world in case of a severe male-only catastrophe) and sterilize every male on the planet. When people want to have children, they can put a cup of sperm in the microwave and bring it to a government pregnancy center; that way, the only people who will take the time to have kids will be the people who are crazy enough to want them.

Imagine a world with no sexually transmitted diseases or unwanted pregnancy. People waiting in line at a movie theater could just start rubbing and sucking each other to pass the time; the price of lubricant would dramatically drop; and the Olympic committee would finally recognize competitive sexual sports.

There are some nay Sayers out there who wouldn't feel comfortable engaging in anonymous sex at a bus station, your cousin's wedding, or a very crowded pizzeria; they say they aren't interested in having sex with someone they don't love, find special, or drunkenly call on really depressing Tuesdays; however, this kind of faulty logic is part of my disease. It stands to reason that everyone is interested in sex, and as many married people already know, sex with your eyes closed could be sex with anyone; so, any other excuse not to sleep with someone is just pure vanity. Stop thinking you're better than everyone else.

It sounds like a perfect world; where people can have sex all they want and not worry about disease or pregnancy; where they would have children through a government fertilization service. This perfect world is at risk; because of sexually transmitted diseases and the present methods of "containment," this world might never exist. Humans have to go on the offensive.

To attack the disease, we must start having unprotected sex with random strangers. It won't be pretty, at first. We're going to take some heavy casualties, and a lot of us are going to have lip and genital sores to show our grandchildren, but when the fighting is over, you will be able to tell them: "I was there. I was at the battle of Cervical Hill. I saw my friend's balls turn to goo. I got a purple heart on that day."

Now this is all well and good. Now, we took a problem, sexually transmitted diseases, and found a solution, sex with random strangers, that will have a beneficial outcome for everyone (who's still alive without a mouth full of sores), safe sex with random strangers. Now, we even took care of a small side problem, like reducing the number of parentless children in the world. Now, put on your nicest trench coat (the one that only has the small mustard stain on the front) and go down to the bus station. Now, try asking the attractive blond girl, who is waiting for a bus, to help you start the revolution.

Sex Mahoney for President

Call me
Black-N-
Decker, I
don't
screw
them
holes I

drill

There's a book

about early human development that says early, hunter-gatherers probably learned how to farm when they returned to solid waste sites and found an abundance of plants growing from their left behind turds.

I have a friend who says that your farts get a whole lot smellier right before you take a big shit.

I haven't been happy with my writing over the past few weeks, some of it has been passable, but, for the most part, it seems flat and lifeless, like a poorly constructed simile.

Writing is a lot like taking a shit. For those of you who are thinking about being writers, you should not worry about moments like these; maybe I've been pushing too hard, or maybe I'm just ready to wipe; either way, you can't ever quit, you just have to keep pushing ahead and see what falls in the bowl.

No matter how long you've been writing, or what your particular genre, the majority of the things you write are about as worthwhile as corn-filled turds. The trick to good writing is getting those turds out of the bowl, cleaning away the things you can't use, and saving all those little golden nuggets that don't digest. Sure, sometimes there is no corn in our crap, because, let's face it, eating corn everyday can be a real pain in the ass; however, when you do find yourself looking at a chocolate log filled with those little treasures, it almost makes you want to kiss them... just make sure you wash them off first.

I've been writing about politics too much recently; it's not good for the soul.

Political issues are funny, to be sure, like the CIA destroying all those incriminating tapes of their agents torturing suspected terrorists (wasn't that a hoot), but most of the time they're limiting. The more often you stick your nose into piles of political poop, the more you come out with shit all over your face. Sometimes it's nice to get a little dirty, but just like those corn meals, sometimes we need a change.

I like picking on politicians because they're easy targets and they don't invite much sympathy. When Bill Clinton gets caught lying about getting his dick sucked, I can empathize with that, because there are plenty of times when I didn't want people to know whose mouth I was using as a sperm depository; when someone like Larry Craig gets caught soliciting gay sex from a policeman in a well known homosexual pickup spot, I can understand how bad it must feel to get pinched in a bum rap because if airport bathrooms aren't for anonymous gay sex, then I don't know what they're for; obviously it's not for pissing and shitting, because that's what airport security does to the many people who decide to get on a plane every day. I can't sympathize with a guy who gets busted for taking millions of dollars in bribes from a lobbying firm called 'Citizens Opposed to Persons of Color' (or COP-C).

I'm going to quit talking about politics for a while, because I feel all tapped out, but it's not just politics, I feel tapped out of ideas for the blog. I don't know what direction I should follow.

I like picking on religious folks, but that's too easy of a target, especially since they're usually nice people; I start to feel bad after a while, like I just got finished having sex with a smoking hot retarded girl.

The important thing, for writers, is to keep producing, no matter what kind of turds you leave behind. Chances are good that, two or three years down the line, anything you write will fill you with equal parts pride and embarrassment, because looking back over your writing is like looking at pictures of yourself from high school; on one hand, it's amazing that you were ever so young and thin, and on the other, it's amazing that you ever got anyone to look at you naked (This largely applies to men, most people want to see a teenage girl naked no matter how she looks; most of them would pay good money, too). Either way, you have to keep writing.

Every time I get sick, I have a little, sneaking suspicion that this will be the last time; that I'll just stay sick, slowly get worse, and eventually die. I'm not afraid of dying, but I always feel like there's so much work I still have to do. I imagine that's what it feels like when you finally go insane; there are fleeting moments when you remember sanity, but for the most part it's like going underwater and never surfacing.

You meet people who tell you about their promises all the time.

They promise that they're going to quit smoking; that they're going to spend more time with their families; that they're going to exercise more, eat less, read... I don't believe people when they tell me that they're going to do things; I believe it when I see them doing. I meet a lot of people who say that want to be writers; I see very few people doing any actual writing. That's one of the reasons I like MySpace so much; I get to see people who are writing, instead of just talking about it. It makes me feel better to see so many people giving it a shot; some of them are great, most of them are okay, and there's a few that downright suck, but there's nothing I like more than to see people giving it a shot.

Mostly it's because they're willing to take ten or twenty minutes out of their day and read my crap; even when there's a lot more turd than there is corn.

So thanks for stopping by and giving me a little bit of attention, even if it's not always worth the time. I know the quality of my most recent blogs has suffered, but let's just hope that they're the farts before the storm, to mix a few metaphors.

If I can't make you laugh with my words, then I could start posting naked pictures of myself online. If you don't laugh at that, then there's something wrong with you, or you need to stop sleeping with Jewish men.

Sex Mahoney for President

Sidesaddle on the golden calf

I went to see the new version of 'Beowulf' last weekend.

The movie was not great, but it wasn't terrible; at least it was in 3-D. I hope that movies, if they aren't going to get any better, start going for hokey gimmicks like rumble seats, smell-o-vision, and a little thing I like to call sphincter-vision.

Beowulf is a tough story to tell; not much happens for the bulk of the text. There are some people and they're being attacked by a monster, so Beowulf shows up, brags about how he's going to kill the monster; the monster shows up, Beowulf kills it and then brags about how he killed it; the monster's mother shows up, kills one of Beowulf's friends; Beowulf tracks the mother back to her lair and kills the mother; many years later, Beowulf is an old man, and he dies fighting a dragon. There is a lot of subtext, and plenty of expandable material, but the poem is... well, pretty boring.

I went into the movie expecting it to suck; so, I was pleasantly surprised when it only blew.

I've read Beowulf in modern and Olde English; the old English is better. Now, I'm all for making things accessible to wider audiences, but Beowulf is not a great story; it's run of the mill, ordinary, formulaic, and banal, so I don't see why it is taught in schools, since there are plenty of thematically similar stories that are much better.

As best I can figure, people think it's important to pass along stories to preserve a common culture and customs.

They might not like to admit it, but people love a good yarn. The trouble is... when you tell people you're a writer, nobody takes you seriously. Not many other occupations experience this strange phenomenon; for instance, you hardly ever laugh when someone tells you that they're a gastroenterologist, but that's usually because people don't go around gastroenterologizing for free. Writers... visit any town in an industrialized nation and you'll find at least one closet Wordsworth.

The world would be a much better place if more people were willing to give their services away like would-be writers;

unfortunately, we've all got to make a buck somehow.

Just like the senator who passes laws outlawing gay sex, only to get caught with the greased up fist of a man dressed in a Nazi uniform up his ass in the backroom of a club called 'Rods', and the bible thumping crusader who warns against the evils of drugs, but hides his needle works in a hollowed out copy of the bible; I'm a hypocrite. I don't want to pay artists for their work, but I would, someday, like to be paid for mine.

Until then, I'll give away all my writing for free and take a firm stance in support of free art for all, but give me half a chance and I'd sell out faster than Lando Calrissian at the end of 'Empire.'

I mean, there's a certain charm in living the life of the poor, struggling artist, but eating individually wrapped Kraft cheese singles and mayonnaise sandwiches, and washing them down with two or three 40s of Old E, for breakfast starts to get boring after a while.

The number of people who make their living from writing is abysmally small; to put that into perspective, the writer's guild, those people who have turned off your TV for the winter, only number about a thousand, and those guys are complaining that they're not making enough money. It's damned hard to make a living as a writer, so you really have to like what you do, because if you don't put your heart into it, then some other schlub who can sling an adjective or two is going to come and take your place before you knew what hit you.

Still, people are lining up around the block to be writers. Ask ten random strangers, and I'll bet you that at least one of them either has a moldering manuscript stashed away somewhere. That's because a lot of people think writing is really easy. Most people have read books, and most people can construct simple sentences; combine the two and you've got a person who thinks 'This isn't that hard, I could write a book;' just another reason why people laugh at writers when they say they're writers. In this case, they're right to laugh, because there's no one on the planet, who looks at what a gastroenterologist does, and says the same thing (okay, I do, but then again, how hard can it be to put your fingers in someone's butt and tell them to put some cream on it?) because it takes a lot of schooling to be a doctor, and it takes a lot of training to be a writer.

The most important part of being a writer is writing. That may seem simple and understated, but it's true. You can't be a writer if you don't write.

Of course, doctors like to pretend that they know what they're doing, but most of the time, they might as well be an illiterate ant eater trying to translate Chaucer's prose works into 10th century Arabic; that's why they have so many books in their offices. Writers do the same thing, because they, like

all other people, like to think of themselves as important and indispensable; however, the best (and worst) thing about people is that we're largely interchangeable. We dress alike, we talk alike, and hell, most of the time we even think alike. I know that a lot of liberals would like to pretend that there was balance in the media before the advent of FOX news, but Rupert Murdoch didn't make himself into a billionaire by not giving people healthy doses of fake stories that confirm their deepest fears. He didn't invent the system; he just found a better way to make money with it.

No matter what the writers say, it's real easy to become a writer; just start writing; even if you can't think of anything to write about right now, you'll think of something eventually. If you're really out of ideas, then take a cue from Beowulf and write a formulaic story about a guy who was so strong that nothing could stop him and then have him fight some monsters. Comic book companies have been playing that angle for years.

So come on, stop fucking around and do it already. If you've been thinking about writing a book, then talking about it over and over again without doing anything is like letting your boyfriend get all hot and heavy, even letting him stick it in a little bit, and then telling him you're not in the mood.

Nobody likes a tease.

Sex Mahoney for President

Young, uniform minds in uniform lines and uniform ties

What's with these people telling teenagers not to kill themselves? Are they out of their minds?

I agree that it's foolish to kill yourself while you're still in high school; let's face it, things get a lot better once you turn 18, no matter how good your childhood was. As an adult, you get to all kinds of fun things, like eat ice cream at 5 AM or pay some stripper in Las Vegas to smoke a whole pack of cigarettes with her pussy.

Still, there's a lot of kids out there who don't have anything going for them, and it would be selfish for us, those who are grown, to take away one of the few freedoms that children have. We already make them go to substandard schools; we won't let them drive cars until they're almost grown, they can't drink, they can't gamble, they can't smoke, and they have to scrounge through the porno that we throw away because they can't get it on their own.

Children should have an equal opportunity to grow up, just like anyone else, but there's no reason why they shouldn't be allowed to check out early if they want. Is it short sighted? Yes. Should they stick around and play it out. Probably. Can we guarantee them that things are going to get better should they decide to wait? Absolutely not.

It does seem like a waste though, which is why we should put these suicidal children to good use.

Let them fight in the war.

Now, I know that education is important for children, especially during critical language and social behavior periods, but those are over pretty early. I'd say that children are well developed by the time they're... let's say, ten. Rather than wasting all that time putting them through middle and high school, let's ship some of them off to war.

Children would make great soldiers because they listen to orders. Most kids don't become really rebellious until they're in their mid to late teens, so the proper conditioning, in a military environment, would reduce that juvenile urge to rebel; plus, a good portion of them will probably die and that will serve to keep the rest in line.

Also, children present much smaller targets. A full grown human is a pretty easy target for even poorly trained marksmen. Just look at how many bullets the NYPD is able to put into the body of the average black or latino male who reaches for their wallet at the wrong time; however, a child, especially those ones around the age of ten, are quite small. They make for nearly impossible targets.

Children are highly suggestible; just look at how early most parents start their kids on organized religion. Those children who grow up in religious households are far more likely to swallow all kinds of hogwash and then regurgitate it into the mouths of their own mewling offspring. The most effective soldiers are able to dehumanize their enemies so that the atrocities they must commit, in the heat of battle, don't take an emotional toll. If we start training kid soldiers from an early age, there's no telling what kind of sick, twisted shit we can get them to do.

It makes a lot of sense.

What's the point of having a kid grow up, use twelve to thirteen years of public money for education, just to join the military once they're through and get shot in some foreign city with a name they can't pronounce? It's wasteful, I tells ya. Rather than squandering all that time, we could put children to much better use on the battlefield, that way, even if they die, we wouldn't have wasted all that time teaching them, training, them, and getting attached.

Plus, it doesn't make any sense to send kids to school, teach them to get along with one another, and tell them that they can't solve their problems with violence, but then suit them up in insufficient body armor and send them out to fight for ideals that they can't define. I've heard people say, 'We're fighting them over there so we don't have to fight them over here' but that doesn't make any sense. It would if we paid someone else to fight them for us, but since we're the ones doing the fighting, then what does it matter where we have to fight them? Either way, we're the ones dying.

This is exactly why we should send children to fight our wars for us. Children are easy to ignore.

Adults ignore children all the time, and it's easy to see why. Children are interested in all kinds of stupid things like finger painting and Pixar animated movies; we adults have more important things to do like flirt with random strangers, send erotic pictures of ourselves to anonymous strangers on the

internet, and gripe about our coworkers; we don't have time to listen to children and their pedestrian accomplishments.

Most people don't want to pay attention to things like wars; they would much rather just complain about liberals or conservatives, and how they're ruining the country, while they sit home to see just who will be this year's 'American Idol.' If we use children as soldiers, then the war will be that much easier to ignore; so much so, that it will be like we're not even in a war at all. Kinda like now.

Or people might see young children coming back, from a foreign country in which they don't belong, scarred with horrible burns, missing limbs, and enough psychological demons to torment them for the rest of their short, unfulfilling lives; and maybe, we'll finally put an end to all those kids killing themselves for no reason.

Sex Mahoney for President

Didn't I
reach
out and
hold you,
in these
loving
arms

I've always
wanted to get a nose
hair trimmer.

It's not that my nose is so hairy that it hangs out of my nostrils and some people mistake it for a Hitleresque moustache, but the occasional nose hair does find its way out and I end up having to pluck the damn thing.

Plucking nose hairs sucks; it's a lot more painful than many of the other hairs that people regularly pluck: eyebrow hairs, pubic hair, toe hairs. I've plucked a lot of hair in my day, and let me tell you, nose hairs are undoubtedly the worst. Not only that, but every so often, when you pluck a nose hair, you sneeze.

I don't have a nose hair trimmer because I'm afraid I'll go too far and shave the damn thing bald; that's what happened to my pubic hair. About ten years ago, I wanted to give myself a trim, but by the time I was done, I was pie bald. I haven't stopped since; there really is nothing that feels better than a freshly shaved scrotum. Still, you don't need pubic hair (to be honest, it does nothing but get in the way), but your nose hairs filter out a lot of the crap that would otherwise find its way into your body. "Shaving it bald might adversely affect your health." I recently said to a friend as I took another drag off a cigarette.

So, to be on the safe side, I pluck. Not having hairs sticking out of your nose is worth a little pain.

There are all kinds of things we do to improve ourselves that come with some adverse side effects; laser eye surgery makes your eyes crust over and fall out after ten years, we drink coffee first thing in the morning to wake up for work, and professional athletes take steroids.

I read the baseball report over the weekend, and I read a number of articles all condemning the steroid using athletes for cheating; nothing could be further from the truth.

While many people would like to insist on the purity of professional athletic competition, the main reason these athletes have jobs is to keep the rest of us entertained, often at the expense of their health.

The lifespan of a professional athlete is between 60 and 65 years; that's far less than the average for the rest of us lazy, lumpy masses. This is not a recent phenomenon, Babe Ruth, Lou Gherig, Mickey Mantle; none of these guys lived to be 70. Athletes give their lives, and their bodies, to being professional athletes; hell, Olympic gymnasts never grow up. You should see Mary Lou Retton these days; except for the wrinkles, she is virtually indistinguishable from your average fourth grader... except for her stilted walk because of her fake hip and her crippling arthritis.

So why is everyone so upset that pro-athletes are using steroids?

There's nothing people love more than to build a hero. They take an average person, with some pedestrian accomplishments, and they start telling stories about how they dug out the Rio Grande to fill their gigantic bathtub with water, or how they worked themselves to death to beat a steam drill; however, if Paul Bunyon or John Henry had lived to the modern age, there would have been all kinds of people coming out of the woodwork with stories about drug use, illegitimate children, and conspiracy theories concerning dead prostitutes and Vince Foster; because, no matter how much people love building up a hero, they love tearing them down even more.

For whatever reason, the majority of people look to sports as a source of magic and purity, and it's easy to see why. Games are pure competition with winners and losers; there's no gray areas (except in hockey and soccer, which is why neither of those sports does well in an American market). When there are clear winners and losers, it's easy for people to make value judgments and legends. Unfortunately, when real life intrudes, as it always does, since pro-athletes are real people, these illusion shattering details drive many people mad.

That's when the fun begins.

Oh, there's nothing like an angry mob to liven up the blood, and I loves me a good witch hunt as much as the next guy.

You don't usually get to see many witch hunts these days. Oh sure, every once in a while some white person slips, says 'nigger' in public, and then has to apologize to Al Sharpton on national television, but that's become so commonplace that it's starting to lose its charm. Black people need to realize that most white folks are racist and most white folks are going to keep being racist for a long time; it wasn't that

long ago that black people were being hosed down and attacked by dogs for non-violently requesting the right to do things like drink at the same water fountain or vote. Eventually, the old school racists will die out, until then, you either need to be patient or start a violent revolution like you should have done years ago. Like I've always said, a head on a pike sends a strong message.

At least for a little while, a lot of anger is going to point directly at professional baseball players, because the public is mad, and it's not because these guys cheated at the game, but because they cheated the audience out of their illusion.

Still, what do you expect baseball players to do? We pay them more money than god, let them get away with all kinds of atrocities, and treat them like gods; then, just when they get used to the treatment, we expect them to behave like role models for our children. It's a good thing that I have no athletic abilities, because I would use my wealth and status to pay people to make their children cry for my amusement.

Plus, I could pay someone else to take care of my nose hairs for me.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'm
forever
yours
temporarily

I'm scared about going back to America.

It will be another few years before I return, but I'm dreadfully afraid of what will happen once I get there.

Most of my friends are getting older; they got married, got kids, or got themselves killed, and I'm worried that, when I go back to America, none of them will smoke weed anymore. If all my friends have sworn off the green then that will make finding it a lot harder than it was when I left.

For that reason, I have left a stash of resin in a safe place where no one will ever look for it... or at least, I assume no one will; let's just hope my grandmother doesn't need her vibrator any time soon.

On one hand, I am afraid of not being able to get stoned in America; on the other, I'm pretty sure that I'll be able to find it no matter what happens, because there's enough people back home that smoke, and I will do anything to avoid living with those filthy, wooden-shoed, tulip eating Dutch.

I suppose I should have saved a little bag, packed it a vacuum sealed container, and left it with someone I trust, but that would mean I would have had less to smoke while I was there.

I wish I could do the same thing with my wife.

I've never gone on a date in my life. I met my wife while we were both in university, and it's easy to get together with people at university because nobody has any real values or self respect and most people will jump into bed with a total stranger, even if they're exhibiting signs of a genital wart outbreak (these diseases have to spread somehow). Leaking pustules aside, I have never had to go on dates.

Some of my friends have not been so lucky; now they're forced to wander into the wilds in futile attempts to attract a mate.

Nothing scares me more.

Well, I suppose that a seven foot tall penis with penises for fingers and ten penises for a penis, showing up on my doorstep and telling me that he wants to make my asshole look like New Orleans circa 2005, scares me more, but what are the chances of that happening?

No, my wife wising up and dumping my loser ass is a far more frightening prospect.

For one, I don't have a car; hell, I don't even have a driver's license. If there's one thing you can believe in this life, it's that women won't go out with a guy who gets everywhere on a bicycle. It doesn't matter how accepting they are; there's something hardwired into the pragmatic section of their brains (the part that men were born without) that tells them to get away while they can.

Similarly, there are only two or three women on the planet who have met me in person and don't hate me. Okay, so maybe they don't hate me, but they do get a strange sinking feeling in their stomachs when I'm around, and they make it a point of telling their boyfriends not to hang around me anymore. I don't know why I'm so distasteful to them, but I assume it has something to do with me propositioning them. Maybe I should offer them more money.

On the plus side, if I started dating now, I wouldn't actually have to leave my house; I could meet lots of attractive, intelligent people on the internet...

My wife is also afraid of dating, which is why we're still married. Someday, one of us is going to realize that we're a lot better looking than we think we are, and that we could do a whole lot better than what we have, but then what am I going to do?

I do have one thing going for me.

Considering that marriages fail about half of the time, I'm in the right position to snatch up eligible single ladies. As a teacher, I am bound to meet lots of women who are worried about their child's education and willing to do just about anything to help. I'm not above taking advantage of a woman just because she got saddled with an idiot kid.

Not only that, but, with the rise of amateur internet porn and the popularity of series like Girls Gone Wild, a good portion of my female students will most likely begin careers as sex workers after graduation. I've asked some of the senior teachers with whom I work, and they assure me that there's nothing like stuffing dollar bills into the snatch of a girl you taught how to read.

Let's not forget that I'm getting older every minute; compound that with my love of salted and nut filled treats, means that I'm not getting any thinner either. If you have any attractive female friends that like to go on bike rides with a guy whose hobbies include chronic masturbation, watching filthy, disgusting pornography, and breathing heavy on the phone with random strangers, then send them my way.

Otherwise, I'll be home watching a movie I downloaded last

night called "Ass Cream Pies 7." You wouldn't think that such a little girl could fit so many dicks in her ass, but then... you'd be wrong.

Sex Mahoney for President

She's
gone man,
let her
go

It is never okay for
a man to hit a woman.

Well... sometimes...

Most of the people who rail against the horrors of domestic abuse have never been married, and if they have been married, then they were married to someone much stronger, which is why, girls, you should never marry anyone that you couldn't take in a fight.

Because... if you get married, expect to fight.

For those of you who are the products of an abusive relationship, I do feel sorry for you, and I'm sorry that your father (I'm generalizing here) was the kind who would beat your mother just because she broke his favorite discipline paddle, but there's only so much sympathy I can muster for someone who would stay in an abusive relationship. Even if your man is a brutal tyrant, he has to sleep sometime...

This is the holiday season, so, as my gift to you, I am going to impart some of the knowledge that being married has taught me. I have been married all of six years; I know what I'm talking about. I'm not saying that any of my advice will help you have the perfect marriage, but it will help you stay together.

I never wonder why so many people get divorced; in fact, I can understand it perfectly; especially in a developed country. One of the byproducts of technological and economic progress is smaller families; so, the more developed a country, the more likely that there will be a lot of single child families. If you've never had a brother or sister, you have no idea what you're getting into when you decide to tie the knot.

For those of you who grew up with a sibling, you know what to expect.

I not only grew up with a brother and sister, but I loved them dearly. I relished all the time we spent waiting for each other to fall asleep so we could set each other on fire, or those times when two of us would team up to tie the other to the train tracks and leave them to their fate. It's a good thing we were all good with knots.

Being married is just like having a sibling because, no matter where you go or what you do, they're always going to be there.

You go to the bathroom, they're there; you're eating breakfast, they're there, you're trying to masturbate to a picture you took of their attractive cousin while she was passed out at the family picnic last year, they're there.

It's only natural that you're going to fight from time to time.

Unfortunately, married fights don't just occur from time to time; they are ongoing struggles to maintain dominance between two people who, over time, become committed to proving that they are completely right about everything while their partner isn't fit to lick the goo that accumulates at the bottom of your kitchen sink's drain.

For instance, my wife likes to hang the toilet paper so that the roll unwinds from the front, while I like to hang the toilet paper so the roll unfolds in the, clearly more efficient, underhand position. I have repeatedly tried to get her to stop, but there's just no reasoning with the woman. She's being completely irrational.

One of the reasons that most couples can't hack it is that they are willing to accept a lot of madness while they're still dating, but the only way to stick together is to start immediately.

Never tell anyone that you love them until they say it first. Admitting that you love someone is the ultimate sign of weakness. You should do your best to keep your loved ones constantly guessing; otherwise, they will take advantage of you. I once told a girl that I loved her before she said it to me; ten thousand dollars, and four full courses of antibiotics later, she dumped me for a guy with a better car.

Pick your battles but don't hold grudges. There's nothing worse than someone who gets angry but doesn't say anything, waiting to unload all those bad feelings at the first opportunity. Fight in the here and now. Once something passes or you forgive someone, you can't bring that incident up again, that's the rules; however you can use it if you're in an argument about the same situation. I was giving my friend Charley a hard time because he wanted to go play football with my friend Lucy, and, even though we've fought about it before, I had to bring up the fact that she always pulls the football away at the last minute. If your spouse cheated on you, and you forgave them, then you can't throw that in their face when they want to do something of which you disapprove, like skip out on dinner at your weird Uncle's house; however, you can bring it up when they are swearing up and down that they will be faithful to you even though they're going on a work retreat and sharing a hotel room with a twenty-year-old blonde temp whose nickname is 'hose.'

When you're in a fight, especially one in which you feel you ARE to blame, there is often an overwhelming urge to apologize for your actions, but you should do your best to avoid this course of action. If you get into a vicious fight, just ignore

each other until it blows over. There's no sense getting angry at someone with whom you live, just give them plenty of space and wait for the bad blood to subside.

No matter how well you follow these suggestions; there are times when it becomes necessary to teach your spouse a lesson. I make it a point to never hit my wife; she's not as strong as I am, and she's never been in a fight, so she's not so great at defending herself, but she hits me all the time, and, in such cases, I'm not above hitting her back. I'm an older brother, I understand these situations and I know how to appropriately deal with them, but just try explaining that to YOUR wife's parents when they come into your house and find you sitting on top of her, farting in her face and giving her dead legs.

Seriously, if you could explain that to them, and the judge, I'd be really grateful.

Sex Mahoney for President

No dress
code,
Depeche
Mode Ice
cold attire
required to
be admired
by the one
you desire
if ya mind
wants to
know, inquire

One of the best

things about living in Korea is that you don't have to tip.

In fact, they take it as an insult if you leave extra money.

It's not just in restaurants, either; you don't have to tip delivery people. Last night, I ordered dinner at 1 in the morning; it was at my door, piping hot, within twenty minutes and it cost just as much as if I went to the restaurant, sat down, and had a meal.

I have no problem with tipping, because people should be rewarded for going above and beyond - even though achievement is its own reward - but Steve Buscemi and I object to automatic tipping. People should not expect a tip. I blame these expectations on parents.

In the holiday season, Christmas is a kids' holiday. Sure, it's nice to have time off work when you're an adult, and there's nothing more fun than getting drunk enough to feel justified in copping a holiday hug from the cute intern at your office, but when it comes to Christmas spirit, nobody has it like a child; because, kids generally get what they want on Christmas.

I don't mean that children always get the gifts they request, but they do usually get something; even if it's only a cut of prime rib, like the young Bill Murray in 'Scrooged.'

Of course, they are all threatened with the dreaded 'lump of coal.'

Now, in all my years, I've never heard of a child actually getting a lump of coal on Christmas, except when parents do it as a joke, my father once gave me a big piece of anthracite on Christmas morning. I'd like to see parents do this more often.

It wouldn't be hard to keep track of your child's behavior over the year; every time they do something good, give them one point, and every time they do something bad, subtract one point; if they finish the year in the red, then it's coal time in tinsel town.

Children need to learn about the rewards of good behavior.

Not only should bad children receive only coal for Christmas, but good children should get coal sometimes. When the teary eyed child asks why they were punished with such a gift, you, the parent, can gleefully tell them: "Sorry, but Santa said he ran out of presents."

Besides, coal isn't such a bad gift. The electricity which is powering your computer, monitor, and the lights which adorn your Christmas tree are most likely powered by coal; unless you're one of the lucky people who live within the blast radius of a nuclear power plant.

I'm no Ebenezer Scrooge, nor am I meant to be, but I do have a problem with expectation and assumption. There is little in this life that gets handed out; when people expect something, they grow attached to it and then assume that they were entitled to it in the first place.

You should never expect anything; that way, you'll be very happy when you get something and it won't be so sad when it goes away.

Just to show that it's not all bah humbug and bad cheer, I want to do my best to make sure that various groups get exactly what they want for Christmas.

For Christian rights groups, I would like to get their members some real persecution this holiday season. Since they are always complaining that people are declaring war on Christmas and being intolerant, and since no one actually is persecuting them, I'd like to make their dreams come true. With the proper federal permits, I will arrange, for any Christian who so desires, to be eaten by lions. For those pro-life, abstinence-only advocates, I hope their children all get pregnant and then turn gay.

Even if you don't agree with me on anything I've said, then there is a far more serious reason to worry about Christmas and Santa Claus.

It has been suggested that people are trying to take the Christ out of Christmas, but Jesus and Santa Claus go hand in hand; they both promise to bring treats in exchange for a relatively small Jesus just wants your soul and Santa, for you to be good.

It seems a little suspicious, Jesus offering all these rewards, like a seat in the kingdom of heaven, in exchange for your soul; because that's just what the devil is supposed to do. So

maybe Jesus isn't the messiah after all, but just another devilish attempt to trick people into giving up their souls. If Jesus is the devil, then maybe it's not such a bad thing that the Christ be taken out of Christmas. It makes perfect sense; when I think about hell, I can't imagine a worse fate than an eternity surrounded by proselytizing Christians all singing along to Creed.

But that's not the most dangerous about Jesus and Santa in Christmas. You see, Santa sets a dangerous precedent for children by convincing them that a fat man will reward good behavior with presents. Not only that, but, children who grow up loving Christmas, because of the presents they receive, are more likely to believe in Christian theology. If those kids grow up thinking that they should give all their money to the poor because it's easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into heaven and that their good behavior should be rewarded by a mysterious entity; well, my friends, then you're already on the path to all out communism. It's no mistake that Santa wears red.

In the meantime, it's a good thing that most Christians have no idea that the Bible is good for anything other than substituting for the short leg of their old sofas.

So, in the spirit of giving, as we close out another year on the calendar, I'd like to thank those of you who give me a little bit of your time and give you a little present. The only thing is, I don't really know what you want, and so I'm giving you a blank check; until the New Year, I will give everyone who reads this blog one request (within reason) that I will do everything in my power to grant.

Of course, we live in a capitalist society, so, because nothing is free, all I ask in return is that you renounce God and give me complete dominion over your soul. That's not too much, is it?

Sex Mahoney for President

It's easy
to be
easy and
free
when it
doesn't
mean
anything

I'm not a petty, vindictive man, but I understand the importance of revenge.

I realized the importance of cremation the first time I was defacing the tombstone and grave of one of my many enemies. As I was contorting their worm eaten corpse into various sexual poses and taking photographs, I made a vow to never give someone else that kind of opportunity with my remains. That's why I'm donating my corpse to science.

There are many situations that require revenge; for instance, you can't sit idly by while someone uses up the last of the iced tea and puts the empty container back in the refrigerator; that kind of infraction puts you at the very top of my enemies list; however, it's very difficult and time consuming to conduct genius vendettas against all the people who piss you off. Eventually, you have to throw up your hands and concede that there are some people who are more worthy of pain than others. Don't think that gives you a free pass to cause mischief, you who hang the toilet paper in your bathroom in the incorrect, or "overhang," position (do that often enough and I'll show you what's what); it means that there are more important things on which to vent your frustration.

Then there are those things, upon which no revenge can be exacted, like the weather, my inability to hold down a job, and Don Pardo. You just have to learn with life's miniature disappointments. It takes awhile before a child's brain learns to deal with the depressing reality of life, but after three

or four failed relationships, and a few cuckoldings, you get the idea.

I gave up anger a few years ago. Now, I try to be as laid back as possible. There are serious complications in trying to live that kind of lifestyle.

At a casual glance, someone who has given up anger appears very similar to a hippy, but that's the furthest thing from the truth. Sure, I may not advocate violence against any human being, but if any filthy hippies try to set up camp on my property, they'll get a taste of my broadsword. There's no love in my breast, just a sincere desire for other people to leave me alone; I treat them with the same respect. If someone asks for my help, I'm happy to give it to them, but if no assistance is requested, I'm fine with leaving them alone. I really hate it when someone assumes you're going to help them, without giving any indication that they want your help. The other day, I was coming home from work, and I saw someone being robbed; after they were stabbed in the mouth, this person starts walking towards me, waving their arms back and forth, like I know what they want.

Sure, it may get lonely in my little world, but the upside is that I don't have to bathe as much. I love feeling clean, and there's nothing more refreshing than a cold or hot shower in summer and winter, respectively, but, unless I'm going out to mix with the outside world, there's very little that will entice me to get in the water. When I was unemployed last year, my wife complained when I amassed various flies and gnats, and for two unsettling weeks when that raccoon followed me around, so I was willing, for her, to spray on some toilet water; but, if I'm not going to work, I'll go a few days without washing myself. Sure, the key areas get covered; I'll take a damp paper towel to my genitals, and lick the detritus out of my underarms, but cigarettes will cover up bad breath and brushing your head your head will get rid of most of the dandruff at home and a coat of vegetable oil will keep it from coming back during the day.

When you tell people that you don't want to harm anyone, and you've got a good stink going, then people really start to think you're a hippy (especially when you smoke as much marijuana as I like to). For some reason, you only reach bum status when you're willing to stab someone, and that's not really my thing (unless they deserve it).

As long as you're comfortable with yourself, no one can tell you that you're not working to your potential.

Sex Mahoney for President

She walks the halls like Joan of Arc on mescaline

Well, the holidays are over, but the break was nice.

Since I came to Korea, on October 1st, I've worked about ten hours a day, six days a week, but my employer was nice enough to give everyone four days off for the holiday. It was the longest vacation I'll have for a while.

So, of course, I did what is to be expected of anyone, when they get four, consecutive days off of work; I spent the entire time at home working.

That's the thing about being a creative genius; you don't get vacations.

Vacations are for 9 to 5 type jobs where they make you wear funny looking clothes, call people sir, and laugh at jokes that are nothing resembling funny. If you are one of those unfortunate people who were born without a sense of humor, here's a hint, if a joke comes from a greeting card, popsicle stick, or an email whose subject line begins FW: then it's not funny.

One of the nice things about working a few thousand miles away from most of your friends and family is that I can work on the holidays without having my time squandered by people who gave me my DNA. I do love them, this family of mine, but it's damn hard being a poor artist, making art on the run.

Chaucer, Spenser, Tiny Tim, all of my creative heroes died before they had a chance to finish their major works. 'The Canterbury Tales' one of the best collections of English narrative poems, was basically in rough draft stage when Edmund died; 'The Faerie Queene' the last of the great chivalric epics, was only half finished when fightin' Edmund Spenser finally got his comeuppance from the Irish. If there's one thing that I've learned from my study of history, it's

that artists only have a short time to get their best stuff out there, because if time doesn't kill you, then mediocrity will. It's a good thing that Shakespeare died before Romeo and Juliet was reworked as a musical, in collaboration with Twyla Tharp.

I'm not getting any younger, and my writing isn't getting any better, so I've got to produce while the producin's good; otherwise, I'll be eighty-years-old peddling the same dick and fart jokes that nobody laughs at now.

Still, you have to give yourself a break sometimes, and that's exactly what I did on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, when my wife and I went out and hit the town.

Up until Monday night, I had never blacked out from drinking. I am proud to say that is no longer true. There are great stretches of time for which I can no longer account, if I was a less educated man, or lived in the south, I might attribute this loss to alien abduction, but I'm a relatively bright boy, and I didn't wake up next to my best friend with my ass greased with Crisco, so I can afford to tell the truth.

We started the night out in a Fusion bar, which just means that they serve more than Korean food there; they also had Japanese and Chinese. Some of the bars, the ones I like, serve 5L pitchers of beer in little mini kegs as well as a cheap Soju cocktail which is just rice liqueur in fruit juice. All told, the six of us that went out on Christmas Eve drank 10L of beer for forty bucks, which is not a bad price for a bar.

Korean bars are much nicer than western bars, tipping aside; you get to sit down at Korean bars, and you don't have to wait long to be served, there are buttons on your table that will summon an available server. On the whole, they are much nicer than western bars; however, since most of the bars have Asian toilets

<http://www.geocities.com/richgoldstein13/asiantoilet.jpg>, and drunken people will puke where ever they can, the bathrooms can get a little disgusting. Just don't plan on washing your hands after you use the lavatory.

For some reason, the bar kept dimming the lights and playing a techno version happy birthday every twenty minutes or so, but I doubt that so many people could have had birthdays on Christmas eve; maybe they just like the song, or we accidentally stumbled into a birthday extravaganza.

When we finished drinking at the fusion place, we walked across the hall to another bar where the bartenders were putting on a show with fire and spinning bottles. It was around this time that I blacked out.

On Christmas Day, we went down to Seoul to see the lights and the celebrations. The streets were so packed that it was like standing in line at an amusement park except there were no roller coasters. There was ice skating, but tickets were all

sold out. The Korean children had to wear helmets and stand in line for half an hour before they could skate, but when they finally opened the rink's door, it was worth sticking around; the children stumbled out on unsteady legs. In a way, it was anticlimactic, but it was damned funny.

On Boxing Day, a package arrived from America. My mother sent me some snacks and a DVD of the Lou Diamond Phillips masterpiece, 'La Bamba.' I have been very critical of the recent spate of Hollywood biopics, 'Walk the Line' 'Ray' 'Kinsey' but I had forgotten that the story of Ritchie Valens had been my favorite movie at one point. When I remembered, I started to forgive those people who flocked to see Juquin Phoenix play Johnny Cash, until I also remembered that I had been seven years old at the time, at which point, I started laughing again. Especially at the part where Johnny Cash's little brother is butchered by a saw accident and his father says: "He took the wrong boy!"

Now there's a Christmas message we can all get behind.

I hope you guys had fun over the holiday break, and now that this foolishness is out of the way, we can all get back to work.

Sex Mahoney for President

You
could
have a
steam
train if
you just
lay down
your
tracks

There's a great movie from the 80s...

Actually, there's lots of great movies from the 80s; as far as I'm concerned, the 1980s were the best and the worst time, for film, in the history of the cinema. Michael J Fox was in his prime; Stanley Kubrick was still making movies, and a young Britney Spears was learning the dance moves that would, one day, inspire a boatload of ejaculations. Times were good, for movies at least.

A number of disturbing trends emerged in the movies of the 1980s that have continued to this day.

The longer I live, and the more movies I see, the more I have to ask myself, what happened to the blood?

Remember blood in movies? There used to be lots of it; now, when a hero mows down scores and scores of villains, sometimes with vicious, tearing weapons, there's no blood.

I don't need my movies to be 100% realistic, lord knows I hate it when a movie tries to capture the boring tedium that is real life, but to have someone hack their way through a forest of enemies, and emerge sparkling clean on the other side, is more than a little ridiculous.

Still, that's not the worst of it.

I went to see the new version of 'I Am Legend' last week, and I liked 75% of the movie. The whole thing was really good up until the end, which was entirely rewritten from the original.

For those of you who have never read, or seen, any of the previous incarnations of the story, let me sum it up real quick.

Every day, the last man on earth goes out, kills some vampires, and repairs the damage the vampires did to his house the night before. The vampires come at night, call the guy's name, and are largely comprised of his ex-neighbors. Eventually, they send in a spy, capture the guy and sentence him to death for crimes against vampiranity. The twist of the story is that the last man on earth, since he is now in the minority, is no longer a defender or the faith, but, in fact, is now the monster of legend, hence the title, 'I Am Legend.'

The new version differs from the original by making the last man on earth a legend by explaining a long, tedious backstory about how he was one of the first people to fight the disease, and he's been working on a cure, which he finally gives up his life protecting; at which point, he becomes a legend because of his good deeds and heroism. Also, the new vampires no longer talk; instead they're vicious killing machines that will resort to all kinds of savagery, including butting things open with their incredibly powerful foreheads, to kill and eat the remaining humans.

One of the most fearsome trends is that of remaking a movie that contains rational, empathetic, and intelligent villains, only to replace them with unthinking, primitive, murderers; and it is no coincidence that this trend has accelerated since September of 2001.

All I want is a little nuance.

The best movies are the ones that blur the lines between the villains and the heroes, because, at the end of the day, there's not much difference between the two; that's what makes God such an interesting character, because, on one hand, you've got this deity that loves and cares for its creation, and, on the other, gives cancer to little children and sends rapists after the ones that remain healthy.

The original novella of 'I Am Legend' turns the traditional fairy tale on its head by giving us an inside look at the monster, because we have seen the enemy and it is us.

Even a simple horror film works best in the realm of metaphor. The original 'Friday the 13th' isn't much more than a slasher flick, but by setting up the common tropes of the genre, and using death as a metaphor, we get a nice glimpse into the human psyche. Free love is really a trap, trying to hide the past by giving it a new coat of paint and changing the name will come back to bite you in the ass, and, no matter what men

want you to believe, life is really just a struggle between women that will eventually end when one of them has their head cut off with a machete.

There is no metaphor in 'I Am Legend' it's just Will Smith looking crazy in between flashy product placements for new cars.

I could also go for a little mystery.

A good movie needs to flirt with the audience, but, just like the one night stand with whom you went home and, the next morning, gave a fake name and phone number, giving away too much is a big turn off; especially when it comes to horror. The original 'Jeepers Creepers' wasn't a bad concept for a movie, but, by showing the monster too much, right from the beginning, it took away a lot of its power.

The backstory of the virus, and the subsequent plot of trying to cure it, robs the original of the power imbued by understatement. At the beginning of the new 'I Am Legend' there's a great scene where Emma Thompson, playing a stock scientist, heralds a miracle cure for cancer, which is a great joke since, two minutes later, the film shows the city of New York abandoned by people, overgrown by plants, and overrun with herds of wild deer. If the movie had left it at that, there would be no problem; instead, they spend a good thirty of the next hundred minutes explaining what happened with the virus, various ways it could be cured, and what happened to Will Smith and kin as they tried to escape the coming plague.

There was a sketch comedy show that broadcast out of Seattle in the 1980s called 'Almost Live' and they had a great bit called 'Who Killed JFK Today' in which contestants came on the show, gave their evidence as to who was behind the Kennedy assassination and whoever did it in fifteen seconds won. The challengers all ran out of time explaining various government, or mafia, related plots, but the reigning champion continued his unbeaten streak by saying plainly, in three seconds: "A Tiger did it."

If you're looking for a good movie, go see 'I Am Legend' but leave right after Will Smith strangles his dog with his bare hands and go read the book, because it's all downhill from there. This woman shows up, the plot becomes diluted into something about God, and then there's a vampire attack with the aforementioned head slamming scene. I was angrily bored.

The dog choking scene was pretty cool though. The filmmakers did a nice job of setting up a close relationship between Will Smith and his dog, but then the dog becomes infected while protecting her owner and Will Smith hugs her until she becomes a vampire and he has to choke her to death. You rarely see such violent thing happen to animals in movies, because, for whatever reason, people are willing to sit through ninety minutes of a muscle-bound hero butchering dull-witted villains and spouting bland catch phrases, but have them do something

bad to a friendly dog and people write angry letters and convene congressional hearings. Some things just go too far.

If you're really looking for a good movie, then go out and rent 'Teen Wolf' again (that's the 80s movie I was talking about way back at the beginning of this debacle), because there's nothing funnier than Jay Tarsus's life advice, with which I will leave you as a parting gift:

"It doesn't matter how you play the game, it's whether you win or lose. And even that doesn't make all that much difference."

Now you stick to that, and everything else is cream cheese.

Sex Mahoney for President

The Things I did not know at First, I learned by Doing Twice

Sometimes, I think it would be best if everyone got fucked in the ass every once in a while.

Human heads have a tendency to inflate if the asses to which those heads are attached go unfucked for a long period of time, and there's no telling what kind of damage these swollen heads can do.

If you let someone's ass go unfucked for too long, they start to think that they're right all the time, and no amount of convincing will make them believe otherwise.

That's why, in the interest of fairness, we all need to take a good, stiff dick, straight up the ass at least once a quarter.

Now, I know that there are a lot of people out there who like having dicks shoved up their asses, but that's because they're thinking about it in pleasant, non-retributive ways; I mean, sure, who doesn't like a nice, lubricated penis gently inserted into your asshole by a tender and sensitive lover... unfortunately, that's not what I'm talking about.

It has to be unexpected, otherwise people will be able to prepare for it, and it has to be painful, otherwise lots of people will get pleasure from it; for those people who like being anally raped, this will no work as punishment, but, and I'm not alone in this, people who like being anally raped are already suffering enough.

So, once every three months, at some random time, a group of men will hunt you like an animal, hold you down, and make sure you're not getting too big for your britches.

Well, not everyone.

Poor people are pretty well aware of how much they're getting fucked on a regular basis. If you make minimum wage, there's no need for anyone to come around and fuck you in the ass to remind you how insignificant you are, because that happens every time you open a paycheck or go to a gas station.

The same can be said for women, since they're passed over for promotions, paid a lot less, and demeaned a lot more wherever you find women working; besides, you don't need to fuck women in the ass to make them feel worthless, just give them free subscriptions to Cosmo for the rest of their lives.

Racial and religious minorities, the handicapped, and barefoot hillbillies everywhere also know what it's like getting fucked in the ass, so really, after we exclude all the people who regularly get ass fucked, it wouldn't be that difficult or cost prohibitive to fuck the leftovers... rich men.

If you declare more than one million dollars on your income tax return, then chances are pretty good that you deserve to get fucked in the ass, because you can't make that much money without fucking someone right up the ass.

For all this hubbub about the free market taking care of itself, there's still a whole lot of zero-sum mercantilism hanging around. Nowhere is this better exemplified by a belief in the trickle down theory of economics. The idea being that rich folks, once released from the shackles of taxation and responsibility, will pass their savings on to you.

Unfortunately, they do that by making us into servants, and a whole class of poor folks working in servitude to the rich is only a hop, skip and a sudden illness away from slavery.

The biggest problem with giving tax cuts to the rich is that it makes the rest of us into dogs begging for a few scraps from the table.

Now, I don't mind getting screwed, just so long as everybody else is getting theirs, which is exactly why I came up with my quarterly anal rape solution to society's ills. The idea being that people who are too miserable are loathe to give away anything because, when you're feeling blue, the only solace you can find is in the things, and people, around you, but if you're feeling like a million bucks, then you'll be all the more likely to give some of your table scraps to the rest of us.

If we take the time to violently fuck rich folks up the ass every so often, they'll feel so happy the rest of the time, when they're not having their colons torn apart, that they'll be like Jimmy Stewart running down the main street of Bedford Falls, and we'll reap the benefits.

Anal rape does carry some serious side effects, like feelings of victimization, paranoia, and other deep seated psychosis, but they're rich enough, let them worry about it; besides, it will keep people nice and honest about the amount of money they need. If you're having a good year, and your income is creeping dangerously close to the one million mark, then you'll be more likely to give away some of that money no matter how much you want a life-sized elephant sculpture made out of pure ivory.

Over time, people will get used to this kind of punishment, and they'll find ways to get around it; if there's two things that human beings are good at it, they are figuring out new ways to cheat the system and learning to like anything (if you don't believe me, just look at people who eat pig's feet, sweetbreads, and rocky mountain oysters). Until then, I'll sleep a whole lot better knowing that Bill Gates will have his own kernel error a few times a year.

Sex Mahoney for President

Time doesn't wait for me

Do people really go to bars to make friends?

It's damn near impossible to hear anything in a bar, because most of them play music so loud that any kind of normal conversation is damn near impossible.

Don't get me wrong, I completely understand why bar owners choose to play their music so loud; most of the things people say when they're drunk is complete bullshit at best, and antagonistic to anyone within earshot at worst. If you actually took the time to listen to what people say when they're drunk, you'd lose all respect for them, that's why you think your uncle, the one who packs away a case of tall boys every Christmas, is an asshole, but you love your best friend. There are also certain drinks that do nothing but angry up the blood and make sensitive topics, like botched, back alley abortions, and sleeping with your best friends girlfriend while he's out of town, seem fucking hilarious; so, using pop hits played at maximum volume, to cover up all the drunken malapropisms is probably a good thing.

It's the same reason bar owners were so upset about the smoking bans.

Making people stand outside if they want to have a cigarette will not defer most of them from frequenting your establishment, or having a cigarette, but losing the smell of smoke, that covered up the smell of stale beer, vomit, and urine, sure will.

That's why it's impossible to make friends at a bar.

Sure, you can bring your friends to a bar, and you'll probably have a good time, but that's because you don't need to talk to your friends; that's why they're your friends, you've already got all that talking out of the way so you can concentrate on the more important things like who can chug an entire bottle of vodka or who among you has the hottest mom.

Until you sit down and talk with someone, they're not your

friend.

You can make lots of acquaintances at a bar, and you can probably find some poor schmuck to sleep with you at a bar, but nine times out of ten, the people you meet at a bar are not your friends. That would be too easy.

You have to earn everything; otherwise, what you have is meaningless.

That's why we need an estate tax.

The people you meet at a bar are just random strangers, and, until you get a chance to talk to them, you don't know if they're dangerous lunatics, disease ridden pustules, or one of those weirdoes who believes the earth was created 5,000 years ago by God (when everyone know that the earth is just a figment of my imagination that will disappear when I die).

When you treat people that you met at a bar as friends, you're giving them the benefit of your friendship without the sweat and labor that your close friends had to invest in you and, if you're unlucky, that can come back to bite you in the ass. The nice girl who impressed your with her ability to sing the star spangled banner while sucking your cock and playing pool just might surprise you in the morning when you get up to go to the bathroom and she asks you to get her Valtrex from her purse, while you're up.

The same is true of people who have money without having to work for it. Being poor teaches you the value of a dollar, if you're willing to learn the lesson, but when you live your whole life without having to worry about silly things like working or saving, then a dollar is just another piece of paper, at best, and a number on a bill, at worst. If you doubt my theory, then you need look no further than Paris Hilton and remind yourself that all the TV shows, albums, and various other forms of entertainment, in which she has appeared, are nothing more than a rich kid, with too much money, fucking around with other people's livelihoods.

Think about the biggest asshole you're ever met, and I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that it was someone who had their life handed to them on a silver platter that you had to carry... that is, of course, provided that we've never met.

There's nothing wrong with the easy way, I love the easy way, but that's because I have to work at finding one; sometimes, I take a wrong turn, but, with enough hard work and dedication, you can always manage to find you way back.

Then again, I had a lot of things handed to me. My parents fed me, helped me out with my first few years on my own, and never once gave me a bill for all of that food I ate when I

was a resident in their house; so, someone less fortunate at I could look at my life and say that I have no right to throw stones at Paris Hilton since we're only a few million dollars removed. It's true; I was blessed with a very comfortable life in comparison to a lot of people out there; my family never flew on private jets, or paid MTV to broadcast my birthday party, but I did still have all my teeth when I turned 18 and my parents never insisted that I marry my sister to keep them from having to pay for two weddings.

My parents were able to give me a lot of things for which I would have otherwise had to work, but it wasn't enough to last my entire life and then pass on to my own children. Like most normal parents, my folks made sure I had everything I needed to live a healthy life and then dumped me on the street at 12:01 AM on my 18th birthday. After that, anything a parent gives to a child is purely out of the kindness of their heart.

If my parents had died when I was still a minor, it would suck if a good portion of their estate was eaten away by taxes, but they didn't, and that's not what the estate, or 'death', tax is all about.

Taxing inheritance is a way for money that would otherwise be locked away by some billionaire industrialist turned cave-dwelling troll, because it's not everybody who gets taxed after they die; people are perfectly free to pass on the first two million dollars of their estate tax free. That would mean that, if both my parents died, they could each leave me their houses, plus whatever money they have saved up, and it would not be taxed by the estate, or 'death', tax, which is perfectly reasonable; I don't know about you, but I can't live in just one house. I need one house in which to do my business, and a separate house in which I can unwind.

A few years ago, republican politicians made a big deal out of repealing the 'death' tax and used it as a wedge issue in a number of elections. The succeeded in belaying it for a year, but that was it, and since then, there has been little talk of the estate tax, except in 2006 when it was attached to a bill to increase the minimum wage (the bill was voted down, which means that it's more important for rich folks to keep McDonald's employees from making a living than it is for them to give their children 54% of their estates instead of 51%). Taxes, which most people don't like paying, are a great issue used by small minded politicians to influence small minded, short-sighted voters; however, there is one tax to which almost no one objects.

The lottery.

People forget that the lottery is a tax, because they are

too busy counting the lottery money they will never win; so, instead of an estate tax, why not have a death lottery. People will be able to buy tickets from their local convenience stores and gas stations and if their numbers come up, then they will be immediately put to death, but their beneficiaries won't have to pay any taxes on whatever money they receive plus we'll give them a small token payment, or a lifetime of even smaller payments, while using large, possible, jackpots to keep their eyes busy enough that they won't read the fine print.

Here's hoping you win.

In the meantime, I'll be at the bar with my new friends.

Sex Mahoney for President

Take off
your coat
and grease
your throat
with a
bucketful
of mountain
dew

OVER, the last six months, I've been making a cartoon.

It's all I think about.

When I get home from work, the first thing I do is go to work on that cartoon (after I check the daily porno updates), and the first thing I do when I wake up in the morning (after masturbating to the daily porno updates from yesterday) is go back to work on the cartoon. It's all I talk about at parties. I'm constantly bothering my wife for creative input... sometimes, I even dream about it.

When images, shapes, and colors fill your life, you can't get them out of your head without some serious down time.

It's the same way when you play puzzle games, like 'Tetris', 'Snood', 'Dr Mario' or whichever color and shape matching game you prefer. When you close your eyes you start to see the color reforming in your mind and you play through game scenarios again and again and again.

Of course, this phenomenon isn't strictly limited to video games and cartoons; it can happen with almost anything.

We humans are creatures of habit, and when our habits are directed at singular pursuits, then we start to lose ourselves in their worlds.

I used to watch a lot of porno.

Sure, I still watch a lot of porno, at least, more than the average pervert, but there was once a time, when I used to watch A LOT of porno. I was in college, and I had most of my day free to sit around, get high, and watch porn with several close friends who also had nothing else to do. Sometimes we would put a strong reverb effect on the sound, so it felt like we were in some kind of sex cave; other times, I would play music over the porn audio. If you really want to make people laugh, they put on any kind of porno, turn down the volume, and play Edwin Starr's 'War' over it. Classical music also works, especially the numbers that people associate with Looney Tunes, like Rossini, Strauss, Wagner, or Liszt.

Anyway, I'm going off on a tangent; the reason I was telling you about porno is that, I used to watch a lot of it, and it started to affect my daily life. I'd think of everything in porno terms. When my friends pointed out a pretty girl, I would think about how many cocks she could fit in her ass; and when my uncle showed me a drawing done by his elementary age son, I wouldn't be impressed if the kid couldn't ejaculate on cue.

I like watching people have sex.

There's nothing better than to get to see someone naked, and watch them get fucked, without having to do any work yourself. Sure, I'm lazy and selfish, but not anymore than your average, self-absorbed, narcissist.

Still, you can't spend your days walking around imagining everyone having sex, it makes job interviews and family reunions very awkward, but it's an unavoidable consequence of your attention's focus on a singular subject for an extended period of time.

That's why you always have to keep expanding your world outside of whatever boundaries you create; if you don't, it's easy to confuse the horizon with the end of knowledge.

The process of learning teaches us, regardless of the subject, that the more we learn, the more we realize how little we actually know. It's only when we stop learning, or actively stop trying to learn, that we start to become complacent and think that we know everything. Sure, there are times when you have to pretend like you know everything, usually when you're talking to your husband or wife, but come on, we could work our entire lives, read every book in the library, watch every film every put on celluloid, and screw everything that's too slow to run away, and we still wouldn't know what Stan Brakhage films are about; or why everyone is so gaga over the Mona Lisa and the Venus de Milo, when the former is an envelope sized painting of some chick in room that's full of thirty foot high by forty foot long paintings of the most amazing quality and detail, and there's a whole wing of Greco-roman statues that look just like the Venus one, uncrowded, floor below.

It is impossible to remain cynical in the face of such staggering knowledge. No matter how hard you try, you'll never be able to learn everything, but, with what little time we have, we can learn a hell of a lot; so watch the same movie a few years later and you'll see something that you missed the first time, read your favorite books again and again and you'll find details hidden in corners you have missed or forgotten. Even if you've seen one woman getting two dicks stuffed up her ass, and two more shoved in her cunt, there's even more than you haven't seen, and, epidermal elasticity being what it is, watching the same woman do it again will be a completely new experience. I don't understand how people can ever get bored.

Experience and consciousness are a lot like those puzzle games, because we're always presented with patterns that look different to the casual observer or someone who just doesn't bother spending the time examining their life, but that are filled with the little nuances that define our existence.

Sometimes, you just have to focus your attention on one thing, and it's all right, just remember to look up from time to time and see how much the scenery has changed without changing at all.

And let me watch you have sex; it's really such a little thing to ask.

Sex Mahoney for President

Looking for the quarter piece inside my caprice

The prospect of a new year is always a little inspiring.

Still, you never hear stories about New Year's resolutions without them involving some kind of self-improvement.

I'd like to see some New Year's resolutions that advocate a concerted effort at self-destruction, such as, this year I will drink more and spend less time with my children, or this year, I will try to start a dedicated intravenous drug habit.

I did hear a spot of good news that lightened up my New Year's celebrations.

One of my western friends works as a kindergarten teacher in the mornings. Since it's technically illegal to work anywhere but where your visa says you can work, let's call him Gus for the purpose of this anecdote.

Well, my friend Gus works for a kindergarten, and, sometime around Christmas, his school called him and asked him to come to work early. When he arrived, they gave him a Santa Claus costume and told him to put it on.

Gus is Latino, and short, so the kids were a little surprised when they saw him, but the surprise only lasted so long because they recognized him by the shoes he wore; nevertheless, the kids played along and called him Santa for the duration of the holiday extravaganza.

My friend was much more surprised than the children when an administrator from his school gave him a list with the children's names and A LIST OF EVERYTHING BAD THEY HAD DONE FOR THE YEAR. As he handed out presents, he had to tell the children what they had done wrong and get them to promise to fix it.

Let me remind you that he works in a kindergarten.

I know that some of you, who are reading this, have children, or have been around children, but for those of you who haven't, there's something you need to know about kids.

They cry.

I know, I know; you're aware of kids and their crying, but the mechanics of it are much more involved that you could possibly imagine because you also cry and, as such, know how such things work; however, children don't just cry, they lose complete control over every one of their muscles and they leak tears and mucus in such amounts that you'd think they would drain all the liquids from their bodies and collapse to the floor in a pile of kid powder.

Ten seconds later, they go back to laughing, spitting, and shouting at their friends.

They're a mystery, these children are.

Anyway, my friend had to take out a present, read the child's name and then tell them bad things: Tae-han, you picked your nose too much; Eun-ju, you didn't do your homework; Yeong-il, you hit your sister.

After he reduced a room full of children to tears, he then gave out presents and the children's' moods instantly improved; except for one little boy.

The school told him to withhold a present from one of the kids who had behaved the worst; so just when everyone else was getting excited to open their new presents, this one troublemaker was gift-less and my friend got up to leave the room, empty sack full of goodies and all. He even said goodbye to all the children.

At this point, the trouble maker started crying and blubbering: "But... Santa... I... didn't... get... any... presents."

To which my friend had to reply: "But you were the worst behaved of all the children, and you don't get any presents."

The kid lost it. According to Gus, he cried like he had just seen his favorite childhood toy come to life, beat both his parents to death, and then watched as it, whatever toy is the Korean version of Teddy Ruxpin, raped their corpses. The kid's parents, and the school principal, pretended to have a conference about the kid's behavior, and, after getting him to promise that he would be good, they made Santa give him a present.

Ten minutes later, when my friend, Gus, walked back in the room, the kids pointed to his shoes and asked him why he had pretended to be Santa Claus.

I hope this heartwarming story made you laugh as much as it made me. I was just thinking about mean Santa last week and to see that Korea fulfilled my wishes makes me love this country even more. Sure, it's got its problems, but you'd never see that kind of thing back in America, a good, god-fearing Christian country. We would never do anything so cruel to our children... that's why we send them to church so the priests can

do it for us.

Sex Mahoney for President

I walked right out of the machinery

I used to have a friend named Maurice; some people called him the gangster of love. The FBI put him on their most wanted list and he was killed in a hail of gunfire. I tried to steal his nickname, but, somehow, the non-threatening, gangster-in-name-only of love never drew as many of the ladies.

Anyway, Maurice was a limited man.

For many years, he refused to entertain the idea of the mouth, or anus, being used as sexual instruments, thereby missing out on many of life's great pleasures, like tasting the juice from a fresh cunt or finding the sister of a kid who used to beat you up in high school, fucking her in the ass on camera, and posting the footage on your local cable access channel.

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do it for us.

Sex Mahoney for President

For Persuasion, I still like candlelight and wine

I loves me some
titties.

Everyone likes to think they're honorable, and I'm no exception, but if you put a pair of titties in my face, I can't guarantee that I'll act logically.

Hell, most of the time I'm not firing on all cylinders anyway, but throw some titties into the mix and you could probably talk me into anything. To this day I still think "Striptease," starring Demi Moore, was a fantastic movie... not Sin City though; all the tits in the world couldn't save that movie.

I suppose that's why people in America get so uptight when they see a pair of titties on their television and in their movies; and if it's at the Super Bowl, they practically go ape shit. Much has been made of the old attorney general John Ashcroft's large taxpayer expense to clothe a semi-nude statue of justice, but I can understand why a man wouldn't want a tittie in his office. Actually, I can't understand, to me it makes no sense at all, but I don't think that any meaningful work goes on in offices anyway, especially when the government runs it. I suppose that, if you suffer from the illusion that the law can make a difference, you might believe that a tittie in the office disrupts a healthy working environment. I don't get it, but I think I understand.

I could never figure out why titties in the movie were such a big deal.

At work... okay, I'll give you the workplace; while I might like to see my female coworkers' breasts, some of you may not, and I respect your insane decision; however, nothing of any importance happens in the movie theater; therefore, titties in the movies can do no damage.

It's rare that children hear the truth, which is why it is a sure-fire comedy hit when an adult mistreats a child. One of my favorite video games of all time attained that status because the game allowed you to ruthlessly kill little orphan pickpockets. For some reason, parents are always on about protecting children from the truth.

Each of us has a memory, from our childhood, where a friendly neighbor or dull witted school chum let us take off their clothes and play with their infant genitals. I can remember playing doctor, at the age of six, with a girl from around the block; it wasn't anything serious and we had a lot of fun, especially when I bought my first speculum. Eventually, our parents caught us playing obstetrician while I was putting a clump of potting soil and some baby seeds into her cervix.

We were both punished.

I've met many people throughout my life, both male and female, who have a similar tale of being reprimanded for their prepubescent childhood sexual adventures and developing an aversion to sexual activity through these and other types of parental discipline.

Almost every boy can attest to one time, around the age of thirteen, when their parents made them clean out the secret box under the bed that's filled with broken toys and VHS porn from the 80s. I got in a lot of trouble for that porn. It gave me the impression that there was something wrong with watching people have sex. To this day, I suffer pangs of guilt when I'm watching porn; most of the time, they're minor, but they get a lot worse if my wife wakes up before I get to finish.

Children should run around naked and practice their infantile sexuality without the fear of reprisal from over protective parents. Not only do children learn the difference between good sexual touch and bad sexual touch, but they're more comfortable with the subject and are less likely to clam up after spending a weekend on a religious retreat with Father Bobby.

I'm not suggesting that little Suzy Futureslut and Johnny Unfitfather should strip off their toddler wear and 69 in the sandbox; for one, no one should ever have to experience the discomfort of a friction/sand combination inside their genitals, and Johnny can do a lot better than Suzy, who, it is rumored, let Brandi Filcher stick two fingers into her butthole and performed an all finger puppet version of Stayin' Alive.

Adults should keep their hands off of children, because kids are too stupid to know any better than to fall for those time honored tricks like "I promise I won't cum in your mouth" and "Oops. It slipped, I swear." Kids are likely to get hurt if they mix in with adults, but among children it isn't a problem.

Censorship demeans everyone. It demeans parents because children all know what their parents don't want them to know, making them look like idiots, telling their children about storks and mommies and daddies who love each other. There is nothing, short of locking your child in their room, and bricking up the windows, that you can stop a child from exploring their sexuality. Hell, I had some of the best times

of my life when I was locked in my room with the windows bricked. To this day, I still get a little turned on at the end of "The Cask of Amontillado."

So, parents, if you remember your childhood at all, remember playing doctor with the cute girl next door who taught you what vagina smelled like, the awkward girl with braces who let you touch her little, knobby breasts, the bored high school girlfriend that would jerk you off underneath the bleachers at basketball games, and every drop of human fluid that you took into your mouth, smeared on your face, wiped off your belly, or drank when your friends got a hold of your beer while you weren't looking; and ask yourself why anyone should cover their child's eyes when a great big tittie appears on a movie screen.

I've got an inkling that the real reason why American movies and television are censored for sexual content is not to shield children from filthy ideas - the kids obviously know what they're doing on that end - but because the parents can't stomach the idea that their children are having the kind of fun that they once had. Every timeless face that appears on a movie screen, and the identical face that replaces it when the actor moves on, is a grim reminder that children live in a world of hedonistic pleasure denied to people, once they have children of their own.

So, parents, one last moment of your time. Indulge me and think of the worst possible thing you've ever done to another person: the time you grabbed a beer bottle and stuck in your girlfriend's asshole while she was drunk, that weekend you slept with your boyfriend's best because you were on a "break," that girl you double teamed with your college roommate; and picture your kid on the receiving end... that's what your wife's parents see every time you show up with their daughter.

In the meantime, let's get rid of film and television censorship; it might not help society any, but let's not forget that we can't rule out the possibility that the Virginia Tech shooter went on a rampage because there weren't any titties on TV, and as long as that is possible, we owe it to ourselves to give it a chance... and show me your tits.

Sex Mahoney for President

These are the days of lasers in the jungle

If I can help it, I do everything I can to avoid puking.

I know that it can help make you feel better if you just let, or make, yourself throw up, and I know that the need to throw up is the body's way of telling you that there's something inside you that needs to come out, but if it's got to leave violently, I'd rather do it sitting instead of kneeling.

That way I can read a good book while I do it; there's nothing like reading the tender reconciliation between Levin and Katya Scherbatskaya, two jilted lovers from Tolstoy's 'Anna Karenina,' while you're peeing out your asshole.

It burns, it stings, and, if you sit on the toilet long enough, your ass starts to feel anesthetized, but I'll take diarrhea over vomiting any day.

Sometimes, I don't chew my food all too well, so, when it comes back up, some of the larger pieces tend to get stuck in my nose. When you couple that with a Korean dish that consists of living octopus, sliced up and wiggling on your plate, and the Korean custom of drinking like fiends; you get a situation where you have to pull live octopus tentacles out of your snout. It really sucks, especially when they use their suckers to try and hang on to your sinuses.

What's so amazing is how much people love vomit; and I'm not just talking about bulimics, but everyone. Why, just last night, I saw people from both political parties lining up to have possible presidential candidates vomit all over them.

Because of my anti-vomit proclivities, the whole thing made me feel a little nauseous, but the people of New Hampshire seemed to eat it up.

Just once, I'd like to see a presidential candidate, you know, one of the guys who, like Bill Richardson or Fred Thompson, have almost no chance of winning, just tell the truth for once. Instead, Presidential candidates get up on stage, make statements so bland that the Hallmark corporation accuses them

of being cheesy, and expect people to believe that they are well qualified to run the country by showing off how much they are like everybody else.

The thing is, the politicians are being controlled by ad-man like advisors who tell them what to say so that all their speeches are as little offensive as possible, but that's just most advertisers assume that angry people won't want to buy a product. If history has taught us anything, it's that an angry electorate is much more likely to come out and support a candidate in record numbers, giving them untold power, little oversight, and all the raw hatred that the populace can muster; or have we learned nothing from Germany in the 1930s. Instead of trying to placate people into thinking that they're lives aren't as bad as they think they are, politicians should try to rally the mob to support strange and radical agendas.

Apparently, America is still something of a democracy, and, as such, it seems that the people want regurgitated, tired ideas; otherwise, Paris Hilton would have never picked up a record contract, chain restaurants like Fridays and the Outback Steakhouse would have folded a long time ago, and George W Bush would have never been elected president... twice.

In some ways, I can understand why people fear change, because there's nothing more comforting than a good, old fashioned rut, but, after a certain point, sticking to your guns and eating like a baby bird becomes obtuse and revolting. If you look at the music charts for the 1950s, pre-rock and roll, the same four artists had the highest selling singles with the same four songs, most of which you can now hear in pleasant, smooth jazz renditions while you wait in your local dentist's office.

Sometimes, you just have to branch out and accept something new; like when I tell my wife that she should stop being so uptight and agree to my requests for a threesome with her attractive female friends.

I am not overly impressed with any of the current presidential candidates, only because they all seem like pale copies of each other, with the same bland mission statements, a few disagreements on largely unimportant issues, and the same old bullshit that presidential hopefuls have pedaled since time immemorial. Say what you will about Dick Cheney (the evil, fart-sniffing, old codger that he is), but I'd almost like to see him run for president for the sole reason that he would be the only candidate without a full head of 'executive' hair.

At least, there's a black guy and a chick running for office; while I disagree with much of their semantic posturing, I like to think of how much their election would piss off people who married members of their immediate family and spend summer evenings pontificating about the Jewish-Communist-Terrorist plot to make everyone into Spanish speaking homosexuals.

For now, Americans will have to suckle at the vanilla teat a bit longer, but just wait for 2016; that's the year that I

turn 35, the age at which one becomes eligible for the presidency, and, not surprisingly, a presidential election year. Not only will I turn the country on its head, but you won't see me vomiting down anyone's throat unless they ask me to do it, or they let me do things to their girlfriends in return.

In which case, I will try to eat something really foul ahead of time. Does anyone know where I can get my hands on some moose testicles?

Sex Mahoney for President

The bitch is in heat

I never thought that I would find a soup that I would love as much as I love sundubu.

For those of you who have never eaten sundubu, it's pretty standard fare, as far as soups go, tofu, vegetables, red pepper, and egg. Seems so simple, and yet, the few times that we've tried to make it, all we get is spicy red water that smacks of onion.

I never liked soups. Sure, there was lentil, that's a fine soup, and split pea, that's even better, but I never feel full after a bowl of soup, and the last thing I want to eat, after eating a bowl of soup, is another bowl of soup.

Until there was a sundubu. That was the soup that changed the world for me. Sundubu is so good that I could eat it every day for the rest of my life.

There are so few things about which I would say the same.

Especially marriage.

Now, I fully support a homosexual's right to marry, because there are lots of financial benefits to marriage and society should offer the same made up services to anyone, no matter who they like to piddle, so I can understand why homosexuals are fighting for that right, but I can't understand why they would want it.

First, let's set the record straight about marriage, anything that changes your tax and insurance status has nothing to do with love. Love is like that other thing you imagine... you know the one where you're filled with a feeling of inner peace that's most likely attributable to some chemical shift in your body... religious ecstasy, that's the one.

Love is something that you keep inside you, because, no matter how hard you try, you're never going to be able to express how much you love to someone in terms that they will understand; that's why all language is essentially a lie. We invented words to express the innermost workings of our minds, but the best we can muster is a three word phrase that anyone can say, regardless of how much they mean it. Most of the time, when people say 'I love you' too much, it's because they don't, not really, and they're practicing a form of self-hypnosis to keep from doing something that they'll regret later.

Besides, it's impossible to love someone forever, the way marriage is supposed to work. I'm sure there are times when my wife would like to pack up her shit and go, because I've been around me my whole life, and I know how trying it can be to live with me; sometimes, I wish I could pick up and move far away from me, but so far I haven't had the balls, and besides, I'm the best lover I've ever had.

So far, my marriage has made two major differences in my life: I get cheaper rates on my auto insurance, and my wife gets an automatic visa in Korea. Other than that, marriage doesn't mean jack shit.

You ladies want to take a man's name? Go down to the courthouse and change yours. When you get married, they usually throw it in for free, but that's only because you've already paid the municipality for a marriage license.

I almost forgot about that, the marriage license, what else can say true love like the same legal document that allows you to drive a car, own a gun, and make sure that your dog doesn't get gassed at the local pound if it escapes your backyard.

Too many people have bought into the idea of love being a necessary part of a successful marriage, but the exact opposite is true; sure, it helps if you love the person you're going to marry, but you can stay married for years to someone that you don't love (just ask my wife).

The most important qualities to ensure a good marriage are: patience, pragmatism, and knowing when to keep your fucking mouth shut.

Boys, there is no such thing as a doting little wife who loves to clean up after your messes, thinks that heaven is in your dirty underpants, and wants to cook you meals. Having a wife is like having a roommate who sleeps in your bed and wants to use most of your closet space. This is why you need to be pragmatic to stay married, think about all the things that you want your wife to do for you, and then ask yourself if you'd be willing to do them for her.

Ladies, there is no such thing as a man who wants to spend every second of his free time hearing about whatever boring crap you find interesting. We are all unique individuals and we have our own interests, and, as much as it would be nice to share a part of ourselves, especially one in which we take pride, there's only so much time a person can spend pretending to listen. This is where the patience comes in, you have to be patient enough to sit through your partner's boring stories and not get angry when they don't want to hear about yours.

The rest of the time, marriage is just living together, like you lived with your parents, and your brothers and sisters, that guy you met at a Grateful Dead concert who convinced you to stop wearing a bra and bought you seven gallons of

patchouli oil for Valentine's Day, and that girl you woke up next to after a night of severe drinking who wouldn't leave for six months. The person to whom you're married is a living breathing human being, and, like all human beings, when they get frustrated, or angry, or even afraid, they lash out at people to whom they should be nicer. That's why the most important part of being married is knowing when to keep your mouth shut. Sometimes your spouse will say some pretty stupid, or hurtful, things when they're angry, and you can't let them get to you because they don't really mean what they say, and chances are good that they're going to feel bad about it once they cool down... or sober up, depending on who you married.

That's why marriage is like soup. There's a lot of disparate elements that come together, but they don't really mix all that well, and you're usually left with big chunks of soggy things that don't look very appetizing; plus, it never really fills you up, so you have to have a snack with it, like a grilled cheese sandwich, or your secretary.

Sometimes, you get lucky and you find that one soup; the soup that is meant for you. If you're one of the lucky people to achieve such bliss, then you owe it to yourself to stick with that soup, even though chances are pretty good that the soup doesn't feel the same way about you.

Sex Mahoney for President

You know
he would
have
tended
bar on
Christmas
if
Christmas
had been
invented
yet

Try as I might, I can't seem to shower in less than ten minutes.

It usually takes an average of fifteen minutes to get clean.

Then again, I don't shower every day, unless I happen to sweat a lot in a given day; so, when you think about it, I'm only taking seven and a half minute showers, which I assume is the average amount of time that a person spends in the shower.

It's not that I have a lot of things to wash, I just lose track of time and space out in the shower. Sometimes, I snap back to reality only to realize that I've done something stupid, like rubbed a healthy amount of toothpaste into my head, or given my genitals a good scrubbing with hair conditioner. Then there are other times when I step out of the shower only to discover that my eyes are stinging from shampoo that wasn't rinsed from my hair.

I have a hard time concentrating in the shower.

The only thing on which I can focus, is keeping stray hairs away from the drain. As anyone with long hair can attest, you

lose a lot of hair in the shower or while you're brushing. Now, I don't brush my hair, so great big clumps of it come out in the shower and they have ever since I started growing my hair long. Unlike most of the long haired people I know, I make an active effort to keep my hair away from the drain because, again, unlike most of the long haired people I know, when the drain gets stopped up, I'm usually the one to go down and unclog it. I don't mind getting my hands dirty, especially if it means I don't have to shower in a pool of stagnant water.

If you've never cleaned a stuck drain, especially a shower drain, it look and smells like Cousin It came down with a bad case of syphilis and masturbated in your shower. Hairs get caught in the drain, and leftover soap residue gets caught in the hairs, until you finally have a viscous, hairy mess that's preventing water from draining. Over the years, after cleaning out many such clogs, I've learned my lesson when it comes to keeping hair out of the shower drain.

Unfortunately, the rest of the world has not been so lucky.

As the experts all say, those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it; however, those experts failed to learn that most people don't listen to historians; so, even though they had a great piece of advice, they presented it in a form to which no one would pay attention. If history was on TV, primetime, Wednesday or Thursday nights, then more people would pay attention.

Even those who do pay attention are often under the mistaken impression that history tells a complete, and logical, narrative, when we're all just running around, trying to get the best bits for ourselves and realizing that we're taking actions that will largely pass down the drain. It's easy to see why; the activity that makes up most of our day seems so boring that it makes sense that no one would remember how we did our laundry, what programs were popular on the radio, or how many thimbles you could get for a nickel at Gimbels. History books are reserved for the Bushs, the Bin Ladens, and the Spearses of the world.

Except, history books are made up of stories, just like any other fiction, and, just like any other fiction, history books seek to provide a narrative to keep the reader interested; so, instead of a detailed account of the past, you get a quaint, semi-biography. Not only that, but since histories have to narrow their focus to few individuals, a majority of the available stories goes untold.

We, you and I, are the real instruments of history, and if you want to read about our stories, you can't, because they've mostly been flushed down the drain, the narratives anyway; if you want to see the real story just walk down any street and look at the people, and the buildings, around you; they are history, and just because it isn't captured in a book doesn't make it any less impressive, regardless of how you feel about humanity and it's long fight for survival.

What makes us different from those animal species is that, somehow, we developed enough intelligence to write sentences, like the one I'm writing now, and to read them (look at you, holding up your end of the bargain) which somehow convinced us that we're obviously much more important than other animals and that they are all here to serve us, just because they can't write down the things that pass through their primitive brains. Meanwhile, our primitive brains can churn out page after page of this crap.

Just as human beings disregard animals that lack the ability to write their stories; the humans who write histories disregard the humans about whom histories are never written, preferring to focus on the kings, presidents, celebrities, and politicians who make history; however, although their influence cannot be entirely discounted, these people are in the minority when it comes to shaping the world. Most of the living, dying, buying, fucking, breeding, and eating is done by folks just like you and me, and, from what I can gather, most of us are just about fed up with the kings and presidents.

It's not their fault; they can't help what they are.

You remember what I said about shower drains, well, political and religious systems, customs and traditions, countries and ideologies are all like the crap that accumulates in shower drains. History is the water that flows over them and carries us down the drain with it. People in power like to think that they'll be powerful forever, but they're just waiting to get sucked down the drain with the rest of us, and before long, the systems and customs start to clog up the drain so something will have to be done.

Eventually, you have to clean out your drain and I don't mind getting my hands dirty.

Sex Mahoney for President

You got
into
disco
just
when
everyone
turned
punk

I've been playing

video games for a long time; not since the beginning, but since the third generation, the first Nintendo system released in America.

Even before then, in the long gone days of Atari and Pong, people descried video games because of the negative effect they would have on children.

Kids who played video games were more likely to become violent, social outcasts who joined communist affiliated groups and spent their night and weekends practicing satanic rituals and having blood orgies.

Well, now that the communists are gone, it seems like video games are here to stay, and, while I haven't heard anyone suggesting that children who play video games are more likely to become terrorists (which, I think, is the only thing that was not used by the Bush administration as a reason for why people become terrorists) I have heard people blame video games for various teenage perpetrated massacres.

Don't ask me why people think that video games, which require the end user to develop the ability to sit still for long periods of time, would lead to violent behavior. The only thing I can figure is that video games, softened by self-imposed industry censorship to preclude any boycotts or complaints, made people so angry that they just wanted to go out and start killing.

To combat the growing trend of video games with no direct link to violent behavior, game makers put warning labels on their games to keep children safe from learning anything remotely

dangerous, or useful.

Warning labels serve a valuable purpose in that they alert parents to things their child shouldn't watch; for instance, in their sixteenth season, 'The Simpsons' had an episode that lampooned current attitudes about gay marriage that carried a warning label. Without that label, parents would have let this kids watch the show, and who knows what kind of chaos could have resulted from children associating laughter with gay people.

Movies are restricted to people over the age of seventeen, or eighteen if there's bush; television shows has suggested minimum viewing ages, some video game sales are now restricted to people over a certain age, and some major companies won't sell albums with the 'Tipper Sticker' to minors.

These arguments, and attempts at censorship, existed long before video games and television were ever imagined because, for some reason, people believe that knowledge will translate to action. Usually, these are the same people who claim that religion is necessary because, without it, there would be no morality, but knowing about an idea and executing that idea are two vastly different kettles of fish.

I know that I could pee in other receptacles other than my toilet bowl, but there are only so many cans of Mr. Pibb I can drink in a given week, and I'm lazy about cleaning up, so they really start to stink after a month or two.

The one place where you won't find any warning labels, and no pesky age restrictions, is on books. It's true. All of you pre-teens, who regularly read my blog, go down to your local library and grab something really smutty off the shelves (you know, the books, the ones with oiled musclemen that have some kind of mental retardation that prevents them from buttoning their shirts, that your mother, the one who won't let you watch certain television shows and movies, or let you play video games, takes into her bedroom right before you hear that mysterious buzzing sound) they might not let you check it out (if you're still young enough to have a child's library card), but you can sit there all day and read anything you want. Occasionally, parents will mount a campaign to get certain books out of a library, but that doesn't really matter since, for every one book they target, there are five more with the same exact situations; the only difference is that some bored Texas housewife didn't read them, or, more likely, have the book read to them.

Books don't get warning labels because most adults don't have the time, or necessary brain power to sit down and read anything, which is why they need warning labels in the first place. Never mind that many of the books in your local library include directions on how to disembowel someone with nothing but your wits and a chainsaw, adults know that children are just tinier, dumber, versions of themselves, so there's no point trying to shield them from something they will never do;

However, As long as we're slapping labels on everything, then I don't see why books should be exempt from all the censorship with which other, less engaging, forms of media have dealt.

Especially since there's a few religious books that advocate sexual abuse and violence to which children should not be exposed. Let's slap a big warning label on the bible, keep it away from kids, and look down our noses at parents who let their children read such filth.

Either that, or we could all agree that the most damaging thing to which a child is ever exposed is the insane beliefs and practices of the two mutants who rubbed their naked bodies long enough to create them. The shit that kids watch on TV, the video games they play, and the crappy music they listen to is all just window dressing in the story of the million and one different things that parents actively do to ensure that their child will be more cannon fodder in the next global struggle against whatever political ideology with which we're currently angry.

Just don't bother me when I'm in the middle of a video game. I almost beat 'Bubble Bobble' last night.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tu no
tienes la
culpa mi
amor que
el mundo
sea tan
feo

AIDS, earthquakes,
volcanoes, mega-tsunamis,
and 'Out-SYNC'd: The
Autobiography of Chris
Kirkpatrick (he knows Justin
Timberlake)' are all pretty
bad, but they're nothing
compared to having your
toilet back up while you
have painful diarrhea.

Many of us have experienced
that feeling of horror that
comes when, after flushing a
toilet, the water starts to
rise instead of spiral and
sink, but how many of you
have had that happen while
giving a courtesy flush
during a bought of
uncontrollable anal leaking.

Standing up is impossible, since there's already shit dripping
out of you like the separated water in a long unused bottle of
mustard, but staying seated is unthinkable.

It's practical questions like these that keep me from
maintaining gainful employment.

Toilets never clog at opportune moments. A toilet never clogs
when you're sitting around with nothing to do; they clog when
you're in the middle of a dinner party at a friend's house.
Nothing happens when it should.

Right now, I've only got four minutes before I leave the
office, and I have to fart like it's going out of style, but
is it really worth getting up and walking to the bathroom?

In my old office, my desk was removed from the other teachers,
so it was more or less okay to fart freely; sure, I would see
the fart move through the room as people wrinkled up their
noses, uncomfortably coughed, or vomited in disgust, but it
was worth it to get a little gastric relief.

In the new office, I'm surrounded on all four sides by women,
and not just any women, but really attractive Asian women that
wear high heels and skirts all the time, even when it's so
cold that everything is frozen. You can tell exactly how
attractive most of these women are in that my monumental

disregard for the people around me is no match for legs like theirs; so, because I've been eating so much cabbage that each of my farts smells like something that crawled out of a Red Lobster dumpster and died, I end up holding my them in, or trudging off to the bathroom to do my dirty business.

It's a sad state of affairs.

And really, I see no reason why we're all so uncomfortable about farting in front of each other. With all of the things that make human beings different, you'd think we'd want to celebrate our common heritage with every chance we get; patriotic folks line up, covered head to toe in national symbols, so why shouldn't Homo sapiens bond by tooting their way through life's many social gatherings.

After all, a fart only lasts a few seconds before it dissipates, but the average cigarette takes about five to seven minutes to smoke, and, as any smoker can attest, that smells hangs on long after the cigarette is extinguished. My great-grandmother's bras still reek of tobacco smoke.

Truly, there is nothing more annoying than cigarette smoke, especially if you're not the one smoking.

Which is why it makes sense that so many people support government mandated bans on smoking in public places, especially when you consider that breathing in other peoples' smoke is so bad for your health. Unfortunately, the smoking bans do not just limit smoking restrictions to public places, but in private places as well.

I live in Korea, where it's still perfectly acceptable to smoke anywhere you want; granted the guy who blew up the dynamite, oily rags, and propane factory probably shouldn't have been smoking on the job, but that's just the price you pay for freedom; remember, freedom is never free, that's why the word free isn't anywhere in freedom.

By picking on soft targets, people lose track of the important issues, and the government has done a pretty good job of exploiting that inability, that's why you'll see congressional bills with titles like HR 2395 the 'Coalition of Concerned Parents Against Pedophiles and for Granting Police Permission to Use Vicious Torture' act, or CCPAPGPPUVT (give them a break, the bill was named by a twenty year old page named Gary after the writers went on strike). Most people dislike smoking because it reminds them of how much fun they used to have before they became boring, and they want to do everything in their power to make sure that, if they can't have fun, then no one else can either, so they push for smoking bans, never thinking that giving the government power to regulate what 'legal' activities people can do in your business could, in any way, ever be a bad idea. I mean, come on, and if you can't trust government then who can you trust? The government would never lie to you.

I used to have a high opinion of Europeans, and I considered them culturally superior to their American cousins, mostly because you don't see a lot of monster trucks over there, but after visiting the continent, and discovering that the same anti-smoking madness was driving European, and Australian, governments to similar measures, I lost all hope; meanwhile, you can smoke where ever you want in China, Korea, Japan, and most of Africa and South America which conclusively proves that white people are lame no matter where there parents fucked.

Smoking bans are ridiculous and they're another example of a phony issue used by a politician to distract the common voter from realizing that the slight sting they feel in their anus is said politician forcefully entering their rectum, but you can't put all the blame on the politicians. Right before I left New Jersey, I was having a cigarette outside of a mall and a passing woman made rude comments about how it was disgusting to poison the air with such vile, harmful material and that I should be ashamed of myself; she said a few more things, but I couldn't really hear her because she was distracted, trying to find the keys to her Humvee, which she drove twenty miles to the mall to buy a pack of gum, and because, as soon as she started talking, I knocked her to the ground and farted in her face.

I figured it was acceptable, since we were outside and all.

In the meantime, I don't have to worry about anti-smoking regulations because I live in a sane country where people are allowed to slowly kill themselves all they want, and so what if I can't fart in my office, there's lots of other places where I can let these bad boys loose; like in class, when I'm teaching students.

Those kids hate to smell me coming.

Sex Mahoney for President

If it
weren't
for the
lottery
the
schools
would
just
shut
their
doors up
tight

It's much easier

to talk a guy into a threesome if there's two women involved.

Men operate under the impression that their cocks are magical pleasure machines that can satisfy any woman; therefore, the more women they can bed at a time, the better, since it adds efficiency to the process. Sure, you could go around sleeping with one woman at a time, but that's wasteful. Your penis is a gift that should be shared into as many people as you can possibly fit.

Unfortunately, animal husbandry teaches us the exact opposite.

Women require several partners to satisfy their sexual appetites since a woman, after voluptuary acrobatics, is ready to go again much sooner than her male counterpart; which is why, in livestock, farmers tend to keep mostly females,

with males comprising only about one quarter of the adult population, which is more than enough to prevent inbreeding for several generations; however, that's just for breeding purposes, an adult population in which females outnumber males 3 to 1 is adequate for keeping a healthy population, but, before long, the females start to get sexually restless, which is why so many rural farmers are often caught having sex with

their livestock; they have to do it to keep the female population happy.

In order to keep a healthy, varied, and satisfying sexual relationship, it makes much more sense for two guys and a girl to pair up than it does for two girls and a guy; but, just try convincing most men of that, and you'll usually be out of luck. Sure, there are some enlightened chaps out there who don't mind sharing their wives and girlfriends, or taking the occasional dick in the ass, but, for the most part men are overly possessive of their women and they think getting fucked in the ass is gay.

Getting your nails done and using the word 'product' instead of soap is gay, taking it up the ass is just like being a boy scout or a Catholic altar boy (except, as an adult, you don't usually get a candy bar at the end) and there's nothing gay about that.

It's much easier for some dude to convince two women to get naked and throw down than it is for a girl to do the same with two boys, but women are more in touch with their bodies than men. True, there are more than a few gals who, despite every man they've ever met doing their best to see them naked, are convinced that they're hideous, but that's not what I mean when I say 'in touch with their bodies.' Women, if for no other reason, have a cycle of proof that forces them to pay at least some attention to what's going on inside them; plus, due to their biological function as fetus nurturers, women receive all kinds of information about their biology from a support group of genuinely dedicated, like-gendered sisters.

Men are only given two pieces of advice, wear a condom and don't rape anybody, and that's only if they're lucky enough to have a father, or close uncle, who cares about them; which is why men are so often insecure in their own sexuality in a world where women are increasingly interested in flaunting theirs. For proof, you have to look no further than the website on which you are now reading this piece; I can guarantee you that in less than five minutes, with a good internet connection, you can find at least three different profiles that feature at least one picture of a woman kissing another woman, but you'd be hard pressed to find any men doing the same.

It is a tactic that women have used for centuries to divide men, and conquer everything that is worth taking.

Now I know, you may think that women are at a severe disadvantage, what with their smaller salaries, glass ceilings, and inability to pee with precision, but the truth is that women have done a better job consolidating power where it really matters... in the bedroom.

Occasionally, one of our male contemporaries tries to regain control by resorting to the one technique that we men have in our arsenal, physical violence, and the faces of battered

women make for a compelling, sympathetic, argument, but for every one of those beaten lassies, there are ten whipped laddies at their female's beck and call. It's no coincidence that women call us dogs; they have trained us well.

That's why it's ludicrous that we men are so insistent on being possessive of women, especially in an age where they are always just one or two steps away from realizing that they don't need us anymore. They can store our sperm and make their own babies; they can build machines that will do the heavy lifting and foot rubbing and robots that can do the nodding and grunting while they complain about their less attractive coworkers.

If anything we men should all do our best, to set aside our imaginary feminine deeds, and share our women. We've been fighting each other for too long; it's time that we started to connect in the bonds of brotherhood, and not in the eating your pledge brother's semen kind of brotherhood that fraternities promulgate, but the double teaming the woman you love with your best friend kind. The kind that's pure.

It's the best thing that could happen to the planet.

Not only will women finally achieve the sexual satisfaction they truly desire, but, with two boys for every girl, as Dean and Jan once said, there will be a lot less violence in this world; despite everything you've heard to the contrary, the triangle is one of the strongest geometric shapes, much stronger than its cousin heptagon.

Best of all, people will finally put aside their petty relationship jealousies and learn how to enjoy their partners carnality, not because of antiquated ownership notions, but because any woman who can simultaneously take on two dudes is bound to learn a thing or two along the way.

Mormons made their case for male polygamy, but it makes much more sense to have women at the center of multi-partner marriages, especially since ten wives will only earn 70% as much as ten husbands.

So fellas, let's get to it. We need to stick together, or women will drive us so far apart that we'll end up destroying each other just to get rid of them; so, if sucking your buddy's dick is what you have to do, then, for God's sake, be a man and suck that dick.

And send your videos to [Hot Amateur Threesomes](#) (insert link) a division of Sex Mahoney Productions (insert link).

I like to watch.

Sex Mahoney for President

The
Egyptians
take
away our
mortar
and
demand
that we
still
make
bricks

Abba never gets
enough credit.

Sure, the music is saccharine, the lyrics bland, and the beats repetitive, but they've got more than a few good songs, which is apparently a lot harder than I thought.

About a year ago, I realized that my music collection, while properly eclectic and varied, was woefully inadequate when it came to covering the classics, and, as my wife pointed out, while I was pleased as punch with the playlist, there were very few songs that anyone who isn't me would like.

I resolved to change that, so I went out and I downloaded everything I could find.

The first major project was to download the Billboard top 100 for every year since 1950.

I never realized how much shitty music was out there.

Sure, there's lots of crap from way back in the day like 'Dig You Later A Hubba-Hubba-Hubba' by Perry Como, and 'The Battle of New Orleans' by Johnny Horton, but even if you look at periods of time when music was supposed to be good, you'll see

just how much garbage floats to the top.

The number one songs for the 1960s are as follows

1960 - Theme from a 'Summer Place' - Percy Faith
1961 - Tossin' and Turnin' - Bobby Lewis
1962 - Stranger on the Shore - Mr. Acker Bilk
1963 - Sugar Shack - Jimmy Gilmer and the Fireballs
1964 - I Want to Hold Your Hand - The Beatles
1965 - Wooly Bully - Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs
1966 - The Ballad of the Green Berets - Sgt. Barry Sadler
1967 - To Sir With Love - Lulu
1968 - Hey Jude - The Beatles
1969 - Sugar, Sugar - The Archies

And it doesn't get any better in the 70s:

1970 - Bridge Over Troubled Water - Simon and Garfunkle
1971 - Joy to the World - Three Dog Night
1972 - The First Time I Ever Saw Your Face - Roberta Flack
1973 - Tie a Yellow Ribbon 'Round the Old Oak Tree - Tony Orlando and Dawn
1974 - The Way We Were - Barbara Streisand
1975 - Love Will Keep Us Together - Captain and Tennille
1976 - Silly Love Songs - Wings
1977 - Tonight's the Night (Gonna Be Alright) - Rod Stewart
1978 - Shadow Dancing - Andy Gibb
1979 - My Sharona - The Knack

I'm not saying that I don't like those songs, there are some on that list that I like a lot, but I am saying that, with very few exceptions, you'd be fined if you were in a public park and didn't bag and properly dispose of most of those songs.

Of course, those are just the number ones; delve deeper into the list and you'll find hits like 'Rhinestone Cowboy' 'The Night Chicago Died' and 'Looks Like We Made It.' When you assemble it all in one place, it's amazing to see that much crap all in one place, like you're diving head first into the world's largest stopped up toilet in downtown Calcutta.

If it were just the pop crap, then we could leave it at that, but phase two of the great music grab was to download discographies from all my favorite artists, guys like Tom Waits, Bob Dylan, David Bowie, Led Zeppelin, and Jimmy Hendrix, to name a few., and their stuff is no better; 'Suffragette City' is one of the best rock songs of all time, but, after listening to Bowie's discography, if I hear one more song about space, I'm going to beat Major Tom to death with a spider from mars. Bob Dylan is no better; his stream of consciousness phase opened the eyes of an entire generation, and the music from his Jesus phase isn't that bad, but his lesser known 'reading from the dictionary and farting into the microphone' phase could test the patience of a saint.

As an artist, you don't get to pick the works by which history

remembers you.

Sure, everybody knows about Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet' but very few people have taken the time to read his series of cyber-punk thrillers about a mild-mannered 16th century British playwright who battles intergalactic demons and gets down with all the ladies.

It really doesn't matter what you do for a living, almost everyone entertains dreams of doing something else; accountants and feasibility analysts play fantasy football and dream of a life in professional sports, groups of chatty office workers don revealing outfits and hit the classier bars in Branson, Missouri pretending that they are Carrie Bradshaw and co; even Ernest Hemingway tired of his life as a writer and wanted desperately to be a real boy, and Jack Kerouac would sometimes lay awake at night and wonder what the world would be like if he had any talent.

But those were the old ways, this is the new millennium, and it's supposed to belong to us; Time magazine said so.

Just looking around the scores of blogs on MySpace, which represent just a small fraction of the blogs out there in the great wide internet, there's millions of people coming home from work (or killing time at work) writing stuff that's better than anything Hemingway ever committed to paper; that's not to say that they're all good, but they're a damn sight better than 'The Old Man and the Sea.' The ability to make high quality films, which once cost upwards of a few thousand dollars, can now be done for just a few hundred. You want to dance, to cook, to sing, to sew, to program, there's directions for everything on the internet, and if you can't find anything on the internet, well then you can learn how to do it and post it up there yourself. From now on, we can do whatever we want.

So what if it sucks? The important thing is to keep producing and producing until you've got nothing left in you, maybe you'll get lucky and history will pick one or two things out of your grave to keep with it as the world passes you by. Even Bobby Pickett gets to live forever as long as people remember 'The Monster Mash.'

And I don't care what you say; 'Mama Mia' is a pretty good song.

Sex Mahoney for President

Flies
under a
magnifying
glass
with
their
eyes
removed

Rituals are
comforting because they
don't change.

With each new day of life, people encounter new situations, or new variations on the same old situations, and we have to keep changing to keep pace. Life is a process of growth; look back at yourself even a few weeks ago and you'll find that your opinions, ideas, and even work, were far less coherent or organized. It can get very confusing.

That's why rituals are so comforting.

Of course, there are the big rituals, like church and fast food, but our lives are filled with lots of little rituals, like the order in which we wash ourselves in the shower, the number of toilet paper squares we use at a time, or flaying your murder victims so you can wear their skins for Halloween.

Once upon a time, we used to have weekend executions in public places, to remind everyone how fragile life could be, and to satisfy the crowd's blood lust. People like to see blood, but it makes them queasy if they can't justify it in some way, which is why we fight phony wars, enjoy 'The Passion of the Christ' and used to kill people in public. These executions weren't your modern day, pussy, injection in the arm type executions either, sometimes people had their heads chopped off; a beheading is all well and good, but let's say the executioner is having a bad day, it might take a couple swing to sever that head.

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At some point, we got tired of brutally killing criminals and we decided to let go of our barbaric past... well, most of it.

I'm slow in getting the news out here.

It's not that the news isn't readily available, it's just that I don't live in the country where the news is happening, so I don't really care what's going on there right now except in the lives of the few individuals to whom I am forever indebted.

Political news, I follow that fairly regularly, but entertainment news... that takes a while to reach my ears and eyes. Even when a story does break through, I can usually just forget about it for a few hours and, by the time my brain goes looking for it, years of killing my brain cells with marijuana have already taken care of business.

Still, every once in a while, a story sneaks through.

If, in 1999, you had asked me which of the major, teen pop stars would suffer a breakdown of Nixon-esque proportions, I would have never thought it would be Britney Spears. Sure, all the signs were there, but I would have put my money on someone who seemed a little more manufactured, like Jessica Simpson or even Justin Timberlake.

I remember all the late 90s pop queens making their chaste till marriage vows, and laughing, because I knew how young they were, and I knew how full of shit eighteen-year-old girls can be. In at least one Britney interview, a part of me wanted to see her torn down right there; to have a group of porn stars rush the interview and start fucking her on the spot. It's not that I wanted to see a young girl raped on live TV, but that kind of sanctimoniousness makes me wish that the networks were a little more lax about broadcasting gangbangs.

What I didn't realize, at the time, was that Britney was being groomed for a ritual that we've established in our modern society; one that seems so innocent, but it no less brutal and vicious than the people whose heads were chopped off, or who were stoned to death, in ancient times, or just last week, in Texas.

Even as more and more people uselessly turn to God to make sense of their empty lives, the world is, by and large, devoid of deities to worship; our leaders are inept at best (although that doesn't seem to bother 51% of the population), there hasn't been a good book written since 'Everybody Poops', and even people like Michael Jackson can't be trusted. Instead, we make our own Gods out of the people, the entertainers, who take up more time in our lives than our family and friends. We relish ordinary people who are transformed into minor gods before our eyes, but only because it makes it that much more rewarding when we tear them down.

What I didn't count on, when I was making ante-millennial predictions about which pop princess was most likely to show up on home video with a mouthful of cock and a stomach full of Quaaludes, I forgot to factor in media attention. As the progenitor of the most recent pop wave, and therefore its poster girl, Britney got a lot more of the limelight than her carbon copy peers, and, as such, cracked like any normal,

white trash girl from Louisiana would.

It's a ritual as old as time. We build up our heroes because it's much more gratifying to tear them down.

The amount of media attention Britney currently receives is due to her erratic behavior, but I can't imagine that, with all the years of exposure before now, she's capable of thinking clearly. It looks like she's headed down a really bad road.

Which is why we can't stop now, people. We're so close to a celebrity sex tape that I can taste it; better yet, you push her far enough, and she just might kill herself in a public forum, or get gunned down by the cops while trying to run away with her kids (and Kevin Federline emerges from the shadows, crying crocodile tears and doing his best John Huston impression from the end of 'Chinatown').

So go out, buy gossip magazines; if you see a celebrity on the street, needle them for autographs, pictures, and other unreasonable favors that would annoy you if you received the same treatment, and, most of all, don't stop applying that pressure. Later, when she's dead, there will be plenty of time to pretend that we're sad, and that her tragic death at such a young age is a complete mystery, but we'll exchange knowing winks at her funeral once the ritual is complete.

Some things never change.

Sex Mahoney for President

One last bull to fight

People will believe a lie before they trust the truth.

If you don't believe me, then the next time your wife asks you where you're going, don't give her the same old bullshit about meeting the fellas for a few beers, tell her the truth,

that you're sneaking off to have sex in your car with that twenty-year-old undergrad you met at Starbucks who thought that Kubrick was a new type of shoe and that music was invented in 2001. Your wife won't believe you, and you won't have to worry about the crushing guilt that usually sets in right about the time that your barely legal paramour puts on her favorite track from Avril Lavigne's new CD so you can rock out in post-coital bliss.

Or tell your sensitive friend what you really think of their amateur poetry.

As much as people might think they want the truth, they would much rather have the 'truth' which is really just a lie that they accept, and the reason so many people get gym memberships the first week of January; the real truth is the reason why so many people cancel their gym memberships before they have to pay for another month at the beginning of February.

It's hard to start telling the truth; nobody wants to listen; every third person is offended, and everybody treats you like you're an alcoholic who found Jesus right before your drunk driving/vehicular manslaughter trial. The jury will eat it up, to be sure, but the judge isn't buying it.

Lying demeans the liar and the person to whom I'm lying, which is all well and good if you're telling an acquaintance that they look good in whatever ridiculous outfit they've chosen for themselves, but when you're lying to yourself, then you're just a fool. Too many people are comfortable lying to themselves.

As skeptical as we should all be, when it comes to other people, we should apply a more rigorous standard to ourselves; otherwise, we become the kind of people who think that wars are a perfectly good way to maintain peace, politicians should be elected on the basis of their height and hair, and that we still look good in the clothes we wore back when Ronald Reagan was president.

There is nothing to which we should be less forgiving than our own memories. Even when I talk to my brother and sister, just the three of us, we seldom come to a consensus on events in

which we participated, witnessed, or heard about as children; that was less than twenty years ago, and there are three primary authorities on each subject, but, between the three of us, we have no clue what the hell actually happened.

Which is the only reason I can come up with as to why people still think that Ronald Reagan was a good president. Seriously, jokes about Reagan's presidency have been a staple of time travel stories for the last twenty plus years, and still, there are people who think that Ronald Reagan presided over some golden period of American history.

In a way, I can understand why people would say that he's a better leader than someone like... oh, I don't know... just picking a president at random... George W Bush, because Reagan, although just as stupid as Bush, was much more ineffectual; therefore, even at his worst, he could do a lot less damage; however, I can't understand why anyone would use the words 'good' and 'president' with Ronald Reagan's name unless they were saying, 'Boy, Ronnie, you really fucked us good while you were president.'

The war on drugs, 'Just Say No,' Iran-Contra; hell, the man didn't even mention the word AIDS in public for four years, and even then did little to nothing to help combat the disease.

Sure, Reagan was president when the Soviet Union collapsed, but to say that he had anything to do with it is like saying that a blade of grass is responsible for making the wind blow, just because the blade bends whenever there is a gust.

Not only that, but Reagan lied constantly; he told people stories about football teams that never existed, and war stories that he never experienced.

I can't stomach a lying president, but not because of the lie, I expect politicians to lie; what I can't handle is the stubbornness exhibited by people who stand up behind the president and offer their support to someone who doesn't have the decency to tell them the truth. That's one of the reasons why I left America during the current president's second term. I like America, I really do, but watching the people lap up George Bush's bullshit is like seeing a long line of people waiting in line to buy tickets to Les Misérables; you feel bad for them, because they genuinely think they're doing something worthwhile, but, at the same time, it's a little revolting to watch that many people line up to waste their hard earned money on the theatrical equivalent of a twenty thousand gallon drum of steaming rhinoceros turds.

I know that the truth can be inconvenient, even painful, but sometimes you just have to be honest with yourself; when you're not sitting up to your neck in a pool of your own shit, it makes it that much easier to smell someone else's. Your amateur poetry sucks, I'm not as funny as I think I am, and Ronald Reagan was the very definition of a shitty president.

There... doesn't everybody feel better?

Sex Mahoney for President

In a
country
where
they
turned
back time

Never let it be said
that we didn't die trying.

If you're like me, and chances are that statistically good that you're not, then you've probably often wondered why bad things happen to good people and good things happen to bad people; if you're religious, then you laugh it off as being part of God's plan, but if you're a Godless heathen, like me, then there's no explanation to this age old problem.

That is, there wasn't, until now.

Among the many different ways to read the Christ story, and I do emphasize story, is to see Jesus as a perfect individual, a being who was not tainted by sin, but who died for the sins of others, so that we, the rest of us Charley Lecherers and Tiffany Gluttonies, could get to heaven.

What so many people fail to realize is that this is heaven; this is as good as it's going to get, and if you're hoping to get pie in the sky, well... in the words of an old wobbly, that's a lie, then you die... maybe not in that order.

Still, what Jesus said, or, at least, what other guys said that Jesus said... actually, it's more like, what other guys who were quoting some other guys said that Jesus said, is not that far off the mark, because all we have to do is believe, and we could have heaven on Earth right now. If you don't believe me, then watch the last twenty minutes of the director's cut of 'Brazil.'

Belief is a powerful thing; it can turn the tide of a battle, it can compel women to stay with men who beat them, and it can convince a high school boy to keep trying even though the girl he's been dating for four years hasn't once let him try that thing he saw on the video he stole from his father's nightstand.

Unfortunately, the problem with belief is that you can't show anyone the tangible results of your convictions. Every once in a while, one of our beliefs physically manifests, and the loud

mouthed amongst us will go running around, shouting about how right we are to anyone who will sit still long enough to listen (by the way, thank you for reading), but, for most of us, we'll never know the simple joy of discovering how right we are about everything, and, as such, are at a loss to prove the same to all the people we know.

It's like trying to tell a sober person how much you really love them when you're drunk; they won't believe you, no matter what you say; if you were in their shoes, you wouldn't either.

It is at this exact moment that we find religious people right before they get angry.

A belief in a deity is a lot like being drunk in that it makes you feel pretty good, most of the time, and it can sure as hell get you laid, provided you don't belong to one of those crazy religions that practices abstinence. A woman or a man who is willing to believe that there is an invisible person guiding their life, and judging them, is open to all kinds of wacky suggestions, and, being a non-believer, there's nothing theoretically wrong with taking advantage of their naiveté.

Still, what makes believing in a deity most like being drunk is that, no matter how strongly you feel about your deity, the only people who can understand you are the ones who are similarly under the influence. If you're one of the fire and brimstone, God crowd, then your tales of salvation, divine grace, and that inner peace you feel when you pray, will fall on deaf ears... unless the person to whom these things are being told is emotionally vulnerable at the time, in which case, you'll have nabbed yourself another convert. The rest of the time, the religious person speaking to a non-believer, will meet only mocking laughter, at worst, or gentle dismissal, at best.

I have no problems with religions that keep to themselves; however, the problem with most religions is that they're a growth industry, always trying to get bigger, make more money, convert more heathens, and make sure that everyone knows exactly how much they believe. The latter is especially important, not for the people who are secure in their faith, but for those who don't believe a word of the empty hymns they repeat Sabbath after Sabbath; those are the folks for whom we should always watch out.

Just as a drunk, who feels they are being mocked when their audience doesn't share their beliefs about topics such as, Journey, great band or greatest band; what is the best way to solve (insert current, divisive political topic); or determining just how much they really love you, man; some religious folks who are unsure in their beliefs, and afraid to go against the religious culture in which they were mostly likely raised, are sure to get angry and lash out at apostates as a means of proving their loyalty to the church; just like your closeted gay friends, who now cruise the highway rest stops and keep secret stashes of movies like 'Eurocream:

Soldierboy' and 'David Hodo: the Life, the Times, the Man' hidden from their unsuspecting wives and children, used to spend their high school days playing football and beating up skinny guys like me, to show off exactly how 'manly' they were.

And so, because we can never truly show people how strongly we believe, and because most people are itching for a chance to prove that they're right; we get religions who lash out at their perceived enemies to drive the point home. When you couple that with a religions ability to condone any behavior by declaring it deity sanctioned, then you've got a whole bunch of folks who are going to stir up trouble.

I prefer to sit out of their debates. Chances are good that the world's major religions will serve as excuses for zealous governments to go to war for dwindling natural resources, and that I'll be killed in the process; the only hope is that they'll use some kind of horrible weaponry to obliterate each other, and that I'll still be around to see it.

Sex Mahoney for President

Cigarettes
in my
ashtray
and I
don't even
smoke

We could all use a little control.

Freedom is a wonderful concept, but most people seem to think that humanity is ill equipped to handle complete freedom; then there are people who think that only some of us should have as much freedom as we want, while the rest need harsh rules and strict discipline.

I never get tired of people talking about the 'free' market and how important it is to keep regulatory fetters off of industry while pushing for tighter restrictions in other areas.

Since I am a tireless defender of freedom, I believe that we should deregulate, but not just business; I think we should deregulate everything.

The first things to go are those pesky speed limit and traffic signs. People already now how to drive safely, so speed limits are redundant; besides, it would give the police a chance to do some actual policing instead of just harassing harmless people on their way to work and drunk drivers.

The market needs to be free to meet the demand of its consumers, and when you put restrictions on the market, you slow economic growth; which is why we have to do away with the sex offender registry and increase the amount of unregulated child prostitution. I'm not saying that we should make it legal, since that would be a kind of regulation, but we should definitely stop prosecuting people for something that wouldn't be there if people didn't want to buy it. I know that may not sit well with some people, especially those of you who have been burdened with ugly children, but, in a free country, we have to be willing to tolerate the things we don't like to enjoy the freedoms we do. I think that people who buy things from television infomercials are gullible suckers, but I'm not about to tell them they can't spend their money any way they want as long as they don't try to infringe on my economic right to have sex with eight-year-olds for money.

Republican politicians who blabber on and on about a free market are also more likely to oppose abortion, but, in a free market, the customer should be able to get what they want. If you've got the money to have your womb scrapped every time you

have an accident, then you can get all the abortions you can handle; hell, you don't even have to be pregnant, just stop into your local abortion clinic and have your uterus cleaned every once in a while. People seem to think that it's healthy when they do it to their assholes, so why not your womb?

Without regulations, we could finally do away with age restrictions. What kind of sense does it make that someone is more fit or competent at midnight on their 18th birthday? If someone can make a rational, informed, and legally binding decision when they're 18, then it stands to reason that they could make the decision when they are seventeen years and 364.25 days old, as well, and if that's the case, then why not at seventeen years and 363.25 days, or seventeen years and 362.25... If we're going to keep all this regulation, then there's no reason why children shouldn't be allowed to vote from the moment they're born. That kids go the first eighteen years of their lives being taxed without having a say in the elected representatives, various initiatives, and ill advised bond issues that appear on ballots across America, borders on sickening; children are the modern day slaves, like the black folks upon whose blood and bones America was built; sure their music isn't as good, and children are terrible at plowing fields, but ask your neighborhood pedophile and they'll tell you that once you catch jungle-gym fever, you never go back.

Once we get rid of these silly age restrictions, we'll be able to put children back where they belong, sewing shoes in factories. Nike, Adidas, Reebok, and K-Swiss have all exported their shoe manufacturing to countries that aren't afraid to use child labor, because, let's face it, some kids just aren't going to make it through our poor education system with the necessary survival skills that will keep them from huffing paint thinner, accidentally shooting someone, or watching the Tyra Banks show. It's much better that they go to work, like the child soldiers in Liberia. Come on, we have to fill the ranks in Iraq somehow.

Besides, we're already using child labor, but the price of sneakers remains high because it costs so much to ship those shoes to distant, robber baron friendly shores; but if we were to make the shoes here, then we could all finally afford a pair of Air Jordan's.

Are the kids still wearing the Air Jordan's? Is that still hip? In a deregulated society, that wouldn't matter, because shoes would just get in the way of children's coal mining.

We are hindered in almost every area of our lives by some kind of backward, useless government regulation, and they are restricting our wealthiest citizens from becoming even wealthier. It's not enough that that average CEO makes 500 times as much as the average worker when you consider the rising cost of circus peanuts in today's global economy.

Just think of a regulation free world; among the many benefits, you would no longer have to stand around eating crappy cake at

bi-weekly office birthday parties for people whose names you can't remember; they will have most likely been raped, murdered, or enslaved by roving warlords.

As unpleasant as it is, it just makes sense that large corporations take more governmental heat; sure, regulation costs a pretty penny, but it's worth paying a few extra dollars to provide FDA inspections that ensure human finger-free meat products and lethal bacteria-free spinach. The fallacy of a 'free' market is another one of the words that some advertising agency invented when the Baby Poisons and Playground lobby paid them to make their interest group sound less cartoon villanesque.

We the people have been the object of harsh rules and strict discipline for too long; it's time to shift that burden back on the business community, where it belongs, so we can all quit our jobs, take our outrageously huge severance packages and go back to pursuing our dreams of writing poetry, painting with Bob Ross, and watching our next door neighbor's 16-year-old daughter undress through a telephoto lens that I keep in my attic.

Sex Mahoney for President

Listen
to the
duck with
the
little
bird
singing

Teaching isn't the same if you don't have a chalkboard.

I know that dry-erase boards are all the rage these days, but, for my money, there's no better way to show someone how to do something than with a slate and a piece of calcified animal remains. At the very least, chalk wears down to a wee nub, gets crushed into a fine powder, and snorted by gullible students while white board markers are just one more piece of plastic garbage that will outlast my corpse by a good hundred years or more.

Still, I don't like to make predictions about the future, because you never know what's going to happen.

Sure, there are plenty of science fiction books that predicted many of the inventions we enjoy today, but, just religion, psychics, and parents, people are more likely to remember the two or three times that they got it right and forget the other seven thousand, four hundred, and twenty one times they got it wrong.

One thing, of which you can be certain, whenever there is a highly contested action with no clear probable outcome then people are going to speculate as to what will happen. A million and a half people make a million and a half predictions, and, in the end, only the ones who are right stick out of the pack, regardless as to how they arrived at their conclusion. Remember the famous 'Dewey Defeats Truman' Newspaper headline? Well, that was an accurate story about their Election Day foosball game; Harry Truman was only holding the paper up because he was as amazed as everyone else that he, a three time foosball champion, could ever lose to a New York lawyer. On the other hand, the book 'Futility,' that accurately predicted the wreck of the RMS Titanic, can't be taken seriously because the author, Morgan Robertson, was actually an android from the future.

Seeing as how the US is currently in the middle of a

presidential race, there's lots of would be spectators out there trying to impose their opinions on the American people. In the old days, presidential candidates didn't actually campaign for themselves; their lackeys went out and did it for them. Today, not much has changed.

Presidential hopefuls go out, kiss some babies, make a few stump speeches that are chock full of empty rhetoric and good intentions, and do their best to make themselves as bland as humanly possible. They're not human and it makes me sick to watch them pretend.

I want a president who is not afraid to be a human being, by which I don't mean cry in front of a camera (crying is for pussies and communists), I mean someone who thinks, speaks, and acts like a normal human being.

Then again, I don't really know what a normal human being looks like, so maybe these candidates really are the face of the American population. Is it possible that I come from a country so lame that our leaders are nothing more than the bland representatives of a white bread country?

Come on, America, we can do better than that, can't we? Well, I thought we could, because it seems like the Americans who immigrated in boats from Europe, and in chains from Africa, left their homes because they wanted to live in a place where they could celebrate their differences and experience the kind of freedom that they never had back in Merry Olde Engeland. After spending countless hours researching the problem, by watching hours upon hours of European porno, it turns out that Alec Berg, Dave Mandel and Jeff Schafer were right, Americans left the old world because they were too freaked out by the all the kinky sex that was going on there. That's not to say that there is no repression overseas, but America takes it to ridiculous lengths. Of the major porn stars currently working in the industry, less than half of the big names do anal, creampie, double penetration, or anything other than straight, man on top get it over with quick scenes. Sure, there's a lot of fringe stuff out there, but main stream porno is just as straight laced as your average Sunday church picnic.

Hell, women aren't even allowed to walk around topless in the states... at the beach. I don't know what kind of moral integrity we're upholding at a place where you can get hepatitis tattoos and go swimming with medical waste and used condoms, but, then again, I don't make policy.

Why all the repression? I couldn't say, but there is an easy way to rectify this problem.

Just let go.

It's no secret that Americans are uptight; if you don't believe me then just try bringing an aborted fetus into your local pro-life or pro-choice political action group, those people have no sense of humor whatsoever; however, it's time

to let loose and show the rest of the world that we're not afraid to get down. The best way to do that is to stop listening to people who tell you they can predict the future, and just live in the now.

I know it's scary living in a world where you never know what's going to happen next, but if you spend all your time obsessing about it then your future becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy of anger, despair, and an apartment in your mother's basement. If you really want to know what's going to happen, then read synopsis of great books, check out movie spoilers on IMDB, and buy soap opera magazines at the supermarket; life is supposed to be a surprise, that's what makes it so spirit crushingly difficult.

Life will stain your clothes, get all over your hands, never wash clean, and eventually give you a fatal illness, just like a chalk board; sure, it sucks when you get some surprise tuberculosis from all the chalk dust you've been sucking down, but you never know when you'll be in the mood for an impromptu game of hopscotch, and it's always good to be prepared.

Sex Mahoney for President

I can't get Journey out of my head.

Now, I don't know how you feel about Journey, but I absolutely love the band; not because they're talented, or because they have a lot of good songs; it just that I like art into which people put all their energy that still turns out like crap.

Camp is classic.

It's hard to make something so bad it's good on purpose. To the best of my ability, I can only think of ten or twenty movies that have successfully pulled it off, and while that may seem like a lot, just think about how many movies there are out there.

If you start out with the idea of making something intentionally shitty, then you have to make it really shitty, otherwise it won't have enough shit to crash through the shit barrier and you'll be left with a big pile of shit (see, Lord of the Rings Trilogy).

So the following is a list of campy things, which, like Journey, have transcended the realm of crap to become something better, something bigger, something so badly funny that it will make you want to grow a John Waters moustache.

1. The Adventures of Buckaroo Bonzai Across the 8th Dimension!

Any movie that has an exclamation point in its title is bound to be good, but Buckaroo is in a class all its own. For those of you who have never seen the movie, it's about a heart surgeon, samurai, comic book hero, physicist, neurosurgeon, rocket car driver (played by Robocop) who has to save the world from John Lithgow. You see, back in the 30s, in Grover's Mill, New Jersey, there was a report of aliens landing, which people took seriously until a vast conspiracy, involving Orson Welles convinced them that it was just a gaffe. Well, the aliens did land, and they all assumed names like the ones you find scribbled on high school attendance sheets, like 'John Bigboote' 'John Whorfin' and 'John Smallberries'. Now it's 50 years later, and the aliens are trying to take over the Earth again. Jeff Goldblum appears in the movie wearing a Cowboy Cody costume and the whole thing is set in New Jersey. Best Movie Ever.

Best lines:

You can check your anatomy all you want, and even though there may be normal variation, when it comes right down to it, this far inside the head it all looks the same. No, no, no, don't tug on that. You never know what it might be attached to.

If there's one thing I hate, it's to be mistaken for somebody else.

Hey, hey, hey. Don't be mean. We don't have to be mean because, remember, no matter where you go, there you are.

Take her to the Pitt. Go, Big-booty. Use more honey. Find out what she knows.

I've been ionized, but I'm okay now.

Laugh-a while you can, monkey-boy.

Buckaroo, The White House wants to know is everything ok with the alien space craft from Planet 10 or should we just go ahead and destroy Russia?

We are not in the Eighth dimension, we are over New Jersey. Hope is not lost.

Get away from that car or I'll drink your blood!

Lithium is no longer available on credit.

Why is there a watermelon there?

I'll tell you later.

2. The Lost Skeleton of Cadavra

A meteorite crashes to Earth, two space aliens, an evil scientist, and a telekinetic skeleton vie for the rare element 'atmospherium' trapped inside. One of the female leads is a woman who was created by a transmogrifying ray that turned four cuddly forest critters into a sex kitten named Animala. Oh, and there's a mutant running around dismembering cows.

Best lines:

Seriously, Betty, you know what this meteor could mean to science. If we find it, and it's real, it could mean a lot. It could mean actual advances in the field of science.

Well again I didn't mean to throw a damper. Believe me that's the last thing I'd like to throw. I don't want to throw anything at all really. But when folks are horribly mutilated, I feel it's my job to tell others. We take our horrible mutilations seriously up in these parts.

I'm a scientist, I don't believe in anything.

As a scientist I just wish I could appreciate more things like cabins... bicycles...

Yes, it is different this earth as it is called but then are we of the planet Marva as we call our planet not also strange and different to this planet and its people also?

You think the earth people think we are strange, you think? It is strange how the ways of different people on different planets differ.

Kro-Bar, Kro-Bar!

What is it, my woman? You need not yell because of my proximity.

I yell not from the volume required by great distance but from happy excitement.

I am strangely drawn to this inverted cloth funnel and its wonderful softness.

Sorry, sometimes my wife forgets that she is not an alien from outer space.

Even when I was a child, I was hated by skeletons!

You must find the atmosphereum.

Amish Terrarium. Must find Amish terrarium.

I don't understand. Why does she need an Amish terrarium?

Don't the Amish live in open air, like us?

Of course, Betty, it's absurd. Putting the Amish in glass cases would be inhumane.

3. The Patriot

Mel Gibson's homage to America, is the only comedy about early the country's founding that you'll find outside of Colonial Williamsburg. It has everything a bad movie should have: a cartoon villain with a British accent, a whole village burning to death in a town church, and Mel Gibson making bullets from his dead son's toy soldiers. The whole movie is wall to wall propaganda showing the limitless British evil compared to the heroic American patriots; it even has slave owning, South Carolinian soldiers slapping a former slave on the back and promising that, at the end of the war, 'them darkies is sure to get their freedom.' If that's not enough for you, the film ends when Mel Gibson kills the British villain by stabbing him through the heart with an American flag.

Best lines:

Burn the church.

Shoot the officers first.

4. Cannibal! The Musical

Before Trey Parker and Matt Stone made their hit movie 'Baseketball' there was Cannibal! The Musical. The exciting story of a Colorado native, Alfred Packer, who led a group of disenchanted Utahans to their deaths in the Rocky Mountains... set to music. If you're lucky enough to get your hands on a copy of the DVD, listen to the director's commentary which was recorded as Matt and Trey slowly got drunk. By the end of it, they're fucking plastered and laughing at the hilarity that is a cannibal musical. To date, this, and the South Park movie, is the only good musical made since 1962.

Best lines:

The sky is blue and all the leaves are green. My heart's as warm as a baked potato. I think I know precisely what I mean, when I say it's a *Shpadoinkle* day!

Your eyes, your smile, made my little life worthwhile. The sky was a lot more blue when I was on top of you.

Fudge, Packer?

5. Gymkata

An Olympic gymnast is trained by the CIA to rescue the princess of Parmistan and secure US rights to place a 'Star Wars' missile defense sight inside the country. At one point, the hero is attacked by a horde of zombie, and it looks like he's going to be killed, because his gymnastics skills are no match for their numbers, but he's saved at the last minute when he discovers a conveniently placed pommel horse in the center of town. If you ran into Gymkata star, Kurt Thomas, on the street, you could beat his tiny ass six ways to Sunday, but if there are uneven parallel bars nearby, then you're fucked.

Best lines:

(See script)

I can't remember the last time I watched a good drama. If it doesn't make me laugh, I'm usually not interested.

Sex Mahoney for President

I laugh
when old
men cry

The most important thing to remember is that just because you can do something, doesn't mean you should.

It's not that I deliberately go out to make trouble, but I don't have enough common sense to do the right thing, so I end up getting myself into precarious situations.

For instance, when you are dating a girl, it's probably not a good idea to sleep with her sister, best friend, or cousin, because they will probably feel guilty and rat you out; however, it is perfectly acceptable to have sex with her mother or father, since they are already accustomed to keeping secrets from their children. By the way, your mom told me that you were adopted... and that my semen tastes like strawberries.

Cum guzzling matriarchs aside, I tend to get myself in trouble because I never learned how to open my mouth without saying something offensive.

That's why I don't say anything at all.

For all my bloggish sesquipedalianism, I don't talk that much in real life, at least not anymore. I used to pontificate, at length, about all my thoughts, feelings, opinions, and inanity, but now I do my best to confine myself to testing jokes on my friends and barking orders at Korean students.

Sure, I could go on and on, but it works out better to save my speech for the things that really matter; plus, when you don't talk much, people tend to tell you things that they otherwise wouldn't; they just start talking and before long, without anyone to interrupt them, they're relating the story of the night they lost their virginity to the keyboard player from Winger, or telling you where they stored the missing Nazi gold (it's under the big W).

When I start talking, I end up taking shots at everything from soldiers to suicides, abortions to apricots, and, before you know it, I've managed to make a joke about a cancer ridden AIDS patient in front of someone whose mother died of a brain tumor caused by complications from receiving a blood transfusion in Haiti.

I'm a hit at parties.

It appears that people in America have the same problem. They had the opportunity to buy houses and, regardless of whether they should have or not, they did, because, let's face it, it's much nicer to watch television, scratch your balls, and

waste the rest of your life in a house than an apartment.

Many people figured that they could buy a house, put a little bit of work into it, and then sell it off at a healthy profit a few years down the line. It wasn't a bad plan, and I've often thought about doing the exact same thing; however, the thing about making money is that you have to offer something that people want, for a price they're willing to pay. I know a lot of people who are waiting for their boxes and boxes of unopened toys to increase in value just because the ten or twelve of the lamest kids in America managed to make a bundle off of the Star Wars toys with which their parents never let them play. Those toys, and, by extension, your houses, were worth so much money, once upon a time, because they were relatively rare before everybody and their mother found out that there were suckers out there willing to pay \$5,000 for an R2D2 in the original packaging; now that the secret's out of the bag, and everybody has their 'Lord of the Rings' action figures in hermetically sealed bomb shelters, your mass produced plastic toys and McMansions aren't worth shit.

The government has promised help, and, hopefully, you should be getting your 'help,' in the form of a \$500 tax rebate, sometime this spring, which should really help if you live in a one bedroom apartment, underneath a hog smelting plant or raw sewage storage bin; but, for the rest of America, the people who live in real homes, five hundred bucks towards your bills is like your grandmother sending you a ten dollar, out of state, third party check for your birthday and telling you to buy yourself 'something nice.'

Not once, in all the time that I've been following politics, have I heard any politician mention anything even closely resembling the word 'Think.' I know that politicians want people to like them, but the people who chose to forgo productive and useful careers, for a life in politics, sometimes have to speak hard truths. Instead of counseling people to go out and spend more money that they don't have, on things that they don't need, we need some elected officials to dispense some sound advice to the electorate.

It's not hard to afford a house, but you will need to make some sacrifices to do it, and none of them include using your five hundred dollar government check to buy yourself a new pair of Manolos.

I know that the media tends to overhype, but I've been to America, I lived there for a long time, and whenever I go back there, I can't believe how many fat motherfuckers there are lumbering around. The first step to financial security is to cut down on your food budget. Despite what you may have heard from Wendy Worryworts and Georgie Goodintentions, starving yourself, and living off your fat supplies, is a good way to lose weight; just look at how thin bears are when they emerge from hibernation. Children in underdeveloped countries can live off dollar a day diets, by spending more than that, Americans are sending a message to the rest of the world that

they are more helpless than a starving African child. Most Americans are already wasting a lot of their food by throwing away what they don't eat. Fatten your pockets by digging through their garbage cans and salvaging anything that's edible.

Cut back on your clothing budget. As an adult, you've already finished most of your growing, and, if you follow my anorexic, garbage picking advice, then you won't have to worry about your current clothes getting too tight; besides, lots of people donate clothes to Goodwill, and, if you have a young son or daughter, they should be small enough to crawl inside the donation boxes and pick out some really nice hand-me-downs.

Quit your job; not only will you save money on gas by not having to drive to and from work each day, but you can also get a pretty penny for the car that you will no longer need. Plus, since you're not working, eating fresh food, or wearing new clothes anymore, there's no need to shower or look presentable, which should leave you free to strip all the copper piping from your home and sell it to scrap yards; for that matter, your former friends and acquaintances will most likely no longer desire your presence, so go ahead and dismantle your electrical and telephone wiring, which you can also sell for scrap.

Once your house has been cleaned out of anything valuable, divide each room into as many coffin sized compartments you can and rent out the spaces to illegal immigrants. The money should be enough to cover your rent and bribe the local authorities, plus it will put you in touch with many of the Republican and Democrat power elite, who are always in need of people to wash their dishes, mow their lawns, and raise their children.

Now that you don't have to worry about food, clothing, or money, get out of your house and set up residence in one of the many public works projects paid for by your tax dollars. With a little cardboard and a lot of love, that drainage culvert behind the sulphur plant can become a new home for you and your emaciated children.

You'll be a millionaire in no time, just watch out for deranged, stabby hobos, and stay the hell away from my drainage culvert.

Sex Mahoney for President

A vest
on my
chest, a
bullet in
my lung

I used to have a friend who was a narcissistic shy nudist.

He would have a terrible time taking off his clothes and getting people to pay attention to him, but when they finally did, he would run away all red faced and mewling.

Eventually, he was beaten to death by a Chilean drug cartel when he accidentally stumbled upon one of the largest South American drug deals of the 21st century and whipped out his dick.

In a way, I miss him, but, then again, sometimes, when you're a walking contradiction, you're not long for this world.

Not all the time, especially not if you're a self serving Christian who preaches love and peace for all mankind while throwing blood filled dolls at pregnant teenagers, outside abortion clinics, those people live forever; no, if you're personality traits line up in just the right way, it's only a matter of time before someone puts you out of your misery.

It's like the Tacoma Narrows Bridge. I'm sure you've heard of Galloping Gertie; it's the bridge from the stock footage you've seen a million times; the one that's swaying violently from side to side. The bridge was built in such a way that the wind shear caused it to buck back and forth, and, eventually, the whole thing collapsed. It was built in a way that its oscillations matched the natural frequency of its vibration; I don't exactly know what that means, but it's something like when someone sings a high note and the champagne glasses break.

Some people are born in such a way that they're bound to die a horrible, and early, death because of their contradictions; the rest of us, well, we just putz around negating ourselves until father time puts us out of our misery.

Until then, there are all kinds of strange things we do.

MySpace is one of those things that takes up a lot of time. Hell, there's enough material on myspace to keep you busy for hours, days, years even; it's an enormous public forum where people can come to meet, exchange ideas, and spam each other with ads for Macy's gift cards, and ringtones... and exchange amateur soft-core porno.

Surprisingly, there are a large number of people on myspace who have private profiles and blogs.

On one hand, it makes sense, because the internet is a public forum where any creep and asshole can look up the material you post online and use your favorite bands and the 'people I'd like to meet' section against you, but, on the other hand, it's a little bit like asking for privacy while you're taking a shit in the middle of Times Square.

Still, I can empathize, especially with the women of Myspace; I know what it's like to be lusted after, verbally abused, and treated like you're nothing but an object. For some reason, I used to receive an abnormal amount of friend requests from gay singles looking to mingle. In a way, I was flattered, but they were also trying to sell me various potions, tinctures, and mortgages, so I could only take their marriage proposals with a grain of salt. I did enjoy their credit card game, and I hope that my lucky numbers win their drawing; perhaps I shouldn't have given them power of attorney.

It mostly doesn't make sense to keep things private... mostly. There are certain things which you should never share with anyone: never tell anyone about your feelings, never give anyone your ATM code, and never tell your best friend about the time that his wife went down on you when you drove her home from that New Year's Party, the two of you already feel bad enough about it already, and there's no need to alarm him because that wart you found on your dick, two weeks later, was probably nothing.

The rest of the time, we need to keep things out in the open; we have to expose ourselves for what we really are. A lot of the problems in this world come from people bottling up the best parts of themselves and tucking them away someplace to fester and rot while they turn to soft pursuits like taking pottery classes at the local community college, or laughing at the jokes on 'Will and Grace' reruns.

Some people say that privacy is necessary to maintain a healthy, respectful society.

The government tries to pull this bullshit all the time, especially when it comes to 'national security.' Just like the people who put the politicians in charge of the country, the government, which is made up of those same people, is a walking contradiction in that it assumes a need for privacy from the electorate that is technically its boss. And yet, the electorate receives no such protection from the government, since citizens are not only obligated to identify themselves with a social security number, but to carry an ID on them at all times, just in case. No one seems to think it's odd that prisons follow similar procedures.

Yes, privacy is important, but when you bring people together for a common goal, like a government, or a social networking website, you're giving up your privacy and it's wrong to expect it. Besides, there are a lot of highly suggestible girls with low self esteem and pictures of themselves half-

naked all over this website, and how am I supposed to look at them if they keep making their profiles private?

Either way, I'm on to you, and it's only a matter of time before we're both found out for what we really are.

Sex Mahoney for President

I
shouldn't
talk
when I
can't
take the
advice
that I
give

It's amazing how much time I spend reading, writing, responding to, and thinking about blogs.

A part of me thinks that I should give the blog community more of my attention, since you guys are the only ones who actually read my stuff but... well, I could come up with some kind of self serving lie that would make me feel better about myself, and would make you feel dirty, like some down on her luck valedictorian who just gave her former high school principal a hand job while working as a massage parlor masseuse, but I respect you more than that.

It's amazing how many people seem to agree with me, or, at least, humor me enough to regularly stop by and absorb some of this filth.

Surprisingly, in all the time I've been doing this, I haven't managed to piss off too many people; sure, there have been one or two occasional visitors who stopped by to tell me how I was going to burn in hell, but not nearly as many as you would expect considering how often I blaspheme their political, cultural, and religious heroes. I suppose that I fly under a lot of people's radar because I don't have a wide readership; either that or it's true that bible thumping cretins and conserve-liberal pundits are intimidated by long strings of consecutive words that are not broken up by meaningless chanting, charitable giving, or seemingly fact based information taken from internet urban legends and given flashy graphics.

I wish I could offend more people because that's how you know that you've made it; when everyone hates you, you're as successful as you're ever going to get; unfortunately, not enough people hate me on the internet to treat me with the same antipathy as the people who know me in real life; it's a vexing conundrum.

When I first started writing, a friend of mine, my writing partner, would come by to post inflammatory comments on my blog about how much I suck; and occasionally, my wife will take a minute out of her busy schedule to tell me how much of an idiot I am, but the former never incited more people to join in, or rally to my defense, and my wife does the former in real life anyway, so it really doesn't matter that it happens on the internet as well.

Of course, it could always be that my grim life view is completely misguided and there are a lot more intelligent, rational people out there than I ever suspected, but most likely it's because I'm not as crazy as I thought I was, and you're a lot less normal than you think you are.

Now, when it comes to taking offence, I've heard a lot of people say that, if something offends you, then you should just change the channel, but that doesn't make a lot of logical sense, since you have to listen to, or read, something before it can offend you; however, by the time you've listened to it that long, you're already offended, so it's well within your rights to file a complaint. I'm not saying that you're right to file a complaint, I think people who file complaints give a bad name to vaginas everywhere; I'm just saying you're within your rights.

But if you have to expose yourself to something in order to take offense, then you never know when or where you'll be offended; which is why it's so important to put warning labels on things, because, unless you know exactly what's going to happen, then you could be offended at any minute, anywhere, at any time. Movies, television, radio, and the internet should mirror real life by being utterly predictable at all times; now, networks, radio stations, studios, and websites are doing their best to make this dream a reality by producing mile after mile of bland, inoffensive, and unoriginal material, but questionable things still manage to slip through all the time.

Janet Jackson tricked America into looking at her breast during the Superbowl, the 'Bratz' franchise became a movie, and Rush Limbaugh continues to broadcast five days a week. Sure, you could put a warning label on any one of these things, but unless you tune in at the beginning, then you'll miss the label and you won't know that you're entering into potentially offensive airspace. I suppose we could have someone constantly shouting, 'Warning, this may offend you' over and over again, but that seems like it would make the Superbowl annoying in a way that even constant, belittling commercials and idiot sportscasters haven't been able to do; although, it might have improved the 'Bratz' movie without resorting to the all

'Bratz' orgy I suggested in my letter to the film's producer.

Unfortunately, as nice as Rush Limbaugh's show would be if there was someone shouting over him, I don't believe in censorship of any kind, everything has as much right to be said as anything else; so, if I want to do a public service by informing my fellow citizens about fire safety, then I am well within my rights to do so in a crowded theater, no matter how loudly I shout one of the words, or how quietly I whisper the other.

So how can you prevent people from experiencing the unpleasant sensation of offense if you can't regulate how people speak without undermining the freedoms on which our country was founded?

Save your useless energy for things that really offend you.

There are lots of little things that can offend anybody, people who litter, large breasted women who refuse to wear white tank tops on international wet t-shirt day, the color of fire hydrants; but if I waste all my time complaining about things that don't affect anyone, then, when it comes time that complaining can actually do some good, no one will bother to listen.

Just look at how marginalized hippies and republicans are these days.

Sex Mahoney for President

Ski mask
(check)
sawed
off
(check)

Did you know that Barack Obama was black?

I had no idea; it's a good thing those folks at the associated press include the appositive, 'the black candidate' anytime they print his name.

I'm not sure how to take it, since I'm never really sure just how racist the media can be; although, I did think that the Biloxi-Gulfport Sun Herald headline, 'Negro takes up White Man's burden,' was a little over the top.

It's understandable why people would make a big deal out of a black man running for president; women have enjoyed a lot of freedom and prosperity for a long time now, not as much as white men, but when compared to black people, of both sexes, white women seem like diplomatically immune visiting dignitaries.

Part of the problem is that there's no adequate language with which to describe a dark skinned person... other than the one I just used. The term African-American, when used to describe all black people, is just as stupid as calling someone an Italian-American, or a Puerto Rican-American, when they can't speak Italian or Spanish and they've never been to Italy or Puerto Rico. I'll never forget a speech I saw, given by an American high school girl, honoring Nelson Mandela in the 1990s; she called him an African-American and he looked shocked.

I've heard people refer to dark skinned folks as 'people of color' as if the preposition 'of' somehow makes that different from 'colored people.'

Obviously, the media doesn't need to point out that Barack Obama is black immediately after his name appears; while it can be difficult to tell the difference between Barack Obama and the other presidential hopefuls based on the bland statements they make to the media, their names are different enough that a semi-retarded blind person with their head stuck in a cantaloupe would be able to tell which one of the candidates had different colored skin from two Johns, a Mitt, and a Hillary.

Although, when it comes to Mitt Romney, I suppose you could go either way when you're named after sports equipment.

Still, you don't see Hillary Clinton getting the same treatment in the media; I very rarely see anyone write 'the woman' after her name in news stories; however, the trend might not be that bad if we take it to it's logical extremes.

Right now, the media is doing what it does best and reducing complex, rational individuals to cursory labels based on their skin color, but, if they included editorial appositives, it would spare the voting public the daunting task of having to read the news and make Roger Ailes spontaneously ejaculate in his sleeping coffin; for example, John Kerry, the dullard, spoke at a rally for people who like to watch grass grow; or George W Bush, the improvident lackwit, confused cogent English speakers and the mentally retarded alike as he outlined his plan to orally stimulate the economy.

Actually, that doesn't sound all that different from what the media does now; it's like Fox News, MSNBC, and CNN are all run by the people who named the seven dwarves at Disney, and while some of you may be smiling and thinking of all the fond memories you have of Snow White and the seven on one, dwarf gangbang, she should have had on camera, just remember that they would have to pry me out of my cold grave to get me to vote for President Bashful.

Here I am, eleven paragraphs later, and I still don't know why everyone thinks that it's such a big deal to have a black president... or at least, that's what I would say if I didn't already know.

There's nothing that makes white folks feel better than being able to say they're progressive while not actually doing anything; that's where the modern liberal movement came from; people who genuinely cared about social issues like poverty, racism, and gender equality, but who were too lazy to do anything about it. Usually, these liberals aren't your regular old white folks, they're your middle, to upper middle class white folks; you know, the kind who talk about equal rights for black people because there's no such thing inside the Blistered Palms gated community where they live. Well, that's not entirely true; there is one black couple that moved in after the community's new lawyer suggested letting in one family to prevent a lawsuit.

To the scores of middle to upper middle class voters, that's who Barack Obama is, and why reporters, who ranks are largely filled by white, upper middle class people, make such a big deal out of the black candidate.

Now, when they go on vacation to the Costa Del Sol, Cancun, or any of the fine, recently homosexual friendly, Sandals Resorts, they can trot out their token black candidate to show off to all their German, French, and British friends who always rag on America for being a land full of Donnie Dullards and Claire Clods. They're the same people who tell you about their black friend at various wine and cheese functions, but keep pepper spray on their person at all times (and god help the parking

attendant if they see his face before they notice his jacket).

I guess I wasn't as surprised to find out that Barack Obama was black as I was to find out that it's the year 2008; for a second there, I thought I had accidentally gone back to a simpler time when a fun afternoon consisted of taking your girl to see the nickelodeon after a box social, and then joining the boys for a few beers and lynching after it got dark.

Sex Mahoney for President

Everything went numb for the money and the guns

It has recently come to my attention the calling someone a 'douche' might be more telling than I originally thought.

Sure, it points out my immaturity in equating someone who is lame, and/or wimpy, with a product used by insecure women who don't like the smell of their own vaginas, but it might also be more regional.

Someone recently told me that they could tell I lived in Jersey because of my use of the word douche.

Now, I'm used to people being able to tell that I'm from Jersey because of my uncouth appearance, unpleasant odor, and use of flatware to scratch sensitive areas of my body; but I'm not used to people figuring out my geographic origins based on my cussin'.

It seems as though I should research regional foul language.

But I'm too lazy and prejudiced to do any actual research, so I'll just make a bunch of broad generalizations, proclaim my greatness, and go jerk off into the potted plants.

Don't ask me how douche became an insult; I mean, it's a nice word and all, but it hardly seems fitting, and I've never heard anyone refer to anyone else as an enema (The phrase 'You're an enema' is now a registered trademark of Sex Mahoney for President and Grand Cayman Holdings, Inc. It will be on all our 2008 stationary). Turns out that douche bag was a term originally used to describe an unattractive woman, I guess because it implied that her vagina was unclean, or that her vagina was as dirty as the residue left over from when someone with a clean vagina emptied out. That men used the term shows that they think of the vagina as so filthy that one of the worst appellations describes a particularly onerous individual as the drippings collected after squirting some hot water into a vagina.

Douche is a versatile word; okay, it's nothing compared to fuck, which can fulfill just about any function, but douche can hold it's own against several other well known curses.

In the verb sense, you might turn to you boss, after he asks you a particularly stupid question, and request that he: "Douche the wax out of his ears."

Or you, could tell someone that their amateur attempt to recreate some culinary masterpiece, the recipe for which they learned from television, that their pathetic failure, "Smells like my grandmother's douche and tastes like it, too."

Douche is enough to really rile up some people, but, for the most part, people are willing to laugh off the word douche; for whatever reason, they find 'cunt' much more offensive.

You usually hear people refer to someone as a cunt if they're a real fucker, but that doesn't make any sense, since, if someone is a cunt, then they're getting fucked, if anything; however, calling a fucker 'a dick' makes perfect sense, since that's what dicks do, they fuck; so, maybe when someone calls you a cunt, they're implying that you should get fucked.

The strangest thing is that all of these dirty words revolve around our reproductive systems or our sexual practices; it's not unusual for two twenty-something marine recruits to refer to each other as butt fuckers, not because of what their uncles made them do one Christmas, but because the act of fucking someone's butt may be seen as derogatory if it is associated with someone of the same sex. If the butt fucking takes place with someone of the opposite sex, then the same individuals will likely exhibit a double standard by praising the butt fucking of one group over another; at this juncture, a person who is, by all definitions of the term, a butt fucker, as someone who 'fucked' and anonymous 'her' in the butt.

The same principal does not work in reverse. You will almost never hear anyone called a cunt fucker, although, if someone is acting particularly ornery, their friends might chide them for being a fucking cunt. It is clear that a fucking cunt, rather than insinuating that a cunt could fuck, is denoted as a cunt that has been specially designated for sexual intercourse, not to be confused with your local librarian, PTA president, or Beverly LaHaye, whom one might describe as a withered, old cunt.

Many uptight people, and the hereditarily lame, object to using words like dick and cunt when referring to people because they believe that they have more to offer the world than their reproductive organs; unfortunately, they are dead wrong, the odds are against it, and, for the large majority of us, the best for which we can ever hope is to be a dick or a cunt. Just think, Pauline Koch and Ella Friedman had no idea that spreading their legs would be the worst thing that ever happened to the citizens of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but the rest of us have benefitted, not from their hopes and dreams (Ella was a painter, and Pauline a housekeeper) but from the one night that they gave their cunts to history and sucked up the seeds that would, one day, become Albert Einstein and Robert Oppenheimer.

So maybe it's not such a bad thing to be a cunt or a dick, because you never know what having one or the other could do for humanity; the only thing, of which you can be sure, is

that you'd rather be a cunt or a dick, than the shit that ends up inside a douche bag.

Sex Mahoney for President

They
call
your
bluff and
watch
you fall

I've been working out recently.

It's quite an accomplishment considering how much I despise 'pointless' exercise.

'Pointless' exercise is the reflexive kind, where there are no balls, no goals, no score, and no time limit; just people lifting heavy objects, running in place, and learning ridiculous dance moves so their spouses will forget about how boring they've become and focus instead on the toned muscles on their aging bodies.

I love to play games, but standing in place and stretching bores me to tears; and yet, in the last month, I've done exactly that, for about an hour a day, three or four days a week.

How did I experience such a change of heart? Why am I asking myself questions? Will anyone care about the answers?

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If you haven't heard of the Wii, it's a revolution in video game technology. Instead of mashing buttons like a good monkey, the Wii is motion sensitive, so any movement you make in real life is mirrored by your in-game avatar. When you're playing baseball, you swing the controller just like you would swing a bat; when you're bowling, you swing your arm just like you would at the alleys; when you're playing Super Mario Fist'o'rama, you do exactly like your Grandma showed you.

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The games are the best aspect of 'Wii Fit'. There's a soccer game where you have to lean from side to side to knock balls away with your head, while avoiding cleats and decapitated panda heads that the game throws at you. Also included are slalom skiing, snowboarding, ski jumping, and a mysterious game that involves sitting still and watching a candle; remember, all the instructions are in Japanese, so we have no idea how to play some of these games.

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Now here's something really embarrassing for you to watch:

Sex Mahoney for President

If you're
the one
buttering
the
bread on
my plate

I hate down comforters.

Back in university, I used to date this girl who had a down comforter and once or twice a night, at least, I would wake up and have to get out of bed to dry myself off because the damn thing was so hot that I sweat through my clothes underneath it.

My wife loves down comforters, she used to have a fake one, but it's boxed away in storage somewhere.

We were talking about the benefits and detriments of down comforters while we were in a silk store in China. The salesman said that silk is superior to down because silk fibers retain their shape no matter what, while down comforters tend to clump up as the feathers move around.

It was one of the many things I learned while in China.

From February 6th to 9th, I was in Beijing.

On my facebook profile, I have a flash map of the places I've been, to make it easier to advertisers and direct marketing consultants to send me spam about their crappy products, and you'd be surprised how empty my map looked before I added China to the pot. Sure, the US is pretty big, but when you compare it to China it looks so tiny, which is especially strange because the US is technically larger than the People's Republic of China. Unlike all of the other countries in which I've travelled, China has a certain air, perhaps it's because, in China, you're surrounded by 20% of the world's people in an area of land smaller than that which contains the US's paltry 4.5%.

It just so happens that I was in China for Chinese New Year, and found myself at the only Lamasery in Beijing on its busiest day of the year; so, not only was I in the most populous country, but I was also at the most popular destination on their most important holiday of the year.

I now know what the word crowded means.

The throng of people moving toward this temple was so thick that the Chinese authorities set up a maze through back streets and small alleys to make the way to the temple long enough to mitigate some of the traffic headed in that direction. Think of the serpentine lines for a rollercoaster at your amusement park of choice, except instead of flimsy metal barriers, we were walking through city streets. On the main street, outside the temple, police set up a corridor about the width of a sidewalk through which to corral the mob; it was at this point that I was packed in so close that I could pick up my feet and let the crowd carry me along if I didn't feel like walking.

It was one of the most amazing things I've ever done in my life.

Being in Beijing on Chinese New Year meant that I got to see the famous Chinese fireworks when the clock struck midnight; it was an experience that I will never forget as long as I live.

Imagine being in Times Square on New Year's Eve, watching the ball drop, and then seeing Dick Clark pull out a giant bag of industrial strength rockets and fire them off among the crowd. If you could visualize that, you're getting an idea as to what things were like.

Now imagine that everyone else, taking a signal from Dick Clark, also pulled out bag after bag of industrial size fireworks, started firing them off, and didn't stop for the next hour and a half.

You're getting closer.

Finally, imagine what it would be like if, while all of those fireworks were firing, people continued to drive by and little children threw firecrackers at each other.

That's Chinese New Years.

Both I, and the guy with whom I was watching all this, got pelted by stray fireworks. Some of the people weren't so careful in setting up their works, piling a fresh box of explosives on top of a spent box of explosives, so sometimes they fell over and sprayed out in all directions. I'm not talking about the kind of fireworks that you can buy back in the states, but the ones that professional firework handlers use, far away from spectators, to put on professional quality shows... except these are being used by regular people. While I was standing on a street corner, some guy started to turn around a corner, stopped his car halfway, got out and set off about ten m-80s about a foot from his front bumper.

Ash rained from the sky and the streets were filled with smoke.

Now, I don't know if you've ever been on a package tour, but

this was my first one. On one hand, it was nice to have a guide to tell us the historical significance of what we saw, and a bus to take us from place to place; on the other hand, it was a very insulated trip, and I don't think I interacted with anyone besides the tour guide, the other tourists, and the people at the special designated tourist shops where we stopped.

I did get suckered into buying forty dollars worth of tea. The tea is good for five to seven years, so it's not a bad deal considering that the average person probably drinks at least eight dollars worth of tea in a given year; unfortunately, I don't like hot beverages, so I don't drink the stuff myself; however it did come with a really neat ceramic figurine that pees on people who you pour hot water on it.

Lesson learned.

PS. Chinese Chinese food tastes almost exactly like American Chinese food from the New York/New Jersey area, so for all you purists out there who complain about the lack of authenticity in ethnic food; feel free to go fuck yourselves.

Sex Mahoney for President

The
pastor
peels
his onions,
they file
past and
shed
their
tears

There's a feeling

you get when there's an obstruction in your nose.

It takes a while to notice, but slowly, you realize that some foreign object has collected enough mucus to obstruct your nasal passage and solidified in your nose hairs. There's no amount of nose blowing that will remove such an obstacle; the only thing you can do is make sure no one is looking and stick your finger up there.

Most of the time, those boogers come out with no problem, but every once in a while, they're so deep in your nose, or so big, that when you stick your finger up there, it just pushes the damn thing back into your skull.

At this point, your breathing is so obstructed that your nose whistles, and there's no way you can just leave it up there; instead, you either brave your septum's depths with a versatile finger, like the pinky, or you cover up your free nostril and blow as hard as you can and hope the snot lands someplace where you can find it (let's face it, you have to get a look at a booger that causes this much trouble).

For most of us, this kind of situation can occur anywhere, in your car, an empty elevator, the back of the room at your grandmother's funeral service; it's our waste products that make us human, and, the best arguments for equal rights come from looking at the things that come out of your nose, ears, mouth, ass, and penis/vagina. Even the mightiest kings still get swamp ass in the summer.

A presidential election cycle presents the public with a unique opportunity for a small group of wealthy and/or powerful Americans to prove just how average they are. I don't mean average as in they lack the intelligence, skills, or

logical reasoning ability that usually comes from a combination of quality education and a life of financial destitution (although these are some of the many things that presidential hopefuls lack); I mean that the people running for president do their best to pretend that they're "average" or, in short, poor.

There's no reason why they should pretend like they're poor; idiots, bumpkins, and lackwits of all political persuasions will still vote for whomever they are directed by their local media affiliate; however, politicians pretend that they're poor because that's what their marketing consultants say the people want.

Marketers primarily get their information from surveying sections of the population, and most of us, at one point in time or another, have been on the receiving end of these questionnaires. In the interest of making things interesting, I urge each and every one of you to make up answers, or pick the most ridiculous one any of these marketing types offer you. If we all start doing this, we can track the flow of information in much the same way that scientists study ocean currents by releasing radio transmitters into the sea, or examining the path of venereal disease infection by taking tissue samples from patients who met Britney Spears in a rehabilitation facility.

If we play our cards right, we can get politicians to follow our whims to ridiculous lengths.

Me, I'm going to start telling pollsters that I look for a president that isn't afraid to stick their finger in their nose in public. I will go on at great length about the virtues of keeping your nasal passages clear and invent information that I read in my fake organization's literature. The more of us do it, the more likely we are to see a presidential candidate pick their nose at the podium.

Then again, what if everyone is already doing that, and every politician elected for the last fifty years is nothing more than a practical joker's idea of a gasser? It would make a lot of sense, and it would be much more comforting than thinking that people genuinely voted for Nixon, Reagan, and George W because they thought they would make competent, informed, leaders.

On the other hand, I feel bad for political candidates; much like celebrities, they are under constant scrutiny and all their actions, both good and bad, become fodder for pundits on both sides of the aisle.

If they were smart, politicians would have figured out how to mess with this system years ago, and hired body doubles that looked like their opponents. That way, they'd be free to act sanctimonious and make bland speeches about change and the future while directing their doppelgangers to burn down local elementary schools, kick small dogs, and cut in line at banks,

coffee shops and delicatessens.

Nowadays, you wouldn't even have to hire a body double; just get some kid who's good with Photoshop to doctor photos of your opponent so that they are associated with things people hate like department's of motor vehicles, sweet pickles, and people who sing along to the songs they play in elevators, dentist's offices, and supermarkets.

In the meantime, the rest of us have got to lose our squeamishness about picking our noses in public; otherwise, we're going to get stuck with another century of booger-esque politicians.

I've run out of jokes, so I'll leave you with the best presidential campaign speech ever delivered in the history of America.

Sex Mahoney for President

They
call
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I've been working out recently.

It's quite an accomplishment considering how much I despise 'pointless' exercise.

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Now here's something really embarrassing for you to watch:

Sex Mahoney for President

Small town on a windy day

I saw an old man
flying a kite on my way to
work today.

At first, I mused on how
much I dislike kites,
because flying a kite is
just as boring as fishing,
only you don't catch
anything, but then I started
to think about wind.

Like where it comes from.

It's not like there's wind in space that breaks its way through the atmosphere and blows its way across the plains. All this wind comes from right here on planet earth, which wouldn't be impressive if it was just a light gust every once in a while, but sometimes, the wind is so strong that it blows away people and houses.

If you're one of the folks who believes in an invisible being in the sky, then wind is certainly an interesting conundrum, because, if nothing else, it is irrefutable proof that God blows.

For everyone else, wind highlights the changes that take place when you exert pressure on gasses. The sun heats up some gas, and it rises, cooler gases rush in to take its place. In the meantime, you just saw your favorite hat go flying down the street and the entire city of New Orleans is inundated with refuse, crud, and all kinds of garbage... then a hurricane hits.

Human beings like to think that, because they can tie their shoes, hate each other based on the color of their skin, and deep fry potatoes, that they're somehow above natural forces like wind and sunlight, but hurricanes are nice reminders as to just how powerless we really are.

Every once in a while, people get themselves geared up for war and they tell themselves that it's about religion, or territory, or national security, or international terrorism, or any old thing that will make them feel better about young men and women marching far away from home to kill other human beings, but the truth is that human beings are subject to the same forces that control the winds.

We're violent creatures, and the more primitive among us use reason, the only thing that could possibly elevate us from our degraded status, to justify whetting their blood lust.

The strange thing is not that we're violent, there are plenty of violent animals, the strange thing is that we're so afraid

of our violence; we don't want to see it, and we project the worst instances of our own violence onto our enemies to justify doing to them the things we accuse them of wanting to do to us.

Some of us feel the wind coming and drift along in the breeze, because it's much easier to let the wind take you than it is to fight it; besides, if you get in the way of the wind, most of the time you end up getting blown over, which is not as much fun as when you start dating a new girl and your dick hurts because you're getting over blown.

When the wind blows particularly hard, people in positions of power like to think that their actions somehow cause the breeze, or direct it; yet, we've seen leaders who try to stand in the way and get steamrolled as history lurches along on its awkward course.

The reason why they call them current events is not because they're important, or because they're contemporary, but because folks who report on them like to think that they can predict what's going to happen based on the way they're flowing. That's why every news broadcast also includes weather forecasts, even though you can get a pretty good indication of what the weather is going to be like by sticking your head out the window.

These forces, these currents, they don't just come from nowhere; they're long strings of interactions between thousands of people that wind their way across the globe with unpredictable consequences. Cutting off a little old lady on your way home from work tonight could cause a riot in Singapore or lead to some poor sap finally working up the courage to hide in his parents closet at night and masturbate while watching them have sex.

It's only when we look back at the things we've done, when we see how those little decisions, the ones that meant nothing, played out over the years, that we get any idea just how little control we have over our lives.

So, rather than letting the wind carry you along into something that you'll regret, or wasting your time trying to control anything; there's no reason why we can't have a seat and enjoy the breeze, maybe even fly a kite.

Apparently, that old man in the park had the right idea.

Sex Mahoney for President

What
will I she
do with
Thursday's
rags when
Monday
comes
around

I was shaving my balls this morning, and it suddenly struck me that I might be doing something weird.

I can never tell when I'm doing something weird because I've been me for so long that everything I do seems completely normal, and everything, almost, that other people do seems strange, inefficient, and stupid.

The only way I know that I am strange is that I usually have to mix with you normals, and, on more than one occasion, you've told me how bizarre I am; plus, I live with my wife, and she's constantly telling me how weird I am.

Not that I distrust any of you people, but just how the hell am I supposed to know that you're the normal ones?

You've given me no guarantees as to your mental stability. Hell, a good number of you believe in an invisible man who lives in the sky and passes judgment on those things you do when you think nobody is looking and you wonder if something that big will fit in a space so small.

The rest of you are convinced that people, who couldn't get laid if Armageddon was coming, know what happened for billions of years of history but can't figure out how to make a hotdog that isn't mostly hog anus.

Who's to say what's normal? Sure, there are a lot of folks who want to apply for the job, but most of them are whack jobs who wind up getting caught sniffing their lovers farts through a straw or video taping young children having sex with baked desserts.

I've been watching this Showtime show called 'Dexter' based on a series of books by Jeff Lindsay; it's about a serial killer

who works as a blood splatter analyst for the Miami police department. It's a pretty good show, and I like it because I can identify with the main character. Not to say that I consider myself a serial killer, but most of the humor in the show comes from the main character, a sociopath, doing his best to fake his way through social interactions. Most of the time, I feel like I'm faking my way through life; not doing what comes naturally, but doing what other people expect so I don't come across as too weird.

The more I think about it, the less strange that seems, since most of us probably figured out how to act in much the same way. Our strongest memories are not the times when we triumphed, but those moments when we fucked up and got caught.

I couldn't tell you a thing about my first kiss, but I remember every detail from the first time a teacher yelled at me or my grandmother caught me masturbating into one of her colostomy bags.

The whole thing is complicated by the people with whom I interact. Most of the time, I feel like I'm talking to genuine whack jobs, but that's probably because we attract our own; you generally don't see a lot of goth kids hanging out with the wannabe gangstas. People stick to what they know: girl scouts hang out with girl scouts, little old ladies hang out with little old ladies, and pedophiles hang out with children whose parents don't pay careful attention to they go unattended.

Occasionally, I meet someone who seems completely normal, but then it turns out that they take medicine to stay that way.

Lately, I've even started to question whether or not I'm weird. It seems like I have pretty normal dreams. I want to be a writer and I want to be left alone to jerk off, that's nothing out of the ordinary, there's lot of people out there who want a creative job and everybody loves masturbation.

The biggest disconnect comes when I watch popular movies and television shows and I feel like my values are vastly different from the characters I see on the screen; for instance, when I was back in America, my wife and I watched the first season of Friends on DVD. And while most of the characters were interested in furthering their careers, finding true love and having an occasional off-camera fling; not one of them shared my goals of watching Jennifer Aniston, Courtney Cox, and Lisa Kudrow swallow seven pints of semen and then spit it back and forth in each others' mouths.

It's not that I'm an overly sexual person, most of the time I can't be bothered to go through all the effort that sex requires. Which is why masturbation is such an easy answer, because I don't even have to take my pants down all the way, and I've got a pet to clean up the leavings. By the way, I don't know what it is about semen, but you wouldn't believe how hamsters take to the stuff. It's saved me a bundle in

hamster mix.

As best I can figure, either I'm really weird, and there's nobody out there like me, OR there are a lot of people out there who are exactly like me, but too afraid to admit it, OR I'm a stable individual and the only reason I seem weird is that everyone else is so fucked up.

I don't know which is more frightening.

Sex Mahoney for President

Dead Sea Monkeys

Without going into too many of the details, I'd like to explain why I went a week and a half without writing anything, without sounding like too much of a pussy.

Part of it is that I've been having a shitty time at work, and the other part is that I'm kind of selfish. I had more blogs to give you, but since I wasn't writing anything new, I didn't want to run the well dry.

I can't remember the last time, before now, when I worked a job at which I was so busy that I didn't have any spare time to eat, smoke the occasional cigarette, or even write a blog, but that exactly what happened.

The strange thing about being a foreigner working in Korea is that you're somewhat treated like an indentured servant. Not that you have to sleep in a coal bin, indulge your master's sexual perversions, or wear eighteenth century underpants, but you're not exactly free to move around from job to job.

In order to work out here, you have to meet four requirements, or, at least that's how it used to be; you have to have a BA, you have to be a native English speaker, you have to be willing to move to Korea, and you can't have had any felony arrests. Recently, Korea changed its law, so now, before you can work out here, you have to have a criminal background check, undergo a medical exam for drugs and venereal disease, and meet with a representative at the nearest Korean consulate in your home country.

That means you can't change jobs in Korea without leaving the country.

So, last week, my job fired me, thus dooming me to return to America, on my own dime, about seven months before I planned on leaving.

Luckily, I got a new job right away, working for the same company as my sister and her fiancé, and my old employer agreed to keep me as an employee, on paper, until I get all the necessary documents to get my new Visa.

In the meantime, I am technically an illegal immigrant.

As far as illegal immigrants are concerned, Korea is draconian compared to the US, and yet, there are still illegal immigrants working here.

For anyone who thinks a fence will keep illegal immigrants out of the US, please consider that South Korea is located on a peninsula, there are machine gun turrets covering almost every inch of the coastline, there is a three mile, mine-filled, military patrolled barrier between themselves and their neighbor to the North, and anyone who wants to get into Korea on foot first has to go through North Korea, from the mountains of China. When you consider that, even with all these impediments, there are still illegal immigrants working in South Korea, you have to ask what a fence is going to do besides cost taxpayers their money.

On one hand, I can understand why an employer demands so much from an employee, they are after all, paying you to perform a particular task, but there are certain things about being an employee that I have never been able to understand.

Like why an employer is so insistent that you look busy.

I've had all kinds of bosses, with wildly different personalities, but this is one quirk that is consistent in all of them. Everybody wants you to look busy.

Most of them don't really care if the work gets done, just so long as you look busy doing it. To simplify the argument, last week, I finished over three hundred "units" with about an hour left to go on Friday. Sure, there were other tasks that needed handling, but after going a whole week without taking any lunch breaks, I didn't feel particularly bad about killing sixty minutes reading about the benefits and disadvantages of beaver dams, or the average cost of gas in each of the US states.

The work we do.

You'd think, given the limited amount of time we all have on this earth, that we would find more constructive uses for our time, but most of us slap on a polo shirt, knee length skirt, and tie, and trundle off to the oftentimes boring, and mostly denigrating, waste of time that is gainful employment.

The worst thing about all this is that I've talked to lots of folks about their jobs, and I've met very few who say they were hired based on their merits; 99% of them tell me that a friend of theirs worked for a company that was hiring. It's enough to make me think that going to university was completely useless. I should have saved my money.

This new job is much nicer, I'm only working forty-five hours a week as opposed to sixty, it's only a fifteen minute walk from my apartment, and, most importantly, I have plenty of time to write some new blogs.

Again, let me apologize for my unannounced and, hitherto, unapologized absence. Now that things are settled, I'll be back on schedule, with new blogs every Monday, Wednesday, and

Friday.

Sincere thanks,

Sex Mahoney

PS - I finally finished my latest cartoon and I'm waiting to hear back from a certain musician before I post it on this blog. If he doesn't get back to me by the end of the month, then I'm going to put it up on April 1st, and if anyone tries to sue me, I'll just tell them it was an April Fool's Joke.

Steady going nowhere

You can't run away from your problems if you don't know where to hide.

If you've accidentally impregnated a girl, and you don't want the baby, then I suggest hiding in an abortion clinic, that way,

when she comes to find you, you've already won half the battle; now the only hard part is getting her to walk in front of you at the top of a long flight of stairs.

Who says you can't hide something forever? That's a limited way to look at a problem.

Eventually, everyone who knows your most terrible secrets will die, and you'll be mostly safe from accusers, vengeance seekers, and college loan debt collectors; especially if you stop changing with the times.

I can understand why old folks are resistant to new technology.

If, during a moment of youthful ignorance, you filmed yourself getting gangbanged by two or fifteen of your husband's close friends on an old Betamax camcorder, I can understand why you'd be happy to see VHS win the format wars.

Besides, there are only so many copies of the same album and movie one person can buy in their lifetime.

Sure, there are some formats that degrade faster than others, like my wax cylinder recordings of Flip Flanagan's Wacky Cavalcade of Ragtime Jazz, but after purchasing the same album on 78, and then 33 and 1/3 vinyl, 8-track, cassette tape, compact disc, and mp3, there has to come a point when you say enough is enough.

The same is true of movies.

A pervert, who once had to thread the old 8mm projector just to whack off to his personal copy of 'The Devil in Miss Jones,' then had to repurchase the same smut on Beta, VHS, Laserdisc, DVD, Blu-ray, and HD.

Every couple of years, an unscrupulous producer puts the same damn thing out on a new medium, slaps on an interview with the creator's ex-bowling partner, and calls it the "Ultimate Definitive Expanded Director's Cut Collector's Edition;" the only thing that changes is the price.

In the end, it all means just one thing, more crap to carry

when you move.

Some of you are lucky, you've got houses to fill with your crap, but I haven't lived in the same place for more than one year since 1999. If nothing else, it teaches you to be pragmatic about what's really important. As much as I love my collection of books, I would burn them all if someone offered me electronic versions. For those of you who don't move often, or possess few books, those fuckers are heavy, and it's hard to justify bringing your copy of the complete Riverside Chaucer to a new apartment every year when you're laying in bed trying not to move because the pain in your back makes it feel like there are little demons, all named Phil, jamming double AA batteries in your urethra.

After a certain point, you just have to call it quits, stop trying to keep up with the new definitive whatever and satiate yourself on whatever medium your full series collection of 'Bosom Buddies' comes.

Of course, the moment you stop progressing technologically is when all of your friends, family, and other young people with whom you regularly interact start calling you an old fogey and make fun of your outdated technology. I used to be one of those folks; hell, I still am. The one thing everybody loves is a hypocrite.

What they don't realize is that, once you start hiding in old technology, nobody comes looking for you. The government doesn't spy on Morse code transmissions, my local pony express rider maintains strict confidentiality about the people with whom I correspond, and I can keep my filthier pornographic collectables right out in plain view as long as they're on View-Master reels. Some people are more intrigued when they see old technology, because they like to know more about past cultural phenomena and it gives them something to talk about when they're uncomfortable around old people; however, their interest quickly wanes if you tell a long, rambling, unrelated story when they ask about it.

The best thing about hiding in old technology is that you don't have to concern yourself with new revelations that accompany new technology, like the original ending where Dorothy and Toto decide to stay in the land of OZ and start an commune with the express purpose of redistributing agricultural wealth and land holdings among the oppressed indigenous people of the OZian countryside and punish the bourgeoisie denizens of the Emerald City; or the double twist ending of "The Sixth Sense" when Bruce Willis's ghost possesses Haley Joel Osment and makes him masturbate with a crucifix.

Plus, once you're firmly entrenched in the past, it's that much easier to paint the world a rosy hue to hide in 'The land of the way that things should have been', instead of 'The way things were.'

Sex Mahoney for President

When you
think the
night has
seen
your mind

I hate disingenuous language.

If you want to say something, then say it. Don't waste time pissing around.

English is such a great language for forming compound words, peanut, cuntrag, carhole; and yet we often overlook its capabilities so we can use a foreign word instead.

Other languages aren't afraid of using plain words to describe things; on way to work this morning, I passed a coffee shop called 'Café with cakes and sandwiches.' You've got to admire that kind of directness. You find similar examples all across the board. In Korea, there's a dish called flesh with rice; in France, you can buy crepes at a craperie, in Germany, you buy your sausage at the wurst badezimmer, and in Italy you can get fresh pizza from any public toilet.

In English speaking countries, people use language to conceal. We don't go to the alcohol house, as they call it in Korea, to get loaded, we go to a bar, pub, or bus station.

We don't have sex with agujeros de la carne like they do in Spain, we sleep with prostitutes, call girls, madams, and ladies of the evening; I'm not saying that the English equivalents don't sound a lot nicer, but they're dishonest.

There's no such thing as premature ejaculation, you cum when you cum. The only person to whom the ejaculation is premature is the one on the receiving end. You never heard about women orgasming prematurely, because they cum when their bodies are ready to cum. The same goes for men, but, for whatever reason, we're a lot more bashful about not being able to control our sexual response.

Porno fills in a lot of the gaps; sure, there are a lot of titles out there with far out titles like 'Little Miss Cumshine,' 'There Will Be Ass' or 'No Cuntry for Old Men;' but most porn titles are direct and honest. Cum Guzzlers, All Anal, Cum in My Ass and Not in My Mouth, and Little White Chicks on Big Black Dicks are some of my favorites.

I'm no fan of liars in general, but when you lie through language, then you're really only lying to yourself; that's

why I like to be as direct as possible.

If I had a choice between sleeping with an average looking honest girl, and a really hot liar, I would probably sleep with the hot liar, but I would feel really conflicted about it the whole time, I swear.

We need honest language if we're going to have an honest debate.

Like when a bunch of minutemen debate about a sane immigration policy; instead of wasting their time talking about building a border fence to ensure national security, making English the official language of the United States, and keeping illegal immigrants from taking jobs and benefits away from hard working Americans, they can get right to the point and say: "We're afraid of Mexicans."

Or when Bill O'Reilly talks about liberals ruining America, he won't have to go on about a media bias, disintegrating morality, social programs, high taxes or the importance of being a cultural warrior, he can just scream "I hate Niggers and Jews" over and over again for the forty some odd minutes he's on the air.

I've been thinking about getting a monkey buddy, not a pet, because calling it a pet implies some kind of ownership and I wouldn't want money to come between my monkey buddy and me. We could go on adventures; I could teach him to smoke, and he could teach me to love again.

McDonald's could even get in on this action and rename some of their menu items. I bet that a shit burger would actually sell pretty well to the 'extreme' youth demographic.

Nowhere is there more false language than in the military. Nobody dies in the service, they become casualties. Nobody gets rescued, their fellow soldiers extract them. You don't come out of the closet, you enlist in the marines.

Politicians are great at doublespeak and they've turned it into something of an art form so that we, the voting public, reward the candidate most capable of saying the most outright lies or nothing. Alan Greenspan said: "It is a tricky problem to find the particular calibration in timing that would be appropriate to stem the acceleration in risk premiums created by falling incomes without prematurely aborting the decline in the inflation generated risk premiums." And George Bush is a master of this craft and has gone on the record to say: "There are weapons of mass destruction in Iraq"; "Saddam Hussein poses an imminent threat to our national security"; and "I swear this hooker was dead when I found her."

The only thing we can do to combat the growing tide of idiocy we must speak in the clearest language possible, without any possibility of misinterpretation, so that we communicate everything we say in the exact sense that we mean it.

Or, in short, shut the fuck up.

Sex Mahoney for President

She's
one of
those
girls
who's
nothing
but
trouble

The thing about school shootings is that you have to wait for all the raw emotions to subside before they become suitable topics for comedy.

Or, at least, that used to be true until they started happening so frequently that the public became desensitized to a misunderstood teenager stalking through locker filled halls meting out classroom justice.

Just like the gun-toting postal employee before them, mentally unstable mass killers are now open targets for anyone who has the balls to tell such jokes.

I used to think that blame lay with the parents of such children, but the more I look into it, the more it seems that most of these kids actually loved the hell out of their parents; in fact, most of them came from your typical, two heterosexual parent homes. If people are really troubled by school shootings, and keeping their children from becoming the kind of thrill seekers who perpetrate such acts, then it's in your children's best interest to get a divorce, find someone of the same sex, and hump each other like mad.

In light of this new information, I'm inclined to take a closer look at the people who, for the last thirty years, have put such an emphasis on family values. If most of the psycho shooters come from stable families, a fact that has been reported widely even in the less than adequate mainstream media, these family advocates have to know about it; even if they are not consciously aware of the fact, then they surely have subconsciously absorbed the knowledge. Going back over every political speech given since 1980, it's safe to assume that the phrase 'promoting family values' is actually code for 'encouraging preventable high school carnage.'

I'm not insensitive to people's pain. I understand that it is a harrowing experience to send your children out to get an education and have them come home in a body bag, but do we really want to let a few crybabies stand in the way of all the fun that accompanies handgun and assault rifle ownership?

When people tell you about the price of freedom, that's exactly what they're talking about. The freedom to own a gun is equal to a few dead children every year.

Besides, the alternative is a frightening state where police officers have to come up with a whole new excuse to shoot innocent, young black men.

School shootings remind all of us that the fascist parts of our psyche need a place to vent and what better place to vent them than on a group of people who don't pay taxes, don't vote, and can't be bothered to pay attention to algebra. Most adults completely disregard adolescent's their civil liberties; which is why, when there are shootings at schools, they add metal detectors, security cameras, and zero tolerance policies, but when someone shoots up the local post office or mall, they just make a new logo and give everyone ten percent off their next purchase of packing supplies or udder cream.

We have to be honest with ourselves. There are dangerous people in this world, and there is nothing we can do to keep them from going on a killing spree; instead we have to study their actions and learn from what they can teach us.

That's why we should pick a random homicidal maniac from any one of America's prisons, mental institutions, and legislative bodies, give them a realistic looking paintball gun, and set them loose in any one of the many places where homicidal maniacs go to unwind such as schools, malls, and the Outback Steakhouse. When their pretend rampage is over, we can build a victim profile based on the people they shoot and make sure that those people are always seated nearest the entrance; thus allowing the rest of us time to get away while lunatic gunmen focuses their rage on more appropriate targets.

As mindless and saddening as all this violence is, it does hold a certain perverse charm. Just think about the thoughts and feelings that must race through your head as you march from classroom to classroom teaching all your former tormentors, both teacher and student alike, why they should have stopped picking on you regardless of your harelip, unpleasant body odor, high grade point average, 98-pound weakling physique, and penchant for all things Star Trek. Children are the last disenfranchised members of society; their parents push them around, the schools they attend do their best to weed every last shred of individuality out of them, everyone yells at them, the only people who offer them candy are shabbily dressed strangers in unmarked white vans, they're forced to go to boring church services where they're either a) told that 98% of the urges they feel are wrong or b)

raped by someone their parents love, admire, and worship; any time they express any kind of originality, some of their more sociopathic peers are standing by, ready to slap them back into place; it's a wonder that more of them don't snap.

Fear not, children, there is hope because you do have one weapon in your pocket that is more powerful than anything your parents, teachers, religious leaders, and vagabond pedophiles could possibly anticipate. The smart folks know about it, and they've been exploiting you for it for years.

Children have disposable income.

Kids make and break celebrities, toy companies, sugar plantations, and acne cream manufacturing plants. A widespread kid boycott, at a carefully selected time of the year (Christmas) could bring this entire country to its knees.

So get out there, children. Get active. Spread the word.

And all you sixteen-year-old, Catholic school girls get into my unmarked white van. I've got candy and we've got important work to do.

Sex Mahoney for President

Raised
up out
the dust
like a
blood
lust
phoenix

If you don't get used to disappointment, then you're never going to make through this life alive.

Nothing ever lives up to its potential.

The more you look forward to something, the less you're going to like it when it comes.

The best stuff is almost always unexpected.

Sure, there are some things that you plan for, and it feels good when they come off, but that's just to you, nobody else ever cares about it the time, effort, and heart you put into a particular project. It's like being a single parent, working eighteen hours a day, unclogging toilets at the Fiber Research Facility, to raise an ugly, stupid child.

No one else is ever going to understand why you care so much for that hideous, dumb bastard.

Still, if you're worried about other people's opinions, then there's not much sense in trying anything in the first place, because you'll never please everyone. Joey Goebbels's stand-up comedy and magic show was a big hit at dinner parties, but his act sank like a dead pigeon at the Auschwitz Improv.

The same is true of love. You'll never be able to convince someone of how much you love them, no matter how much time you spend writing them semi-threatening letters, harassing them at work, or sifting through their garbage, unless they love you back; in which case, they still won't know exactly how much you love them, but they'll love you, so it really doesn't matter.

One of the many blogs, to which I subscribe, recently had a woman talking about her teenage daughter, who was just getting to that age where all she wants to do is hang out with her boyfriend and suck his face like he was just bitten by a large

poisonous snake, and the writer said that her daughter thought she was in love.

I've heard that said a lot in my life, people who think they're in love.

It's a bold statement, one that I would have trouble making, even for an amazing writer like myself.

There are many different kinds of love: the 'you just threw up on me in the middle of drunken sex and I don't care so long as you keep fucking me' love; the 'I caught you in bed with my father and I'm taking you back' love; and, everybody's favorite, the 'you only beat me because you love me' love.

Teenage love is no different, and, while it might seem immature to us wizened veterans, there's a certain charm to being a teenager in love that, if you're lucky, you only get to feel once, for a very short period of time, before it's yanked away from you in a blinding flash of whiskey, cigarettes, and a widely distributed amateur internet sex video.

What adults mean, when they say that teenagers THINK they are in love, is that this kind of love doesn't last long, and it usually ends painfully.

For every rule there are exceptions, and I'm sure that there are plenty of teenage romances that ended silently, quietly, and faded away like unpicked scabs, but for each one of those, there are ten, bloody, screaming, pity sex festivals that drag on for months, years, and sometimes whole lifetimes after they should have ended.

It's no wonder why so many people are dismissive of children when they say they're in love.

Still, it's that kind of torment that defines us as people, and it's the memories of those youthful romances that urge us to engage in the self-destructive behavior which makes for a great weekend or a depressing drunken oratory to the poor sucker who gets stuck sitting next to your inebriated ass.

Or, as Lili Taylor put it, in the only funny line from 'Say Anything,' "I wrote 65 songs about Joe and I'm going to play them all tonight."

With a thing like love, it's best to get it done early, because the longer you wait for it, the less fun it's going to be when it happens. The more you romanticize it, and put your faith in it, the more it's going to feel like having sex with Marilyn Monroe... after digging up her corpse from Westwood Memorial Park and prying the maggots out of her decaying vagina.

We've got to get busy and demystify love; to learn, at an early age, the lessons that only come after years of neglect,

abuse, and farting in front of each other. That love is a dead fish; the longer it sits in your refrigerator, the more it stinks.

Only then will we get to experience the thrill that comes with real love, the kind that let's you lovingly look into your partner's eyes even as you get ready to give them the Donkey Punching of a lifetime.

Sex Mahoney for President

Maybe
he's as
scared
as me

I'm not ashamed to admit that I like country music.

I'm not talking about the pussy, Toby Keith and Garth Brooks shit that passes for country music on the mall and NASCAR circuits. I mean the kind of country music with no lyrics or corporate sponsored tours through the bible belt, that's played on banjos, mandolins, and washtub bases by three or four guys who rechew pre-chewed tobacco and only have one tooth that they share between then every other day and on alternating Sundays.

To me, that's what I call real country music.

Of course, distinguishing between real country music and fake country music implies that there's some kind of standard to the term, like a country music licensing board that grants the country title to acts based on their countrability, but the plain truth is that singing songs about pickup trucks, cheating women and the way your father used to spoon you on lonesome cold nights is more than enough to qualify your music for the country rack at any respectable music store.

Besides, it's a logical fallacy to call something real or fake by your standards, especially when something that you consider real turns out to have distasteful elements associated with it.

It's called the 'True Scotsman' logical fallacy, but that name can change depending on the example used to describe it; for instance, if you are a Republican, and you believe that you embody certain core Republican values, and someone, like a disingenuous, compassionate conservative engages in behavior that conflicts with those values, like increasing taxes while burning a flag to freebase cocaine with a bunch of illegal immigrant homosexuals; rather than acknowledging that your belief system does not protect you from self-perceived negative behaviors, you project your inadequacy by banishing said offender from the ranks of your party and denouncing them as not 'true' Republicans... or Scotsman, as it were.

When you talk to people about politics, you see plenty of this equivocation. Rather than debate specific points, they shift the focus away from where it began to tangential realms that often lead to theoretical discussions about right and wrong where everyone keeps the opinions they bring with them and the only thing the conversation accomplishes is helping you forget that you'll never get back wasted time.

Whether you grew up listening to punk rock and called people posers, watched the best of your generation destroyed by madness and called them sellouts, or joined the John Birch Society and desecrated Valentine's Day as a Commie holiday; in short, it's called being a snob, and we've all been guilty of it from time to time.

After all, who doesn't like feeling superior? Even the guy at the bus station who blows passing travelers for quarters looks down on the bum who hangs out at the train station and does it for a dime.

The only problem is that sometimes all this superiority goes to ridiculous extremes; before you know it, you're standing over a dead hooker and your best friend won't stop crying about how it was an accident or you're presiding over a country with a lagging economy and a country in the middle east that you could have sworn was an imminent threat to the rest of the world.

We humans are inundated with all kinds of superiority complexes, not just with each other, but even the animals that we're willing to slaughter and deep fry en masse to make sure that the shocks on our cars are getting the kind of workout they deserve. Anything tastes good if you deep fry it. Deep fried tofu tastes just as good as deep fried pig balls, only you get less pig semen on your chin when you eat tofu.

All these labels only serve to separate those of us who use the labels from the people to whom the labels apply, whether they are derogatory terms like business man, advertising executive, or 2004 Western Pacific Regional Rim Job Champion; or positive terms like cum dumpster, sperm bucket, or felcher.

I'll tell you one thing, those hillbillies, who pick out bluegrass tunes on their front porches while tobacco juice rolls down their chins, are less concerned with whether or not anyone considers their music 'country' than they are with whether or not the last guy to wear their single, shared tooth washed it after accidentally swallowing it and picking it out of his stool.

Leave the classification for the taxonomists. The old labels don't apply anymore; it's beneath us grownups to go around calling each other posers, wannabes, commies, liberals, sellouts, and mekrabs; besides, it doesn't make sense to get bent out of shape when you run across someone who hasn't learned this particular lesson, because, at the end of the day, we're all a bunch of old fucks who never learned that there are plenty of other really good ways to say "Fuck you."

For those of you who are still hanging on to your label, the easy cure is to imagine the most filthy, vile, ungodly bastard you can possibly imagine, and think of him as one of your own; if you're having trouble, just check the picture at the top of the page.

Sex Mahoney for President

I've
been
waiting
too long
to be a
dead man

There are certain things that, once you get them into your head, are impossible to get out.

Something, a long forgotten smell or a stray word, brings your past rushing back to you and, all at once, you're enamored of what you once thought dead and gone forever. It's the reason why the first break-up never takes; you have to have sex with someone two or several dozen times after you break up to really do the job right.

My wife doesn't understand the concept of post-breakup sex, but she hasn't been in many long term relationships and doesn't know about the crushing guilt, self-consciousness, and deluded thinking that poison a recently dumped mind.

Besides, most reputable companies are willing to give you severance when they let you go; a reasonable boyfriend/girlfriend can, at least, do the same.

That's why prostitution makes so much sense.

A relationship is messy: you mix your possessions and friends, meet each other's families, share your deepest fears and desires, and spend enough time around each other to take the flavor out of everything. On the other hand, a

prostitute offers simple sexual services rendered for a pre-specified length of time for a fixed monetary rate.

I don't know why people think that sex should be any more personal than buying meat in a deli, but I'm willing to bet that this whole notion of romance has something to do with it.

Prostitution takes the romance out of sex, which is why there is no reason to continue prosecuting people for prostitution related offences. Marriage does the same thing and you don't see anyone trying to outlaw that... except for conservative religious groups that don't want homosexuals to get married, but, in light of recent revelations, that makes sense, because the conservative religious groups are trying to preserve gay romance, not prevent gays from getting equal rights.

Elliot Spitzer, a promising young politician, was recently laid low for the terrible crime of paying for sex. Perhaps some moral indignation would have been justified if the person with whom he paid for sex was a minor, or some kind of human/fish hybrid, but the girl was in her early twenties, trying to raise money to get her music career started, and more than a little attractive.

If no money changed hands, it would have been tawdry, certainly, but not illegal. You could have faulted him for cheating on his wife, and spending time with hooker's instead of his children, and you'd be right, but it still wouldn't be illegal. The only thing that makes it illegal is the four-thousand some odd dollars he paid her to bend over, bark like a dog, and spit his semen back into his mouth when she was finished letting some of it, a tasteful amount, run down her chin.

The only real crime is the death of romance, and that's an old dog that's ready to go out behind the shed and die, not because it has turned rabid, but because it's limping around, doesn't eat much anymore, and walks into walls because it has cataracts in both eyes. It's sad to see romance these days, because everything in it, that was once pure, has been sold off, trademarked, and copyrighted. The concept of romance is still kicking around, but you have to pay for it, and it doesn't come cheap.

So, why, in the year 2008, are we still having religious wars, believing the promises politicians make, and criminalizing the world's oldest profession?

I don't have an answer to that.

Some old habits die hard, and maybe it's just easier to keep plodding along with your head down than it is to look where you're going. Most likely it comes back to that same old lie we like to tell ourselves; that we're special, and we can't be bought or sold like everything else we buy and sell.

It's a comforting story, but one that doesn't stand up to the rigors of close inspection.

You see, sex, like any other commodity, only accrues interest and value for so long, after a while, the market moves on and what was once a real prize is now just another forgotten toy on the discount rack of life. Gather ye rosebuds.

And don't save the really good sex for the breakup. If you want to give your partner the fist, you do it now, while there's still time, because maybe that's just the thing that's missing from your relationship, or maybe, after

trying to fist your significant other, you won't have to worry about post-breakup sex after all.

Sex Mahoney for President

Enlighten her nostalgia for a little flirt

I like to read
spoilers and synopses.

What happens is such a
small fraction of the fun
that knowing it ahead of
time will not kill the joy
of getting there.

Will knowing that you're
having nachos for dinner
make them any less
delicious? Does the
knowledge that a registered
sex offender lives in the
house next door make you
sleep any less soundly at
night?

Well, maybe that last one might make you a little
uncomfortable, but that's just because you're a weirdo;
most people want to know where sex offender's live, that's
why you can view satellite photos of their homes on the
internet. The public demands a product and the free market
delivers... hallelujah.

A long time ago, I stopped wearing regular pants. I got rid
of all of my jeans and my khakis and I started wearing
powder blue hospital scrubs. Not having to worry about
clothes on a daily basis freed up more of my time for
masturbating, making obscene phone calls to the recently
widowed, and watching the sixteen-year-old girl, who lived
next door at the time, get undressed (to be fair, I was

also sixteen, so while it was creepy, it wasn't as creepy as it is now when I do it to her ten year old daughter).

Sure, if you know what's going to happen, you don't get the surprise, but surprise is overrated, and if you don't believe me, then watch 'The Usual Suspects' or 'The Sixth Sense' again, now that you know the ending. Nine times out of ten, a twist ending makes a movie much better than it by all means should be, but it's only as pleasurable as a guy with a big, thick dick who ejaculates prematurely.

The fun part is getting there, what you do once you're there is never half as good as the journey.

That's why it would be nice if people knew when they were going to die; for instance, if doctors were kind enough to stamp an expiration date on us the minute we're born, it would save everyone a lot of time and trouble. The best argument against a deity's existence, besides logic, is that we don't have an expiration date already stamped on us when we're born.

Knowing when we're going to die leaves us free to make plans accordingly. Saving up money to buy a house? Don't waste your time, you'll be dead before you pay off even half the mortgage; buy a Real Doll instead. Angry that you have to go to dinner at your mother-in-law's and listen to her tell that same old story about how her daughter ruined her life by marrying a deadbeat? Don't let it get you down; she's only got a week left to live. Afraid of making an extravagant purchase on your credit card because no one really needs a seventy inch TV mounted on poached and stuffed African elephant? Go ahead and charge it, let's see Visa try to collect from a corpse.

Of course, there might be some unintended consequences if

people know when they're going to die; the whole society could collapse under the weight of its short sighted crapulence... a lot faster than it already does.

That's why we would need to put the expiration date on the back of people's heads, so that everyone else would know when our termination time, but, like the man with the cheating wife, we'd be the last to find out when we're going to go.

That way, everybody's in on the joke but you... just like now.

The real question is whether people would treat each other differently if they all knew when everyone else was going to die. Some people would make a greater effort to get to know their friends and family: going on vacations, spending quality time together, throwing soiled diapers at amateur folk singers on open mic night at the local, non-Starbucks, coffee house.

Other people would go on with their lives and do nothing differently, the way it should be.

We all know we're going to die, and we know that everyone around us is going to die; knowing the time and date is useless unless you're planning a funeral. Sure, you might get burned on concert tickets if you're wife croaks the day before that Jimmy Buffet concert, for which you laid out seventy bucks a ticket and forty for a pair of matching Hawaiian shirts, and you might have to wait a few days if that coffin with mag wheels you ordered from the Sharper Mortuary isn't ready when you shuffle off; however, if knowing a person's specific time of death is the only thing that will goad you into spending more time with them, then probably didn't want to know that person in the first place.

From the moment you meet a fellow human being, to the day one of you dies, if you don't enjoy the time you spend together (even doing inane things like watching television, picking your noses and comparing boogers, or asking a troop of door-to-door, cookie-selling girl scouts which of you has the bigger dick), then you need to either reevaluate your standards, or dump that loser friend for someone more fun.

Someone who will accompany you to the movies on a weekend, to see the newest taut, psychological thriller, and then loudly discuss the twist ending with you, as you walk past the long lines of people waiting outside for the next show.

That's what friendship is all about.

Sex Mahoney for President

A
purple
little
lady
will be
perfect
for a
dirty,
old and
useless
clown

If you're one of the lucky people who can fellate themselves (or one of the much rarer self-cunning linguists), is it considered incest if you swallow your own cum?

In researching the question, I found that several developed countries have decriminalized consensual adult incest; if you live in Israel, you can have sex with anyone in your family provided that both partners are twenty-one years old, in Sweden, you can marry your close relatives, but you have to get special permission first.

The same goes for France, Belgium, and some parts of Australia.

So, if you want to have sex with your father, mother,

brother, sister, grandmother, grandfather, aunt, uncle, or cousin; then rent yourself a little flat in Israel, France, Belgium, Sweden, or some parts of Australia and everything you do to each other will be nice and legal.

A little knowledge can be a good thing, but it remains to be seen if my inquisitiveness is more of a curse than a blessing.

Asking questions leads to reflection, and reflection leads to consciousness.

Sometimes, I wonder if I am too self-conscious. I mean, how much should you really know about yourself?

It's not like there will someday be a 'Jeopardy' category about you, and even if there is, most likely you'll be so dead by the time it happens that what remains of your body will have already gone from worm food to soil nitrates to plant nutrients, such as those contained in the vegetables that you ate for lunch.

In the biblical sense, I know myself quite well, on happy occasions, two times a day.

Other times, I feel as though I spend too much time looking inward and not enough time looking out.

I only discovered how many sexual partners I could have had years after the fact, because, at the time, I was too concerned with what to write, draw, or film next to realize that certain women were hitting on me, when they offered to let me sleep naked in their beds. On the other hand, last night my brain spoiled what would have been a very nice dream about having a torrid affair with an eighteen-year-old Japanese girl by dissecting the dream inside my dream.

Various personifications of my subconscious mind debated, much like the Statler and Waldorf from 'The Muppet Show,' what the girl represented, and kept me too busy to get back to the action before I awoke. I guess we'll always have imaginary Paris, Haruko.

It can be maddening.

Still, if you live your life for other people, you end up just as empty and vacuous as the world's most self-centered asshole; that's why so many bored housewives start drinking, attending church services, and screwing their pool boys when their children flee to college and why that quiet artist you met at a bar in Soho doesn't really care that he never repaid the two hundred dollars he borrowed, gave you herpes, or used the last of your weekend minutes to have a six hour conversation about the unbearable pain of existence with a woman from Colorado named Moon.

Everyone lives in varying states of denial; the level of self-consciousness they attain is limited only by a conscious, or unconscious, desire to stop examining themselves; it is almost like deliberately wandering around in the dark and turning on your flashlight when things get too scary.

Is there natural light out there? One in which we might eventually stumble after looking into the darkest parts of ourselves and emerging relatively unscathed? It's quite possible. People talk about the way their lives change when they have children, find God, or start up a sincere and dedicated heroin addiction, but each of these things are just as likely to be a placebo as they are a cure.

The only way to know for sure is to have a child, join a church, and start shooting smack all at the same time and

see if you feel three times better than the people who pick only one. You can gauge their happiness by asking them to rate their happiness on a scale of one to ten; one being Ralph Malph from 'Happy Days' happy, which is genuinely happy, and content with your giving Opie rimjobs, position in life, and ten being Jessica Tate from 'Soap' happy, which is only faking happiness so you can have sex with Robert Guillaume.

And then write me a letter and tell me how your cum tastes, but please do not send unrefrigerated samples through the mail.

Sex Mahoney for President

This one
goes
out to
all my
people
with
addiction

It's a lot harder to pick another person's nose than you might think.

For one thing, it's not like raping someone where you've got a non-tooth filled orifice that's attached to the torso and hard to move.

To get up someone's nose, not only do you have to put your hand near their mouth, but you're aiming for a mobile hole that's about the same size as your pinky.

Sure, you can wait until they go to sleep, and then it's much easier to pick their nose, but, just like shitting your pants, it's a lot more fun to do when someone's awake to appreciate it.

That's not to say there are no practical reasons to pick someone's nose while they're asleep; I've found that the best way to stop someone from snoring is to ram something, like a cotton swab or a Phillips head screwdriver, up their nostril and keep shoving until I clear the obstruction; however, doing something when it would be funny is much more satisfying, and there's nothing funnier than the surprised look people get on their faces when someone else

tries to pick their nose.

Some of you might disagree with me; you might think it's always wrong to put your fingers in someone else's nose; perhaps we have different gauges for our morality.

If you're trying to prove a point, or make a joke, then just about anything is permissible; in this case, the act is allowed because it is not important compared to the subtext; unfortunately, my wife didn't buy that logical reasoning when she busted in on me having sex with a stripper I met in a port-a-potty at a Phish concert with whom I was only having sex to prove that fucking me is nowhere near as bad as listening to a Phish concert.

Similarly, I only covered that four-year-old boy's anus in female goat hormones to show my friend that animal love can be a beautiful thing; in that case, experience proved me wrong, but experimentation is the heart of genuine science and bestial-pedophilia.

Why is it so hard for small minded people to see the greater good?

The end result's virtuous height is inversely proportional to the depraved means to which one may sink to achieve those ends.

That's why it makes sense that the United States is currently forcing unrequested government down Iraq's collective throats; or, as I refer to it in my most recent article for US Shoes and Twirled Retort, Operation Gaggling Freedom. The freedom that the Iraqi people will achieve, once they've paid the appropriate penalty, makes all of their civilian casualties worthwhile.

The hard part is convincing the Iraqi and American people that their children are not exploding in vain and that each exploding IUD and legless soldier brings Iraq one step closer to prosperity. George W Bush and Dick Cheney recently compared the sectarian violence in Iraq to the similar brutalities that colonial Americans underwent to gain their independence from Britain, and while some people might have a hard time seeing the similarities between two different wars, one fought by indigenous populations to oust an occupying foreign military force and one fought by a foreign military force to oust an indigenous population; they're just not looking at the larger picture.

What the president, and vice president, meant by their comparison is that America can't be sure that Iraq is truly free until just as many Iraqis die in their war for independence as died in the American war for independence. While there is no conclusive data concerning the precise number of casualties, most historians agree on an estimate of 25,000 American dead; now, while several times that number of Iraqi citizens have already been killed in the conflict, that doesn't take inflation into account. By 1776 standards, 25,000 dead Americans is equal to 1.8 billion, 2008 Americans; plus, you have to factor in the exchange rate, which drives the number up to 2.1 trillion Iraqi dinars... I mean people.

Okay, so there aren't that many Iraqis in Iraq, or anyone else in the rest of the world for that matter, which is why the US can't afford to pull out of Iraq now; if the US, or any of the groups fighting against her troops in Iraq do it too early, then Iraq will never be free; we have to stay there, killing Iraqis for the next several thousand years. Anything less would show weakness, and we can't do that in front of the terrorists, or they will laugh at us and call us girls' names.

So, you see, it's not that George W Bush wants anyone to die, its just that the terrorist boogers must be picked from the collective Iraqi nose, and it's a lot harder to pick someone else's nose than you might think.

Sex Mahoney for President

A drop
of
vanilla
behind
each ear
and
you'll
smell
like a
cookie
all day

I don't drink
coffee.

I like to smoke tobacco and marijuana; every once in a while, I get good and plastered from beer and vodka, and I've been known to inject the occasional heroin filled syringe, or two, into my veins, but I don't drink coffee.

It makes me too wired.

It seems like there's plenty of energy in this world and people use it to commit terribly violent acts against humanity: wars, thievery, 'American Idol.' I'm not saying that coffee is to blame for all of them, but giving people a chemical stimulant only makes the situation worse.

We could all stand to mellow out.

Not that the opposite extreme is any better. If given the choice to spend my days with a jacked up alpha male or a lethargic hippie, I'd probably choose the hippie (because they would know where to pick up decent grass), but I wouldn't feel good about it. Even though it would suck having to listen to both of them spew their nonsense invective, I wouldn't feel the temptation to pants the alpha male and steal everything he owns.

I suppose that many of you coffee drinkers work jobs that require you to wake up early in the morning, which, for me, starts any time before ten, and you need something to give you a little bit of a boost; however, there are several more effective ways to wake yourself than to drink something that will sour your stomach and make you shit liquid.

Pets are one of the best alarm clocks; get yourself a dog or a cat, and train it to expect food about an hour before you want to wake up; they will get you out of bed whether you want it or not. On the weekends, use an auto feeder.

It's not that I don't understand the need to get inebriated, like I said, I enjoy getting fucked up as much as your common rail riding hobo, but I don't understand why people would want to get energetically smashed. Your whole life should be high intensity, and it is in your free time that you should unwind with a few highballs or five grams of heroin per day.

To be fair, there is a lot to be said for a good old fashioned rut. When you do the same thing, over and over and over again, you learn to develop efficient patterns. If

I leave for work at exactly 2:04 PM, I make all the traffic lights and it only takes me fifteen minutes to walk to the office. I can even time it so that I finish my on-the-way-to-work-cigarette, as I walk past the only garbage can between my apartment and the office (there are not many public garbage cans in Korea).

A good rut will even keep you sane during periods of intense crisis. It doesn't really matter if one of your close relatives dies, just so long as they do it on a Friday when there's no good TV for the three days it takes to wash the body, drain it of blood, and plant it in the ground.

Still, we can't be afraid to mix things up every now and again, because you die the minute you stop changing. Routine is all well and good for a robot, but human beings were meant to do more with their time, and they do. Right now, there is a dedicated young man or woman sitting at home, contemplating the life altering decision to become a serial killer. He could stay home and watch this week's episode of 'Dancing With the Stars' or he could go out and hack an anonymous prostitute into small pieces, pack them into sandwich bags and eat her remains over the next few months. The world would be a better place if that young man stayed dead inside, but it would be wrong of us to stifle someone's creative impulse. You should encourage your friends and neighbors to follow their dreams.

Chances are good that most people will not turn into serial killers, but I'm not that worried about serial killers, to be perfectly honest. Even big bad guys like terrorists don't scare me that much, because the odds of being killed by a terrorist are about as good as getting struck by lightning; plus, just like laying flat in a field, staying away from metal objects, and hiding under the tallest tree

you can find to avoid a lightning strike, there are similar steps you can take to avoid a terrorist attack. As I sit here, typing this in my concrete-lined underground cave, I can't spare any sympathy for the people who put themselves in harms way by living in a city, having a family, and worshipping the same God with a different rule set.

I'm worried about the people with just a little motivation; the kind of motivation that prompts them to write a letter to the local library, asking to have books like 'Catcher in the Rye' removed from the shelves; or the kind of motivation that drives them to picket their local abortion clinic and throw socks full of rotten tomatoes and stillborn conjoined twin parts at the customers. These are the same people who get in an uproar when their children see the word 'penis' written in the background of a TV show, but are oddly silent when their kids come home with the taste of their preacher's cock, fresh in their mouths.

On one hand, I'm torn because if more of these folks were less motivated, then maybe they would stop trying to remake the world in their warped image, but then I would have a much harder time convincing their children to bring me drugs and do strange things to my genitals.

At the very least, we should stop giving these people coffee; they need to relax.

Sex Mahoney for President

Hopping
like a
monkey
on a
holy
toothpick

There has to be

a better way of staying dry in the rain besides an umbrella.

Human civilization has worked for thousands of years to make our lives easier, at the expenses of damn near everything else on the planet; so, there's no way that I believe the best way to stay out of the rain is a portable dome on a telescoping aluminum stick.

Now, the poncho, there's a way to stay dry. Covering yourself in a full sized plastic sheet makes a lot more sense than walking around with a portable roof. If I have the option, I'll take poncho over umbrella any day.

Once while spending an afternoon in Brussels during a particularly heavy downpour, I walked the streets in search of the world's best pommes frites (french, or freedom, fries) wearing a 55-gallon trash bag with a hole poked in the bottom through which I could stick my face. You wouldn't believe the number of people who looked at me like I was a leper, just because I was walking through the business district, during rush hour, wearing a garbage bag. If you've never been to Europe, you have no idea how snobbish many of its denizens are, especially toward Americans.

Still, I love America's resourcefulness. Our ancestors, fed up with their old countries, sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and started a new one; regardless of how many Injuns they had to kill, or Negroes they had to enslave along the way, to do it.

America is an ingenious country

Americans were unhappy with the face to face contact required for clandestine, closeted homosexual sex so we invented the glory hole. When our forefathers tired of paying taxes to their colonial overlords, we invented the 'Declaration of Independence' and used it to justify our revolution, even though we declared its principles null and void as soon as the revolution was over. When people wanted a way to entertain themselves and stimulate their gag reflex, the good people at the Fox network came up with 'American Idol' and we the people vomited with joy.

We are a nation of movers.

Unfortunately, a lot of European ideals are creeping into the American system; people are becoming more class conscious and looking down their noses at the pioneers who see life not for what it is, but for what it could be. The fashionistas, who show off their Gaultier or Cavalli, scorn those of us who stick empty tissue boxes on our feet, with some used tissues at the bottom for padding and comfort, and wear clothes stolen from frozen hobos. Our neighbors spend their weekend days cleaning their Mercedes, Audis, and Lexii, while our cart mules chew the walls of our grass hovels. Politicians conduct polls only with people who have telephones, and pay no attention to the smoke signals I send the local Gallup office.

It's time for a change; time to get back to the values that

make America great; because this isn't a country that buys a new toaster every time the old one breaks; this is a country that jabs knives and forks into that toaster until we feel the rewarding jolt of electricity that means its working again. We're a country where the only repair or replacement our TVs ever receive is a quick slap to the top or sides, and a string of muttered profanity. Our country doesn't use paper napkins or Styrofoam containers; we scoop food with our hands and wipe our mouths on our shirts.

We now stand on the precipice. Our old way of life is dying; jobs are fleeing to other countries, oil prices are skyrocketing, and international terrorism threatens to destroy us all in its religiously motivated quest for world domination.

As we look forward to a new century, I can't help recalling the words of that immortal pop balled that said, "I believe the children are the future." No one ever spoke truer words. Children offer the hope for a better tomorrow; they are our most precious renewable resource."

That is why we should look to the children to solve our current energy crisis. Instead of buying crude oil from Middle Eastern states that want to promote their radical religions, we should have more babies. Rather than relying on illegal immigrants to do the jobs we don't want, like picking fruit or cleaning our port-a-potties, we should have more children. Why send our full grown men and women in uniform to fight international terrorism, when we can just have more children.

Children can be forced into servitude to create electrical energy by turning giant turbines; with enough children, we can cure our oil addiction within our lifetimes. Children are used to being impressed into the worst jobs, whether

its gluing popsicle sticks into shoddily constructed houses at school, or tickling their pastor's balls at church; there is no reason why we can't put kids to work harvesting our produce, mopping our floors, or fluffing our pornstars; besides, children have the tiny hands that would finally allow us to compete with the Asian electronics companies; sure, children's hands are clumsy, but a dedicated, and regimented whipping schedule can take care of that. Our soldiers could sit in comfortable strategic command centers and order wave upon wave of children to advance on our enemies. If we have enough children, we could give them inexpensive weapons like knives, forks, and spoons; that way, when they're done killing, we wouldn't waste money on utensils or food, they could just chow down on their victim's corpses.

The best part is that we could use children to solve all of our day to day problems; with enough children, I would never have to hold an umbrella again, because I would have a child to do that for me.

Sex Mahoney for President

Around the stump of bigotry

I spend a lot of time bashing America.

I actually like America; it has a lot of nice features that I have yet to find in many other countries. Marijuana is easily accessible, gasoline is still much cheaper than anywhere else in the world, and you can get good bagels and pizza in 4% of the country.

Other than that, there's not much about America that makes it any different from 99.9% of the world's developed countries.

As I've said before, don't get too attached to places and things because you never know when you're going to have to flee in a hurry.

Everyone does it from time to time; so, the real question is not "Will you?" rather, "When will you take a powder?"

If you're a soldier on the battlefield, this is an easy question to answer; it's probably a good time to retreat when you see your close friends cut down in a hail of bullets and some commander is standing behind you, telling you to go forward. Don't trust anyone who wants to lead from the rear. Being 'in charge' means you have to stand 'up front.'

I don't know about those men and women who go through the

whole marriage and children rigmarole before finding their feet wanderlust filled, because it seems that once kids enter the picture, you're stuck. Still, if you can saddle your partner with the child, it does make you much harder to chase; therefore, from a technical standpoint, I can understand handing your child to your significant other and running like hell in the opposite direction, but, by that point, you've already gone too far along to make a truly clean break. Someday that kid's going to come looking for you, and it's hard to pretend to be somebody else when you're staring at someone who has proof of your identity coursing through their veins. The only way to fully escape your children is to do a complete blood and organ transfer, and it's much harder to get a hobo to sit still for one of those than you might think.

Death makes running away so much easier, because it puts a natural limit on your earthly life. There's no arguing with death. On the other hand, it's much harder to decide whether or not you'd like to continue to pay for your parent's medical bills when their Medicare runs out and there's still no end in sight for their coma.

I even have a hard time knowing when I should stop eating; apparently, just before the food I've eaten backs up my esophagus with no place left to go, is the best time to stop.

Then there are some folks who tell you that you can't stop, would be immoral to do so. There are people depending on you continuing your current actions. The United States cannot pull its troops out of Iraq because the country would descend into chaos, just like your friendly neighborhood smack head cannot stop shooting up because his dealer relies on him to provide money, in exchange for heroin, with which said drug dealer will feed his family.

We must go on.

The only respite is death and those fifteen minute in the morning in between when your alarm clock goes off and when you actually wake up.

But death really isn't an option; sure, there are those brave souls who suck on the barrel of a rifle, swallow a bottle of sleeping pills and proclaim their love of the New York Times in hillbilly bars, but the rest of us are too chicken to choose the time of our demise.

Like everything else in this capitalist society, I see no reason why we shouldn't commodify life. The government already acts like they own us, so why not put it in writing, perhaps in the form of a contract. When parents want to have children, they can put in a down payment on a life contract, and keep paying into it for as long as they want their child to live. Say you don't want to go through the hassle of raising a kid through those awkward teenage years, just cancel the life contract and let the government take the kid to one of their processing facilities to compost the child into nutritious, delicious soylent green.

Marriage is another one of those contracts that should have a definite end; that 'till death do you part' stipulation is particularly troubling, especially when I wake up in the middle of the night and catch my wife demonically smiling at me while sharpening our hatchet collection.

It would be nice if we could put a timetable on the open ended engagement into which we enter in our lifetimes, but since that would only embolden the terrorists, I guess we're stuck with the system we've got.

Sex Mahoney for President

Seventeen skulls in a hole in the woods

I usually set my alarm clock a few minutes ahead of the actual time.

It's not that I'm worried about being late; I just like living in the future.

For a short period of time, I set my alarm clock thirty minutes fast and, when people came to visit, they wouldn't notice the clock right away but get really nervous when they did.

I like those kinds of practical jokes; the kind where you don't get to see the payoff.

When I had a desktop computer, I switched the c and v keys; most people didn't notice except for the ones who looked at the keyboard to type in their passwords.

Back before I could afford gigantic hard drives, I burned CDs or DVDs full of movies, music and porno for friends. With one particular friend, I started putting a video of one girl shitting into another girl's hands; the other girl then balls up the turd and eats it. I don't remember why I put the video on the CD I gave him, probably just because he asked me to refrain from doing it. In the years since, I have re-gifted that shit video with filenames such as "Chappelle Show - Season 1 - Episode 4," "hot_gurl_fucked_hard" and "Wedding Video." I always get an semi-angry phone call about a month later.

I like practical jokes.

I can't be the only person who does; we have a whole holiday in April devoted to the practical joke.

Practical jokes are the only legitimate reason I can imagine for people's continued belief in God. Somewhere along the line, a group of intelligent early humans came up with a really funny joke and told their fellow cave dwellers that all of nature was controlled by a deity; the longer they went without letting anyone in on the joke, the funnier it became. To think that there is a bleary eyed family sitting in a church, singing 'O, Come All Ye Faithful' on Christmas morning instead of playing with all the cool toys they opened immediately before going to religious service, is a very funny joke, indeed.

Nearly every serious aspect of our society probably started out as a joke played on a rather gullible person; how else can you explain the tankini?

There are certain times when people prefer that you not joke around, because it doesn't fit the atmosphere, like at a wedding, or a funeral, but if there's ever a place that needed a little enlivening, it's a funeral. The best way to honor a person's memory is not to sit in a water damaged funeral parlor room, cry over how much you loved the deceased, and listen to your distant relatives talk about how life-like the corpse looks; it's to have a good time and remind everyone in the room that the next time, they might not be so lucky.

Like I told my brother at my grandmother's funeral, if they didn't want anyone to hide underneath the coffin and goose people paying their respects, then they shouldn't put a curtain around the table on which it sits.

The police hate it when you joke around, especially if they're interrogating you. I can understand why they get so defensive because they're trying to create an intimidating atmosphere, and you can't laugh and frighten people at the same time, but if you're on the receiving end of the questions, either you're guilty, and they're going to find out what you did eventually, or you're innocent, and you have nothing about which to worry, either way, laughter is the finest way to make the best of a bad situation.

Most aspiring young comedians are deterred from the path of hilarity during their formative school years, when their teachers found nothing as abhorrent as two, or more, students sharing a good joke. Whether you were rapped on the knuckles, sent to detention, given a time out, or forced to undergo sensitivity counseling, being singled out for punishment puts a damper on most people's interest in getting a laugh. Over time, they become blander and blander until they giggle when they open greeting cards and they think Carlos Mencia is funny.

Laughter is the opposite of everything our society is built to stand against, order instead of chaos, fun instead of work, rubber chickens instead of arrow through the head hats. At the end of the day, if you look at a group of mostly hairless monkeys who dump their own refuse into their drinking supply and claim they were made in a god's image and don't laugh, then you're missing out on one of the greatest jokes ever played in history.

Just don't tell anyone else, it will be funnier if they find out on their own.

Sex Mahoney for President

Your
dimestore
smile
don't
hide what
you
betray

I just finished

watching nine straight
hours of stand-up comedy.

There's not much new TV
these days, so when 'The
Daily Show' and 'Colbert
Report' go on a break, I've
got to pass the time
somehow.

So, I downloaded fifteen
years of 'Comedy Central
Presents.'

I was actually surprised that there were so many good comedians. I expected most of them to suck, and, to be honest, there were a good many of them that did suck; however, the majority of comedians were good enough to make me laugh out loud, or at least remark to my wife, "That's kinda funny."

The surprising thing was that so many people laughed at the really crappy comedians. These poor saps would tell dead jokes, jokes that didn't fail to land, they just failed; and even the comedians knew they were bad, but the people kept laughing.

As far as I can tell, you only need to do one thing to be a stand-up comedian: talk about the differences between men and women.

Especially if you highlight how illogical, neat, and proper women are, and how piggish, uncultured, and rough men are.

Or, there are some comedians who do the opposite.

Either way, you have to talk about men and women.

It's part of the liturgy.

There's not much different between church and a comedy club; the both serve alcohol, you go there looking for a particular experience, and, for the most part, you find exactly what you seek.

When you go to a comedy club, you psyche yourself into a laughing mood, and lubricate that with a generous portion of liquor, so that you want to laugh; laughter becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, like when you give yourself an enema before going to your friendly neighborhood gay bar. That's why there are still some unfortunate saps out there who think that Dane Cook is funny.

The same is true of church, where religious people go in looking to get moved, and they leave feeling moved.

Seek and ye shall find... even the bible sometimes gets one right.

The weirdest thing is that attendees sometimes feel the spirit of laughter, or salvation, even if they're disbelievers. Some people chalk this up to the spirit of the lord melting those hardened hearts, but, since the same thing takes place at comedy clubs and public lynchings, it's not too much of an imaginative stretch to assume that all three are instances of mob mentality.

When you get a bunch of people to direct their emotions to a common goal, they act like a magnet, attracting new devotees.

That's why, at your cousin's wedding, you feel so good you raise a toast with that Aunt, who refused to give you beverages after 8 PM ever since that one time you wet the bed at her house, or that Uncle, who used to touch you behind the family woodshed when he was sure that no one was paying attention.

Of course, magnetism both attracts and repels, so while some people join in the revelry of the church service, comedy club, public lynching, and wedding, others are repulsed by the positively, or negatively charged, emotions and do their best to distance themselves.

At a wedding or a comedy club, most people are content to leave you alone with your contrary attitude, because they're too busy having a good time, or drunkenly hitting on their more attractive cousins, that they don't notice your dissent; however, at a church service, or a lynching, anyone not taking part in the festivities becomes suspect; in the latter case because there are certain legal implications for the people involved, and in the former...

Well, the former presents a significant problem, because, in a church, there's no reason why the people should be so upset by someone who doesn't jump in, but, quite often, they are even angrier than the people at a lynching.

And why not, since church is a celebration of death and a renunciation of life.

Still, there's no reason why the intended consequences of church should lead to the expected outcome; after all, churches and comedy clubs have a fair amount in common: they both serve booze, crappy food, and most of the people who get up to speak are mediocre at best. So why not treat a church like you would a comedy club.

When the priest, rabbi, or imam, says something particularly ludicrous, like how a Jewish rabbi rose from the dead and went around showing himself to the people who would already be inclined to continue seeing him after he died instead of an objective observer; feel free to laugh.

Or when they offer you wine, and then try to get you to move along instead of getting a second one, remind them that you already paid those guys who came around with baskets, and that you demand a two drink minimum.

At the very least, heckle the priest/rabbi/imam.

Sex Mahoney for President

Let
your
girl
scouts
lip-
synch
about
freedom

I haven't spent

that much time in the south,
but I do like the song
'Dixie.'

The strange thing is that
I've never actually met
anyone from the south.

Sure, I've talked to people
who live in Tennessee,
Louisiana, and Georgia, but
when I ask them what it's
like living in the south,
they tell me that they
don't. They say the south
is somewhere further south
than from wherever it is
they hail. It seems that no
matter how far south you go,
the real south is just a
little further on.

Last year I met a guy from Olmito, Texas who scornfully
looked down his nose at those hillbilly Brownsvillians.

Or the opposite occurs, where, after a few hours of
tireless heckling, people tell me that yes, they do live
near the south, like this guy I met from Montgomery,
Alabama, but that they're not rednecks or yokels, like the
people from Wiggins, Mississippi that my Yellowhammer
friend disdained.

The same was true back in little old New Jersey where I

lived. No matter how far south in the state you went, there were still people who said that they lived in North or Central Jersey and that South Jersey started the next town over.

Nobody is happy being where they are.

Even good, ole George W Bush acts and talks like he is from Texas but he was actually born in New Haven, Connecticut; hell, I'm proud of my New Jersey heritage, but I was really born in Framingham, Massachusetts.

Either way, I'm getting off topic. What I want to know is why everyone thinks it's such a bad thing to either live in the South or come from a rural background?

There's just as much foolishness in a city as there is on a farm; I've never fucked a pig, but I have had sex with several women who resembled them, and while it is tempting to look down at a rural boy who has his first sexual experience with a swine, the hoof scars those girls left on my wart covered genitals make me just as deserving of the same.

At the end of the day, does it really matter if the conspiracy in which you believe is that Jewish alien Muslim communists, who in your repressed memories, look suspiciously like your Uncle Jethro, gave you an anal probe; or that government agents are using your Super Saver Club card to keep tabs on your purchases in hopes of one day implanting you with GPS tracking chips? Not really, although, while both cases require a healthy amount of disbelief, the former requires a lot less Preparation H and crying in the fetal position.

It doesn't matter if you're from the north or the south,

the country or the city; stupid people are the same everywhere. I've met guys from Charleston, West Virginia who have fifteen children from fourteen different women, and women from Manhattan who think that Tajikistan is a skin firming cream made from the placental leftovers of stillborn Quakers.

Nor should we assume that racism is unique to one particular geographic region over another. Yes, they do have the Ku Klux Klan in the South, but they also have the Republican and Democratic National Party Headquarters in the North. You don't often hear about racial prejudice from places in the north like New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine, but that's because there's only three black people that respectively live in each state, and their jobs require them to travel a lot.

Intolerance and ignorance flourish everywhere, so it's no surprise to encounter them anywhere. What is surprising is people's grim insistence on linguistically distancing themselves from such folks by saying they don't live in the South. Perhaps rural denizens feel that the lack of entertainment in their small communities is cause for shame, but, since stupid people are everywhere, the same kinds of stupid entertainment that you find in the countryside is present in the city, only it costs a lot more. The placebo effect causes human beings to assign greater importance to expensive goods and services, so it's easy to understand why some people are willing to pay ten dollars for a shot of Absolut vodka at a swanky Manhattan bar, but no one is interested in trying the free samples of my bathtub sambuca, even after I assure them that I got all the toenail clippings and cat vomit out of THIS batch.

Where you were born or where you live are immaterial concerns that have no relevant bearing on a human being's

development; a person can acquire the ability to logically construct an argument, question established wisdom, and learn from their mistakes anywhere; these are the things that make a person worthwhile, not where their mother shat them out, where they moved to find work, or where their abusive husbands force them to work in poorly buttressed salt mines.

If at any time, you feel ashamed of where you live, then applaud yourself for having the necessary intelligence and imagination to examine your surroundings, and your place in them, without being blinded by regional pride; however, if you feel like you are perfectly suited to your current location and have never entertained contrary thoughts, then I am sorry for wasting your time with this essay, and you may now resume watching 'American Idol.' I hear that, this week, Syesha Mercado is going to pee in David Cook's mouth while they sing a duet of 'Dachau Blues' by Captain Beefheart.

Sex Mahoney for President

Awoke
myself
from
a
nose
dive
slide

Most people would scoff at the idea of having someone's name tattooed on their body, especially if that name belonged to their lover.

Of course, if anyone told you that they were thinking of doing it, you'd nod your head and tell them what a good idea it is. We lie best not when we lie to ourselves, but when we lie to avoid painful conversations with people we consider idiots.

Marriage is supposed to be just as permanent as a tattoo, but I'm willing to bet that it's much harder to find a couple with their names tattooed on each other than with rings on their fingers.

When it comes to a life altering decision, people are much more willing to throw caution into the wind, but when it comes to altering their bodies... well, you only get one body but you can always have more lovers, even if you're married.

As far as we're concerned, this body is it; we can't trade it in for a new one.

It's easy to understand why people are protective of their bodies and it excites us to see someone who doesn't give a shit about keeping themselves safe; one of the best things about the 'Jackass' troupe is their willingness to torture and mutilate their bodies just to entertain the rest of us.

Still, there comes a time when we have to remember that, while they may be permanent for us, our bodies are just more temporary organic matter, and at a time when we are dangerously overpopulating the planet and over indulging in our use of fossil fuels, it only makes sense to treat our bodies with the proper dignity they deserve.

So stop paying good money to have your corpse planted in the ground.

As far as I'm concerned, there's only one good reason for burying humans, and that's to make our corpses into energy presents for future generations. The people of the future might need the extra fossil fuel, and we have the technical know how to make our decomposing remains turn into oil, coal, or natural gas; however, if that's the reason we're burying ourselves, then it makes much more sense to do it in mass graves.

I love to walk around old cemeteries as much as the next guy, but not because it conjures up memories about the old times, I can do that much more effectively with books and journals, or a reverence for the people who came before me, I get that every time someone compliments my parents by telling me how much they admire my writing; no, I like walking around old cemeteries because I think it's funny to see grave stones, that are so eroded it is impossible to read the names carved into them, being regularly maintained and straightened.

It's creepy to think of the things that people will do to your body after you die, but it's time that we stopped lying to each other, and ourselves, and accepted that after we're dead, this thing that we like to wash, polish, and masturbate now, will be just one more pile of inanimate matter when we're gone. Even if you're one of those optimistic people who believe that your soul is destined for gumdrop happiness in heaven, your body is still just a pile of useless meat once your heart stops beating.

Well, maybe not entirely useless...

You are, after all, still full of perfectly good organs after you die, and, as good citizens, we should all donate our organs to people who need them; however, donating our organs doesn't go far enough to alleviate the problems we cause by burying our dead.

There are so many things we could do with corpses, besides sticking them in the ground.

Corpses are a cheap food source. They also float, so you could just strap a corpse around a child's arms and use them as water wings.

A good tanner can make a solid football from human skin.

Can you imagine the implications of a car that runs on corpses? We might finally be able to quit our addiction to foreign oil.

Besides, there are a lot of lonely necrophiliacs out there who have no one to keep them cold on a warm night like this, just because you don't want anyone having sex with your corpse after you're dead, and I promise that it will hurt less than getting a tattoo.

Sex Mahoney for President

You have
a flair
For
Taking
Off
clothes

I have a hard time remembering Korean people's names.

I have a hard time remembering names in general; my wife is constantly mentioning the names of people we've met at various bars, social functions, and monkey gang bangs; however, I usually have no idea to whom she refers. The other day, I picked up the phone and the voice on the other end of the line said, "Hi, this is Mom" and I said, "Mom, who?"

With Korean people it's even worse, because the names are completely foreign and I have yet to discover any gender patterns. Most of the time, if I have to use someone's name, I just mumble "Mr. Kim" and hope that no one hears me.

I get on fine, even though I don't know anyone's name; for the last three weeks, I have had in-depth conversations with my desk neighbors in the office, but if you asked me to name any of them, I couldn't help you.

It makes me think that names are largely unnecessary.

I mean, if you called a rose a shit burger, husbands would still buy shit burger bouquets for their wives on Valentine's Day, their Anniversary, and anytime they

accidentally call out their wife's attractive, younger sister's name in bed; right?

I've had several names in my life; right now, people call me Sex Mahoney, my friends used to call me the Jew, before that I was called Stabone (like the character from 'Growing Pains'), and when I was little my parents used to call me abortion, to remind me that the option was always on the table.

I still use my given name, but that has changed over time as well; I started as a Richard, then grew into a Rich, next I became a Richie, and now I'm Fucking Asshole, which my wife is trying to get the courts to recognize as my name because of common usage.

I like my name just fine, but I don't know if that's because it's genuinely a good name, or if, like a longtime herpes sufferer, I'm just so used to it that I don't notice the drawbacks anymore. Perhaps as a Walter, Harry, or Jack, I'd be just as happy go lucky.

Giving a child a name is just one of the many reasons why I would never have children. The decision you make in that hospital stays with that kid for a long time; for most people, their name lasts their whole life. It's bad enough that a doctor yanks a mewling infant from a woman's womb and, if it's a boy, consigns its foreskin to the circumcisionist, or, if it's a girl, puts her firmly underneath a glass ceiling, but to then subject the poor, innocent child to the further torture of giving it a stupid name like Skyler, Kaitlyn, or Trojan Blowjob (because, in the case of the first name, its breakage is the primary reason for the baby, and, for the middle name, its mother's disinclination to give one resulted in using the faulty rubber).

Parents already force too many unhealthy things on their children: religious indoctrination, broccoli, and those baby-sized sailor suits. It's demeaning, and it leaves scars that last a lifetime.

Besides, why do you need a name? Your close friends will give you a nickname whether you want it or not, and your closest friends will stop using your name altogether.

Don't give your children a name; let them choose their own when they grow up. In the meantime, you can avoid the difficulties that arise from having an unnamed child grow up in your care by keeping the kid on a leash. Whenever you want to tell your kid to stop doing something, just give the leash a good, hard tug.

When we're old enough to earn names, we should receive titles that accurately reflect our station in life. I'm tired of meeting girl's named Trixi who slap me in the face when I shove money in their underwear; and I never want to meet another Lance if it means another interminable weekend at a Liza Minelli themed gangbang. If I never hear a fat guy dressed in a Big Bird costume, signing 'Cabaret' with a cock in his mouth again, it will be too soon.

Since our names no longer reference our parent's profession, for which a proctologist's children are eternally grateful, then it's about time that we reintroduced our life's work in our names by using our profession as our last names and our hobbies as our first. Right now, you can call me 'Jerk-off Teacher,' but if I play my cards right, then some day I'll be 'Professor Jerk-off Teacher.'

What's your name?

Sex Mahoney for President

For a
Wail in
song and
a good
guitar

I play dungeons and dragons.

My paper and pencil role playing is just one of the many things that make me an incredible dork. Sure, I can play it cool just so long as I constantly smoke cigarettes, don't open my mouth, and wear my black trench coat, but as soon as anyone gets a look at my powder blue, Homer Simpson-esque pants, the jig is up.

It is especially pronounced when I meet someone that I admire, and none of my attempts to be witty can ease the situation.

During a 1997 appearance at a Champs Sports Restaurant, in Edison, New Jersey, I asked then New York Giant cornerback, Jason Sehorn, "What's it like to be so cool?"

I'm sure that professional athletes, actors, musicians, politicians, and various other celebrities field ridiculous questions like that one all the time, but that doesn't make it any less embarrassing; nor am I excused by the rather long winded and whining explanation I have for how a stupid joke turned into one of the lamest things that has ever come out of my mouth.

At the end of the day, I'm just a big geek.

Most of the time, I feel in control; I can stay aloof

enough to make silly jokes about things or test some new material on my friends and family, but when I meet someone I admire, it shocks me back to reality and I'm left blubbering like a sixteen-year-old girl who just realized what it really means when her much older boyfriend says he's going in through the backdoor.

Adolescent anal tearing aside, I don't know what to do to cure myself of this mysterious affliction; all I know is that I have to do something, because I'm angling for a career in the entertainment industry, and I can't go around drooling after celebrities like I'm the president of the Boise, Idaho chapter of the Vince Edwards fan club.

It's all these celebrities' fault, going around, sharing their creativity with the world; what are we supposed to do besides bask in the reflective glory of their genius?

For a musician, expressing your adulation is no problem, you just bob your head or break into a dance while their song is playing and hope they notice you from the stage. I can't tell you how many miles I must jogged, while doing the running man, before Monique Powell finally acknowledged my presence by pointing at me shortly before two of the venue's bouncers dragged me into an alley behind the bar and beat the crap out of me.

What are you supposed to say to a writer that you admire?

"Oh man, this motherfucker knows how to conjugate a verb. Someone get this man a drink."

Although, I did once overhear a conversation between a conceptual artist and one of his more rabid fans about how no one knew how to better sculpt human feces into representations of the Monaco royal family.

The hard part is that most of my creative idols are relatively obscure people, who are not used to the kind of unconditional doting that major celebrities receive. I'm sure that, if I approached Paris Hilton, she would just sign her name on my penis and be gone, but when you pull your cock out in a supermarket parking lot and hand John Swartzwelder a sharpie, then you shouldn't be surprised to have it shoved back up your ass.

I don't mean to imply that John Swartzwelder is a violent man, after all, who among us could say that they could endure the rigors of celebrity. One of the best things in life is walking into a crowd of people and having every single one of them ignore you, or, better yet, stare at you with wild eyes and clutch their children a little closer to their sides, because, unless you get caught in the middle of a stampede, or you're Michael Jackson, there's no harm in being a nobody; besides, as long as we have friends and family, we're all a somebody to someone... unless you're an only child, whose parents are dead, and who never learned how to make friends or hold a job, in which case, yes, you are most likely a nobody.

But being a nobody isn't so bad: the police don't know you exist, you can pee anywhere you want, and you never have to tell someone that you admire their shit sculpture because it transcends the bounds of conventional art.

Now, if someone will please give me the number of a good, discrete doctor who can extract a permanent marker from an inflamed rectum, and not ask too many questions while doing it, I'd be greatly appreciative.

Sex Mahoney for President

When I Make love to your memory

I've had enough of
the 60s.

Sure, free love, and all
the dope you can smoke and
acid you can drop are a gas,
man, but there's nothing
far out about flower
children and their lasting
legacy.

Not only did the 60's children make it impossible for
anyone to protest anything without being labeled a hippy,
but they also ruined perfectly good things like smoking
marijuana, not showering, and convincing politically
motivated teenage girls to have unprotected sex.

I enjoy all of those activities, but I can't participate in
any one of them without being branded a 'hippy.'

I hate labels of all kinds, but hippy in particular. By the
time a taxonomic classification develops for a particular
group, attitude, or lifestyle, there's a good chance that
anything pure, inventive, or interesting has been weeded
out through focus-group marketing research and the general
public's disdain for all things different. Just like many
of the other groups that define themselves based on a
clothing template, restricted music choice, and silly
names; hippies are just as vapid as any bleach blonde
strumpet you might find sampling lip gloss in your nearest

mall; the only difference is that the former cries "Fuck the police" when they want to be rebellious, while the latter says "OMG! Let's get a Cinnabon."

Either way, I generally like the vapidness that goes along with a pair of barely legal breasts, and I can put up with it long enough to take a mental picture of what I imagine said girls look like naked; however, upon getting to know either the hippy chick or the mall mattress, it's much harder to classify them based on their clothing style, musical tastes, or political opinions when they both just want fulfillment for the same basic desires to make a little money, have fun with their friends, and hopefully get drunk enough to think that sleeping with a guy like me is a good idea.

Even the best labels don't last when individually dealing with people; so, why would anyone use a label at all?

The strongest uses of labels come from tight-knit communities, where the label is applied to either strengthen group unity or to strengthen adversarial power; although, usually the two go hand in hand. One of the tricks that creative writing teachers teach is to bolster a protagonist's perceived strength by enhancing the power of the villain. When you're dealing with an illusory or, even worse, ambiguous foe, it's damn near impossible for people to agree on any course of action because they all have their own opinions about the best way to proceed; however, if you have a concrete, literal enemy, you can frighten almost anyone into believing whatever you have to say.

That's why it's easy, for even the dumbest politicians, to get funding for their "Anti-Terrorism and Pro-Kickbacks to my Campaign Supporters" bill, but genuine, kind-hearted attempts to solve serious problems like urban poverty,

political corruption, and belly button lint, are met with dismissal, disdain, or profane, sexual recriminations about someone's mother.

I don't know what it was about hippies that scared people so much, but it was enough to create some of the all time greatest, hippie-killing movies ever made like 'Dirty Harry' and 'Death Wish.'

Fear changes as we age. When we were children, we were afraid of concrete things like shadows that resembled evil clowns, that mysterious noise that came out of the basement at night, and being left alone with Uncle Frank; but now that we're adults, our fears are so diluted. Sure, we might get worked up if the boss walks into the cubicle while you're looking at the hotties on faranimalfuckers.com, but most of the time, our fears mysteriously dance around our impenetrable denial shields. The older we get, the better we become at resisting fear, so that eventually we're all like the loudmouthed bureaucrat who gets his comeuppance in the third act of an action and/or horror film.

Everything is fine, there's no reason to panic.

Labels allow us to create real life versions of the bogeymen that haunted our childhoods.

The only thing is that, as children, the bogeyman was really just a psychological diversion created to protect our infant brains from whatever really scared us. If Daddy drank and played baby slingshot, we might create a monster that sends us hurtling through space at its brick wall of evil. As adults, we should have the intelligence and common sense to break down the metaphor and see precisely what scares us when there's no one around to impress, except we don't. We continue to make up imaginary things of which to

be afraid and pretend like we're doing everything we can to fight them so that we're too busy to notice that all those things we really fear, dying, poverty, cancer, and smurfs, always remain just out of our reach, and there's nothing anyone can do to live forever or stop those three apple tall demons from hell.

Let's put the labels to rest; other people can use them, sure, but that's because other people are idiots, not you. You're a bright young woman or man, with most of your life still ahead of you, and you have no need for things like labels, because if you get really scared, and you don't know what to do, then you can always go kick the shit out of a hippy.

They usually don't fight back.

Sex Mahoney for President

Your Legs are like corned beef

There's a certain logic that says responsible gun ownership necessitates a waiting period, of varying length, before the purchase of a new gun.

As much as I might like to agree with this policy, I can only support rules and regulations that stretch across all areas, because guns are no different from anything else in the damage that they can do.

Although a gun may allow a murderer a greater distance from which to kill their enemies, a chainsaw would be just as, if not more, effective, and far less likely to draw the attention of the police. For those of you who live in suburban neighborhoods, the sound of a gun would most likely rouse you from your coffee on a sleepy Sunday morning and you'd probably call the cops before the killer managed to get away; however, the sound of a chainsaw would blend right in to the reflective, early morning drawl of your neighbor's lawn mowers, and you'd probably go right back to your Ziggy comics and Daily Jumbles while the killer hightailed it home.

As far as I know, there is no waiting period for purchasing a chainsaw, or a really big axe.

You could do just as much damage with a really big axe, and I'm willing to bet that there isn't even an age restriction

on buying one of those; so, why the obsession with guns and their control?

Hell, you can do a lot more damage with fire than you can with a gun, and they give matches away all over the place... even at gas stations; that's like handing out rotten tomatoes at a live performance of 'The Unbearable Lightness of Funky Winkerbean' by the Altoona Group of Improvising Mime Performers.

Gun control doesn't make any sense if the people doing all the control still have guns. If cops were disarmed, I might be more amenable to gun control, but knowing that officer friendly has the ability to pump my ass full of lead is enough to make me want to have a gun and to use it if I feel like it.

Plus, guns have practical applications beyond intimidation and killing; maybe you think your neighbor's car doesn't have enough holes in it and you're too lazy to leave your property.

If you're a gun control supporter, then there's a simple way to enforce your will on everyone, just go out, get a gun, shoot anyone you see who has a gun. Just to be safe, shoot anyone who makes it sound like they have a gun in their house, or lives with someone who does; that way, you can tell the police you opened fire on a group of hopscotching kindergartners to send a message to their gun-toting parents.

Mandatory waiting periods to purchase consumer goods would also help people from making impulse buys. Dieting fat people would have to wait three days to get their super-sized McLard Meals, and, perhaps by that time, they will no longer feel as tempted to indulge their gastrointestinal

recklessness, or they could just order food three days in advance, every day.

Part of me thinks that's what this whole waiting period is all about. If a person has to wait for their gun, then it's awfully hard for a defense attorney to claim temporary insanity as a motive for their client's crimes. If that's the case, then any of you potential killers would do well to keep a gun around at all times, just so that legal option is still available to you when the time to use it comes.

I know that the gun issue is a loaded one, especially since many people know at least one person who died from bullet overexposure, but any restrictions on gun ownership is nothing more than socialist, liberal, homosexual, pre-9/11 thinking. What kind of a message does it send to our fighting men and women overseas if the tools of their trade are regulated back home? They might start to think that volunteering to be trained killers is not as honorable profession as famed public speakers, such as George Patton, Napoleon, and Hitler, make it out to be.

Guns give everyone the right to voice their opinion in a free, and open, marketplace of ideas. When you brandish a gun at a group of strangers, they will usually pay much more attention to what you say; that's why all Mormon and Jehovah's Witnesses carry small caliber handguns when they go door to door.

Unfortunately, ever since the squirrel incident of '04, I'm not allowed to have guns anymore, but that doesn't mean I will give up defending those patriots who exercise their right to purchase as many rocket launchers as the law will allow, because, you never know when Canada and Mexico will finally decide it's time to start the attack.

Sex Mahoney for President

Let's
duet in
ways
that
make us
feel
good

Between logic and emotion, there is a happy medium; unfortunately, we humans are it and we are neither logical nor happy.

You could make the argument that we're emotional, but that's reaching.

Many of us have learned to fake our way through emotions, or to break down when our logical minds cannot rationalize a situation, but that's not real emotion, it's more like playing with yourself when you feel your dick going soft, it'll work for a little while, but probably not long enough to finish the job.

Somewhere in the middle, there's us, the human race, desperately trying to convince everyone, by which I mean ourselves, that we're special because we're logical, but more so because we have emotions.

You gotta have heart.

Except heart is exactly what makes us so much like everything else.

If you shoot a lion six or seven times, it will keep trying to fight you, or run away, until it dies; no one can argue that a lion doesn't have heart, but I can definitely argue that a lion doesn't have the necessary logic to create a gun.

Naturalists say that lions don't need guns, because they're powerful hunters without them, but that only makes sense if no one is shooting at the lions. If it came down to a fight between a lion and an armed hunter, then you can be damned sure that a lion needs a gun, even if it doesn't have the opposable thumbs necessary to operate it.

Still, when you watch our human propaganda in the movie theater, on TV, or at Hume-con '08, it's the logical, unemotional characters that always play the villains and the emotional, illogical characters that play the heroes. Whether it's the soldier who wants to take fifteen of his fellows back into heavy enemy fire to rescue the one guy that fell behind, the mother who is willing to risk her life to save her unborn baby even if it means orphaning her seven living children, or the doctor willing to expose millions of people to a rare, deadly virus rather than incinerating an infected town; in movies, emotion wins against logic all the time.

But this isn't the movies; this is real life, where logic should win most of the time. It makes sense, for people who have the money, to adopt or foster children instead of having their own; it makes sense for women to have abortion as an option when there are still men out there who refuse to wear condoms because "Jesus and the Pope told me that's

how you become a homosexual;" and sometimes it makes sense to leave some people behind.

You can't save them all.

The idea that you can is as dangerous as dictatorial communism and organized religion. It starts with people doing their best to help their friends and family; it ends with people enforcing their beliefs on others with good intentions and horrible consequences.

Besides, would you really want to save them all? There are enough of us here as it is, and keeping everyone around will sure make things crowded, once the zombies start to attack; so, we've got to make rational decisions now to protect ourselves in the future.

If the movies have taught us anything, it's that the future will be a terrible place where warlords will make us fight in slave pits, apes will rule the earth, zombies will have destroyed the last vestiges of human society, and Will Smith and Keanu Reeves will keep us safe from robots or talented actors.

In the meantime, there's a whole lot of waiting around to do, and I'm getting pretty impatient; if the government is not going to deliver on the jet packs and rocket cars, then they could at least make with the nuclear war so we can finally get this show on the road; in addition, the onset of nuclear war will trigger the rapture, thereby getting rid of all those annoying Christian proselytizers.

Too many of us are sitting around in that happy middle ground, afraid to commit to an extreme and hasten the end of life as we know it. When people start a family, a whole lot of that crazy goes out of them, and they are willing to

compromise, delay, and excuse the revolution. Luckily, nature endows each of us with a built in self destruct mechanism, so that, no matter how much crazy, racist, xenophobic, or self-destructiveness bleeds out of you when you set eyes on your child, all your worst fears are instantly personified in the human being who will one day marry your child.

So choose wisely and don't let a silly thing like logic interfere with your decision making process; base everything off emotion and we'll be one step closer to Armageddon.

It's the logical thing to do.

Sex Mahoney for President

I just Flipped Off President George

We live in a
mysterious world.

I'm not talking about ghosts, angels, aliens, Lemurians, or any of that hogwash; rather, I mean the mysteries in our natural world such as what actually lives at the bottom of the Marianas trench, how many licks does it take to get to the center of the earth, and how do they make those jellybeans that taste like hot buttered popcorn?

On one hand, it's detrimental to answer such weighty questions by invoking a deity and assigning any hitherto unanswered questions to their bailiwick because theistic proponents tend to get defensive about intrusions into their god's domain; on the other hand, it's equally damaging to wash our hands of the problem and leave all such pursuits to the scientific elite because those people are smart enough to make up terms and theories too complicated for the rest of us to understand. In both cases, we end up paying money to people who don't really know what they're doing, but promise us great, future rewards if we're willing to finance their pursuits.

America is a country torn between these two extremes. Our ancestors left a fierce religious legacy, founded on the firm principle that everything you get caught for doing is wrong, but everything else is fair game; however, we owe our success and power to the secular world of science,

technological innovation, and not being bombed during World War 2.

It would seem as though there were no way to resolve these two warring factions of our collective subconscious; especially since the people who try to do so often have a vested interest in the outcome.

The preacher who extends an olive branch to science wants to use that friendship to validate their crazier theories about a two thousand year old Jewish corpse coming back on a flaming horse, and the scientist who breaks bread with the religious wants to avoid history's harsh condemnation for his invention of the a mint-sized chemical weapon nicknamed 'Napalmos: The Flesh Melter.'

As we look into the future, we are forced to answer the difficult question as to which one stays and which one goes: the well intentioned but often murderous and oppressive religion, or the well intentioned but often destructive and catastrophic science.

I don't know about you, but I like internet chess, disease free food, and videos of girls shitting in each other's mouths, so I'm more inclined to lean toward the science, even if that means I will one day develop several types of painful, incurable cancer as a result of the butter flavoring in jellybeans.

From the internet and cancer's wide-spread dissemination, it would seem that a good many of you feel the same way.

That's why it's time to fight back against organized religion and the faithful; from what I've read, there hasn't been a genuine attempt to get the God out of heaven in over six thousand years, and the only reason that those

renegade angels lost last time was that they did not have the technology to overcome a flaming sword.

So, if you're unsure about on which side of the dividing line you fall, I strongly urge you to choose a life of secular humanism. If we're wrong, we'll have the technical capabilities to air condition hell and construct nuclear weapons to use against heaven's golden throne.

The best part is that, if we attack when the '700 club' is on, we'll catch heaven completely by surprise.

Sure, there's a pretty good chance that hell is just as imaginary as Lemurians and angels, but logically speaking, it doesn't make any sense that hell would be a place solely for punishment; especially since Satan is planning another attack with all the collected souls. In that case, I imagine that hell has a pretty good benefit package, and, since even fallen angels can create non-living things such as Pandemonium and gunpowder, then there's no reason to think that hell isn't one of the more comfortable places in the imaginary universe.

It can't be any worse than Florida.

Right now, we've got to enjoy all the technological innovations we can before we start running out of the things that power our toys like oil and orphan tears, because the good times don't last forever, and, as you'll know if you've ever been to a mostly male Eastern European gang bang, dwindling supplies tend to make people act a little nutty.

There will be time to go back to praying to statues and burning people at the stake once we're all out of juice; in the meantime, enjoy the spectacle.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'll
Play
Along
with the
charade

Too much
intelligence is
never good for anybody.

It seems like being really smart will improve your life, but, at the end of the day, people will only resent your intelligence.

Nobody likes a smarty pants know-it-all.

Sometimes you just have to turn to these people and say, "Sure, it's probably not a good idea to have a gasoline filled water balloon and flame thrower fight, but it's a lot of fun and I don't need ten fingers anyway."

People who tell you not to do something, or to do something that you don't want to do, are just elitist snobs who think they know better than you about how to run your life, but, as you may have said to your parents when you were a teenager, they need to know that they're not the boss of you.

I'm tired of people with 'professional education' and 'common sense' telling me how to live my life. I live my life just fine. Why, just this morning, I was eating a

Hershey's chocolate syrup and marshmallow breakfast sandwich, when a woman gave me a condescending look as I washed the whole thing down with a cigarette and a fifth of gin. Some people have got a lot of nerve.

Then again, too little intelligence is just as bad.

I've got a semi-retarded cousin that I keep locked on a chain in my basement and he's always getting his fingers into places where they don't belong: electrical outlets, power tools, girl scouts.

With a presidential election cycle gearing up, the word elitist has been bandied about by politicians, radio hosts, and newscasters who make several times more money than the average worker, while speaking about two Ivy League graduates, and one son of a four star admiral, who all reported at least one million dollars on their '07 income taxes.

In order to overcome the anti-elitist sentiment in America, a politician has to be a person of the people, which means they can't be too smart, but they can't be so dumb as to think that potato is spelled with an 'E' or that they can get away with demanding bribes in the White House.

In the 'Happy Days' universe, that means Mr. Cunningham and Richie are out for being too smart, while Potsie and Ralph Malph are out for being too dumb. Fonzie and Joanie are both popular candidates, but they both have scandalous pasts, Joanie, because of her time with Pinky Tuscadero, and Fonzie because of his involvement in several youth gangs. If we lived in 'Happy Days' Chachi would be president. He's not the brightest of the bunch, and he's no Arthur Fonzerelli, but he's the least objectionable, and apparently he can be trusted to watch over Nicole Eggert,

Josie Davis, and Alexander Polinsky.

'Charles in Charge' aside, American anti-elitism, and, by extension, anti-intellectualism, are serious problems that we need to work out if we're ever going to have a healthy relationship with the people who want to govern our country. In the grand scheme of things, we're still a relatively young country, so we can be forgiven for mistakes like Warren Harding, Herbert Hoover and Millard Fillmore, but two hundred years is plenty enough time to make serious and rational decisions about our leaders.

We don't want someone too smart, because the bulk of us are pretty stupid, and that would give them too much power over us, the kind our colonial forebears once used to get us to swallow things like stamp taxes and ridiculous accents; and we don't want someone too dumb because we're uncomfortable being in charge ever since that time our parents left us home for the weekend and we trashed the house with a huge party.

At the end of the day, we want someone to whom we can feel superior, but to whom we can turn for comfort in dark times; someone to whom we don't have to listen when times are good, but who will keep us safe from ourselves when our chickens come home to roost.

That's why America, just like so many rich, old men, should elect a stupid woman with gigantic breasts.

Why isn't Mary Carey interested in politics anymore?

Sex Mahoney for President

I'll be
gone in
a day or
two

When, in the

course of human events,
it becomes necessary for
one people to dislodge, or
disgorge, something
particularly odiferous from
your body, and there is no
way to conceal, or silence,
the corpuscular excretion,
a decent respect to the
underside of the furniture,
and their neighbors,
requires that they should
use a tissue or distance
their compatriots from the
cause of their separation.

Or, as Benjamin Franklin once said to a Parisian hooker,
"Don't fart on me."

Being in a romantic relationship is easy, because you
rarely spend more than a few hours together, and, even if
you do, there is always the comfort and safety of your home
to which you may, at any time, retreat.

Sure, things can get complicated if she or he decides to
move in, but, as long as you maintain separate residences,
you still have your sanctuary.

Unfortunately, if you're married, there's nowhere to hide..
which is why you have to get used to boogers and farts.

Just as matrons rarely inform young women about the hidden
joys of childbirth, such as shitting yourself, vaginal

tearing, and afterbirth, farts and boogers are often left out of the modern marriage manual; however, a successful marriage depends on your ability to stomach both.

Not your own boogers and farts, those are easy to stomach; in fact, some of them can be quite pleasant and inspire a feeling of pride as you expose them to the outside world. No, I'm talking about the farting, snot machine that will one day stand across from you in a civil, or religious, ceremony and promise to love, obey, cherish, and hold you. They make passing mention of sickness, foreshadowing the stink and mucus to come, but it's balanced by health, and most people are too giddy with excitement to notice much when they're dressed up like a Barbie doll or a penguin.

No matter how hard you try to please your spouse, or how hard your spouse tries to please you, you can't hold it in forever.

Unless you plan on giving up eating, drinking, and breathing, you'll have to spew sooner or later.

Rather than slowly introducing your spouse to your particular brand of flatulent nose pickings, why not share your peccadilloes from the get-go.?

I often hear relationships compared to animalistic traps such as those employed by spiders, lungfish, and used car salesman, in which the victim is lured into an arrangement without full knowledge of the consequences; just like when you told that drunk girl you met in a bar that you owned your own home, and then kicked her out of the house before the sun came up, so your mom wouldn't see her.

Treating marriage like a predatory relationship turns an already sordid affair into something demeaning to both

parties. Openness, honesty, mutual respect and trust are necessary for a healthy relationship.

The longer you lie to someone, the more disappointed they will be when they find out the truth. If you don't believe me, then just ask Shirley Temple about what really happened aboard the Good Ship Lollipop.

You could lie to someone until they're close enough in your grips to trap them, but it's much more rewarding to assault them with unhealthy doses of the truth and see if they stick around on their own volition.

When you start dating someone, show them your scars from your most recent genital warts outbreak, tell them about your shady, one-night sexual encounters in underdeveloped countries, introduce them to the crazier of your parents, and wait for them to ask you an intensely personal question, sidle up real close, and then burp in their face.

If they laugh, it was meant to be.

It's true that you'll catch more flies with honey than you will with vinegar, but you'll catch even more flies if you cover yourself in garbage and sit in an open cesspool.

It may seem disgusting, but it can't be any more degrading than pretending to laugh, or be impressed, when your date makes you listen to the kind of jokes that get rejected from Popsicle sticks, or tells you about their pedestrian workplace accomplishments.

At least you won't have to hold it in all night.

Sex Mahoney for President

Die for oil, sucker

I distinctly

remember separating my food
when I was a child.

I would arrange my plate's portions into neat piles to avoid any accidental cross contamination. I don't know why that stopped, but, at some point, it did. Now, like all extremists, I have gone one hundred percent in the opposite direction and combine all foods into a mash similar to what farmers feed their hogs.

The resultant combinations opened up a unique flavor world.

Who knew that corned beef hash made the perfect companion piece to powdered sugar, maple syrup, French toast?

Someday, I hope food scientists create a 'human kibble' much like what we feed our pets, so I may consume my daily nutrients in single serving, pellet form.

It's not that I don't like food; I love food. I love food to the point that I am willing to gorge myself at the expense of everything else. If I had to choose between a night of illicit, carnal hijinks with a sixteen-year-old, mute, schoolgirl or an all-you-can-eat buffet, I would pick the buffet nine times out of ten, but, to be fair, that's mostly because I don't have the patience to stomach the inane prattling of a sixteen-year-old girl, even if she's signing them at me with my dick in her mouth.

I just don't like the culture, and temporal investment, that eating requires.

In many ways, I approach food as if it were sex; once I'm finished, I want to go to sleep, masturbate to pictures of anonymous internet strangers, or go back to whatever I was doing beforehand without having to listen to anyone talk about the visceral experience we just shared. Similarly, I don't want to have my eating interrupted by anyone's pointless blather.

Eating and fucking are physical activities and talking is best done while at rest.

I don't mind having a conversation around the drawing room, but, when I'm having sex with my hand and trying to imagine that I'm fucking whatever underage celebrity is taking off her clothes for 'artistic' photographs, I don't want anyone of the other bus passengers distracting me back to reality; so, while talking and fucking is generally discouraged, talking and eating is strictly verboten.

I'm never going to have sex with Miley Cyrus (while she's awake), but I do get the same pleasure while stuffing my face with my favorite foods.

Besides, what do we have to talk about that's so important?

I can fill you in on all the things I've done during an average day, but that's only as interesting as hearing about someone else's bowel movements can ever be. Perhaps if I had a particularly spicy, or greasy dinner, my bowel movements might be more interesting, especially since I am a classically trained writer, who has the skill to meticulously describe every physical, and spiritual, aspect

of the ambrosia that, twice daily, spills from my anus; more likely, my tales of flowery feces will disinterest you more than a presidential debate.

Unless you accidentally put poison in the food I'm eating and forgot to tell me until I had already consumed a fair amount of my meal, I submit to you that there is nothing important enough to warrant interrupting my gluttonous consumption.

The same is true of sex.

The limited vocabulary and subject material available for coital conversation makes dirty talk a parody of itself, and the time it takes to come up with new material and interesting phrases detracts from the fucking's quality.

If your penis is inside an orifice, or if you have a penis in one of your orifices, then the only acceptable expostulations are animalistic grunts. Anything more, and you have a slippery slope that starts with tender phrases like "swallow every drop" and ends with idle chit-chat such as "Did you see the Mets blow it again last night?"

Our words are beautiful, and humanity sure did good by inventing language; sometimes, words can move us to tears, elicit gales of laughter, or calm our worried hearts, but I've never heard anyone say anything that made me cum in my pants or feel stuffed... only food and sex can do that, and, if you're not too particular about what's in your pudding, you can take care of both things at the same time.

Sex Mahoney for President

He rides
head
First
into a
hurricane

Something smells

funny in the air.

In the last few weeks, while walking to work, I have noticed a particular odor creeping into the city's normal eau du exhaust; it smells like death.

At least, that's what it smells like to me.

To the rest of you, it smells like spring, and rebirth; certainly, those are the marketing buzz words that appear on bottles of lotion, shampoo, and bubble bath that have the same scent.

It's the cloying stench of flowers.

I don't understand why people like to take colorful, living things, and watch them slowly die in their homes, especially since there's a hideous double standard. When you do it with roses, everybody tells you how lovely your house looks, but when I do it with my neighbor's parrot, they call me a monster.

Sure, it's unpleasant walking outside when everything is blooming, but I don't mind it so much. Flowers are just plant ovaries, so, when you take in a big whiff of plant pheromones, you're actually sniffing nature's pussy. Even though I don't particularly like the smell, I can appreciate the subtext when a prude, bible-thumping stick-

in-the-mud delicately fingers the petals of a dying flower.

I deal with the smell because, when you live in a city, you have to get used to unpleasant intrusions.

Human beings can get used to anything, and, if you don't believe me, ask those children in Haiti who subsist on whatever rice they can steal and pies made from shortening and mud.

Of course, if you have money, you don't have to get used to shit; you can afford to move far away from the city's stench radius.

In America, people have been moving away from the city for the last half a century, and now it's time to come back home.

Just like its over ambitious chain stores, and the disastrous Napoleonic Invasion of 1812, Americans have over extended themselves. The further you live from your source of income, the more expensive it is to maintain your supply routes. In Napoleon's case, it was because Russian partisans attacked his rear guard from the forest, in America's case, it's because they were attacked by their one weakness, neon signs, flashing lights, and the promise of ambiguous savings.

It's simple cost-benefit analysis: if the average rent in the urban center where you work is lower than the cost of commuting, then it makes sense to live in the city.

Fuck suburbia.

As much as it pains me to turn my back on my roots, the American dream of moving to a quiet neighborhood, a house

with a picket fence, and not living next to black people is a much more expensive way of life than we can currently afford.

City life isn't all bad. You can pay foreign, ex-professionals to deliver food right to your door; you never have a hard time finding drugs; and, with a pair of decent binoculars, you can scan nearby buildings for couples en flagrante delicto. Plus, it's all that much exciting when you masturbate in front of an open window.

Suburbs take away from land that could be used for farming, or 'The Most Dangerous Game' style human hunts. If you sell your house and move back to the city now, your children might be one of those wealthy, elite Americans who gets to hunt people on the Midwestern plains; however, if you try to hang on, they'll most likely be poor, dirt farmers, and Henry Fonda's reincarnation will have to make touching, yet sappy, movies about how hard it is to make a living and how "I'll be all around in the dark - I'll be everywhere. Wherever you can look - wherever there's a fight, so hungry people can eat, I'll be there. Wherever there's a cop beatin' up a guy, I'll be there. I'll be in the way guys yell when they're mad. I'll be in the way kids laugh when they're hungry and they know supper's ready, and when the people are eatin' the stuff they raise and livin' in the houses they build - I'll be there, too."

I know that living in the city carries many dangers that are not often encountered in suburbia; however, it is once again a trade off between two extremes. Would you rather have your children beaten up for their lunch money, or raped by your local neighborhood pedophile?

I'm not saying that people don't get raped in the city; in fact, urban rapes are generally much more violent, and

involve more than one person, since you need to have at least one lookout, but they are less frequent... percentage wise.

Besides, when you live in the city, you have to get used to unpleasant intrusions.

Sex Mahoney for President

I hid in
the
clouded
wrath of
the
crowd

If one of the prerequisites for manliness is the ability to withstand pain, then why is it so hard to find men willing to take my fifteen inch butt-plug challenge?

You'd think that guys would want to show off their prowess, especially in front of the ladies.

Most men will probably tell you that they don't want anything going up their butt because they're not gay; however, one of the prerequisites for being gay is attraction to people of the same sex; so, if a woman, or a man to whom our masculine exemplar is not attracted, shoves something up a man's ass, then it's not gay at all.

I always counsel my female friends to try anal sex, but not if their boyfriend, or significant other, refuses to let them return the favor.

Apart from advertisements, I'm always surprised to hear people refer to real men, or real women, when they're not joking. Whether or not someone is a real man or woman, is a simple question to answer, if they're a man, they will have a Y chromosome on their 23rd pair, and, if they're a woman,

both chromosomes on the 23rd pair will both be X.

Of course, these chromosomal names are just made up, the Y chromosome is so named because it's the letter in the alphabet that comes after X, and the X chromosome is named after its discoverer Xiomar Xio Xenephone.

Our understanding of gender identity is equally made up. Once upon a time, men and women may have played different roles in human society, but, today, there's very little that falls outside the aegis of any gender. You don't have to be a man to watch five hours of television per day, and you don't have to be a woman to use a tampon to stop bleeding from a pelvic orifice (which I would recommend after you try the fifteen-inch butt plug challenge).

The strangest thing is that we have our gender roles completely reversed by social conditioning. One of the first seduction techniques a man learns is to take his penis out in front of a woman; however, once we have our cocks out, we don't know where to go from there, so it's either rub it against her, or slap her in the face with it; neither of which is attractive, proposition-wise.

The age old 'popcorn-trick' technique, in which a man cuts a hole in a tub of popcorn, inserts his phallus through the hole, and waits for the girl to eat her way to the bottom; has caused dozens of unnecessary hot oil penis burns, and you wouldn't believe how much it hurts to get popcorn kernels stuck in your urethra.

It takes women a long time to overcome the social stigma of revealing her breasts in public, but I guarantee that it is a much more effective strategy.

Unfortunately, there's a group of people who don't want you

to see breasts in public; they've even gone so far as to ban partial female nudity at places like the beach, where class is something that people from Bayonne, New Jersey make fun of their friends for attending.

As the weather warms up, and the summer months roll around again, many of you will head to the beach; and, though the day may be hot and you have always wanted to know what it would be like to get a sunburn on your penis, local laws prevent you from removing your clothing at all but the most remote locations.

Don't ask me what decency standard we're preserving when we keep our genitals covered at the place where the water spits the garbage we dump into it back at us, especially not while I'm relaxing at the beach.

As much as I would like to blame this problem on legislators and their anti-public nudity agenda, I can't, because politicians are like old prostitutes and it's easy to convince them to do degrading things for relatively small sums of money; no, the problem lies not with the politicians, but with the people.

Every time you go to the beach and keep your top on (even when the guy with the mullet and I are screaming for you to take it off) you reinforce the negative stereotypes associated with your gender. When you walk into the ocean, stand next to a group of cavorting children, and warm the water around them instead of pissing in the sand and covering your tracks, like a cat, you're giving in to that Puritan morality that has this country in a stranglehold.

So, when you go to the beach this summer, let your breasts swing free, show everyone your penis, and get some color in your butt.

Just don't forget to sign up for the butt-plug challenge; there's a raffle and the first place winner gets to keep the plug.

Sex Mahoney for President

England's had him Long enough

The weather is getting warmer, skirts are getting shorter, and Jewish children everywhere are blowing through allergy medication like it was cocaine at a Sean Hannity gangbang.

Spring is in the air.

This is the time of year that every takes off their bulky winter clothes and starts planting seeds for the fall crop; of course, most of us no longer live a rural lifestyle, so the only crop we're planting is children, an overwhelming amount of which are born in the fall, the result of spring amorousness.

Don't ask me what it is about warm weather that makes people want to get down, because I don't understand it. Just like making ice cream, growing mold, and encouraging your attractive friends to get naked in front of the hidden cameras you posted around your house, there's a limited temperature range in which certain activities will occur.

Perhaps people are more inclined to have sex in the heat because everyone is wearing less clothing, but, while I spend most of the summer similarly scantily clad, there's nothing attractive about a man or woman spreading their ass cheeks apart while standing in front of a fan, so they can blow dry their genitals.

Of course, as any geologist worth their quartz will tell

you, heat is nothing without pressure.

I don't put much stock in those desert dwelling folks, who live in peaceful areas, because they live in a land locked, dry heat, and they don't know the soul-crushing degradation that is peninsular humidity.

New Jersey, where I grew up, is a humid place; Florida is ten times worse. I hear that Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi are damn near unbearable.

Korea is the most humid place in which I've lived. If you've ever been out to the Korean peninsula, then you can understand how someone like Kim Jeong-il came to power, because, when it's this hot, people will listen to anyone who says they can make things better.

That's why I wish I was back in America right now.

The rising cost of fossil fuels will continually make it harder for people to run their air conditioners as much as they once did. Places like Texas, Louisiana, and Florida will become ten times worse than they are now.

Ordinarily, this wouldn't be a problem, since there were people living in Texas, Louisiana, and Florida long before there were air conditioners, but that was before life became 'extreme.'

Today is not like back in the old days when we humans were content to sit around listening to the King Biscuit Flower Hour and talking about how much of a stone groove it would be to actualize ourselves; we're on the other side of the go-go 90s and the conservative revolution. We're drinking more Mountain Dew so we can stay awake while clinging to our guns and religion, the magic talismans that protect us

from those ivory tower, egg-head elitists. We've even got air conditioning in our car seats so we can experience the luxury of leather without the ass chafing. We're poised, set, and ready to explode.

We just need a little bit of heat.

Combing all this heat and pressure with average rising temperatures, caused by human-related global warming, and you've got a powder keg just waiting to explode.

It's foolish to expect the American hegemony to continue chugging on forever; the Earth is like Lord Stanley's Cup, and when a country becomes the new world power, everybody gets in line to take their turn pissing in it, drinking their piss from it, or pouring their piss onto their drunken teammates; however, we eventually have to pass that cup along.

The only question now is whether we want to go out with a bang or a whimper. Do we take a giant shit in the cup? Or should we bleach it out, polish it up real nice, and try to pretend like we didn't make a team of Bolivian hookers drink four quarts of semen from its deeply revered hollow?

This presidential election is part of that decision, where we decide if we should just give in to our emotions, stop trying to keep everything neat and tidy, and just throw a wicked kegger, where we beat the hell out of the thing with the last of our remaining strength; or, accept the fact that our country will continue to decline like a wilting, post-coital erection until America is nothing more than the flaccid, lifeless cock of the world.

Either way, we still get to brag about how great we once were. It's just a matter of to whom we'll do our bragging:

the hideously mutated freaks of the post-apocalyptic, nuclear winter, or the Chinese overlords who will spend the next century making us build their railroads and do their dry-cleaning as penance for the last two hundred years.

I'm leaning toward the mutants, but that's only because I like the cold weather, and I've always wondered what it would be like to defecate out of my elbow.

Sex Mahoney for President

Make
crosses
from
your
lovers,
throw
roses in
the rain

As far as abstinence only education is concerned, there's no more intimate way for two people to express their love for one another than to rub their genitals together.

Something about exchanging bodily fluids makes the hole-act more meaningful.

For whatever reason, abstinence only education book publishers were not receptive to my suggestion that similar bodily fluid exchange; for example, when two crying people rub their teary eyes together (since, according to Senator Bill Frist, M.D. this activity can transmit HIV), mash their boogers into a ball and then eat them 'Lady and the Tramp' style, or sweat into each other's mouths.

They seem to think that intimacy is only possible when procreation is a possibility.

Sure, all your happy humping can create another human being, but that's only if you're not careful and you don't have good aim with a wire hanger.

I fail to see how sexual intercourse is the best way to get intimate with someone; in fact, one of the best ways to shut someone up is to put your genitals in their mouth or give them a good rogering. For those men who don't already know, a woman's disposition declines dramatically in relation to the last time she had an orgasm. Most of the time, even if someone is not giving it to them regular, they can put up with us because they have the enviable ability to inconspicuously masturbate wherever and whenever they want, but, if something interrupts their auto-erotic dailies, then it would be best to stay out of their way. So the next time you piss off your wife, or girlfriend, just fuck her until she forgives you... that's relationship advice domestic abusers, drunks, and drug addicts have exploited for years.

Even if you're deeply in love with someone, that doesn't mean every sexual encounter you have will be intimate; sometimes you just want to finish quickly so you can get to sleep, make it to work, or cum before the commercials are over.

You can make a deep, physical and emotional connection with another human being when your genitals are simultaneously stimulated, but it's not guaranteed.

At best, abstinence only education is like a girl who thinks that sleeping with her boyfriend will make him love her back, or a man who thinks that he owns a woman just because she didn't stop him from putting his penis inside her while she was sleeping.

Intimacy can even be faked. When my wealthy grandmother was lying in a hospital bed, dying from necrotizing fasciitis, I kept a concerned look on my face by trying to count to a million using only prime numbers. My cousin got his hands

on her will and changed it before I did, so it didn't do me any good in the long run, but, even as I held the pillow over her mouth and nose, she probably had no idea what I was really thinking.

As any frat boy who has struck out spending five hundred dollars on dinner, a Broadway show, and dancing before resorting to Rohypnol can tell you; no one knows when or where an intimate moment will occur.

The only thing we know for sure is that forcing intimacy does not work, and often leads to bad press or a prison sentence.

So if waiting until marriage does not magically create intimacy, then teaching abstinence only sex education to a group of people with raging hormones and poor impulse control is a lot like passing out guns to soldiers and cops then telling them their primary goal is to keep the peace; the only difference is that you can take away the guns when things get too violent, but, as every husband who spends three to five days of every month sleeping in a bar, hormones are a wave that one must ride until it's over.

Intimacy is created any time two, or more, people find themselves inextricably linked by circumstances beyond their control, and you can no more teach people the best way to achieve it than you can explain the reasons why any two people fall in love.

The one thing, of which you can be sure, is that dogmatically sticking to one particular philosophy, especially at an early age, will do more to restrict the number of people with whom you will be truly intimate in your life.

In short, parents push their kids into piano lessons, little league, and ballet, but balk when it comes to the only activity where no one makes you wear a stupid uniform or perform in front of heckling strangers.

I know that those of you with children don't want to think about the various genitals your children will rub against in their lives, but if you spend your time teaching them that abstaining until marriage is the best way to achieve intimacy, then they'll grow up not knowing any better than to listen to a guy like me.

Sex Mahoney for President

I opened
my eyes
when you
were
kissing
me

You can't make
someone like you.

Sure, you can buy them
presents, compliment the
hell out of them, treat
them like dirt, and call
them four thousand times a
minute, but you can't make
someone like you.

I'm not dispensing any hidden wisdom, or new aphorisms for the ages, this material has all been covered ad nauseum by fiction writers throughout the ages, from Jove coming to Leda as a swan to Pamela Anderson, agreeing to let Tommy Lee film their fucking only because he promised that 'no one will ever see this;' and yet, there are still millions of people in this world, right now, doing their best to make other people like them.

One of the saddest realities is that the harder you try to make someone like you, the less they will.

All of us have had a sad, unpleasant person, doing their best to ingratiate themselves into our lives, only to meet rejection, disinterest, or outright hostility; all because some aspect of their personality made us instantly dislike them.

Personally, I never turn down an offer, when someone wants me to be their friend or lover, I jump at the chance, no matter how idiotic, homely, or herpes infested they are, because, unlike many of you who refuse to eat out of the garbage, insist that it's proper to shower, and look down on people who use their hands instead of toilet paper, I have low standards.

The world does not exist to please you.

Our senses are tricky things; unlike our imaginations and memories, we can't control what we see, hear, touch, smell, or taste; however, not all senses are equal. I have much more control over what I touch and taste than what I see, hear, or smell. A passing motorist might have Leo Sayer pumping out of their car's windows and my ears have no alternative but to receive that sensory input, but I'll be damned if I'm about to stick a syphilitic, menstruating hooker's only, never-washed, pair of panties in my mouth.. again.

In my memory, sure, I've blocked out the incident where a one-legged prostitute held me down, took my money, and made me eat her dirty underwear, but, at the time, there was nothing I could do to keep that rancid, cotton and rusty coin taste out of my mouth.

Censors have done their best to control input of unmonitored sensory receptors by putting restrictions, both legal and social, on audio/visual/odiferous output. There is no blood in violent television and films because seeing the consequences of violence might make people question the logic of allowing citizens to own as many guns as they can afford. There are no breasts, penises, or vaginas on TV because that would make children grow up thinking there's

nothing inherently wrong, or shameful, with other people seeing their genitals. We are forced to silence our farts in elevators, concert halls, and our offices so that someone else can smelt it, and, by constitutional law, be said to have dealt it.

Unfortunately, there are no restrictions, no ratings system, for tastes and touches.

I know, technically there is a rating system for "touching" in that I won't be allowed back at Disney World if I keep doing what I do to people when I stand in crowded lines, but that's not the kind of touching I'm talking about.

If seeing naked people leads to social decay, then were is the moral majority demanding that the government cover our bodies in thin layers of rubber or Teflon, to prevent impure tactile titillation from doing the same.

Censorship of any kind sends the message that we, as human beings, have an understanding so limited that we immediately want to do anything we see or hear, which is exactly why I've been working on a pair of anti-gravity boots ever since I heard the seminal 80s pop song 'Dancing on the Ceiling.'

Sure there are some things that are fun to try once we've seen, heard or read about them, but we also have the necessary intelligence to figure out that while you might like to try sharing your girlfriend with seven or twelve of your closest friends, like you saw in 'A Dozen Black Dicks for One Little White Chick' it's probably a bad idea to plug a USB cable into the back of your head, connect it to your computer, and assume you know kung fu.

It's no wonder that the biggest proponents of censorship, a

group that believes we go to a magical land of gumdrops and stinkless farts after we die, also does its best to eliminate the one tool that makes censorship unnecessary... a quality education.

We could also use a wax coating inside our mouths so that, like myself, a young man doesn't one day suck on a fistful of old pennies and then get the hankering for some illicit, menstrual sex worker sex.

Sex Mahoney for President

God said
to
Abraham,
kill me
a son

I've never liked to
chew gum.

Gum has many similar
properties to food, but it
lacks the crucial, filling
your belly aspect that I
have come to know and love.
Some people say that
chewing gum keeps them from
smoking cigarettes, eating,
or engaging in intelligent
conversation, but I don't
understand the purpose of
eternally chewing something

that, at best, starts out tasting like the mints your
grandmother used to keep in a bowl on her coffee table, you
know, the ones that harden into one gigantic peppermint
ball during the summer; and ends up tasting the way you'd
expect the rubber soles in your sneakers taste.

Even worse is the sound of people chewing gum. I'm a pretty
thick skinned individual, but the sound of chewing gum,
especially when chewed open mouthed, the way cows chew,
makes me want to set things on fire.

I'm a man; I'm all about the primacy and immediacy of the
orgasm. I want my actions to have a purpose. Chewing gum is
like dating a eunuch.

That's why I have such a hard time working out; not
exercising, because that can be anything, but specifically,
putting on a pair of old sweats, going to a gym, lifting
weights, walking on a treadmill, or taking a spin class.

I can play a game for hours on end; on the rare occasion that I do go out with the football, baseball, or soccer ball, I want to keep playing long after most of the other competitors have hung up their hats, kicked off their cleats, or collapsed with heart failure; however, I can only run on a treadmill or lift weights for about twenty minutes before I'm bored as hell.

The difference is that game play requires a fair amount of cerebral activity to anticipate, react to, and counter an opponents actions, while working out is the physical equivalent of writing "I will not fingerbang the special needs girls while the teacher is getting loaded in the parking lot" five hundred times on the chalkboard.

I can't go more than five minutes without some kind of mental stimulation; I always hated driving, because it requires you to focus all your attention on the road. If I could read a book while driving, there would be no problem and, in this regard, books on tape help quite a bit, but there's only so many times that I can listen to 'Hop on Pop' or 'Listening to Audio Books for Dummies' before my mind starts to wander.

Of course, there is the health aspect to working out. A lot of people are concerned with their health, and go to the gym to keep from bloating into hairy, amorphous blobs, but is your health that important that you would pay good money to do things you could otherwise do for free.

There's no reason why the simple actions of walking, riding a bicycle, and lifting heavy objects require mass produced metal, circuit boards, or electric power.

Sure, it is unpleasant to go for a walk when it's cold, or raining, outside, but is it any worse than voluntarily

transporting yourself to the human equivalent of the spinning wheels we put in hamster cages?

As far as weights are concerned, there are all kinds of heavy things lying around just waiting to be picked up. If you want to bulk up, save your money and get a job working at your local long distance shipping warehouse. There is never a shortage of heavy objects that need moving, and, if you're smart, you'll get someone to pay you to do it, instead of using your money, that could be spent on important things like booze, cigarettes, and drugs.

Besides, why are we spending all this time working out, when we are cheating our bodies out of the evolutionary advantages gained by chronic morbid obesity, ludicrously high cholesterol, and rampant, rampant cancer.

The more we try to keep ourselves healthy, the less likely we are to contract disease, so that our immune systems cannot develop the necessary adaptations that facilitate our sedentary lifestyle. If we let ourselves bloat up, our offspring will have stronger hearts, capable of supporting our corpulent mass. If we keep trying to prevent cancer, we won't develop the immunities to our modern, polluted and irradiated world that enabled humanity to survive in the plague and rat infested waste that existed for most of human history.

No matter how much weight you lose working out at a gym, no matter how much you bulk up your muscles, flatten your tummy, or blast your quads; there's no amount of exercise that can fix socially awkward and ugly.

If you don't believe me, then just take a look at the picture at the top of this page.

And God help you if you're chewing gum.

Sex Mahoney for President

Microwave, or is That microwave

Difficult times

call for great sacrifice.

Apparently, when my mother and father were children, they used to walk fifteen miles to school, in their bare feet and uphill... both ways. Times were different then. They didn't have all the newfangled gadgets we have nowadays like cars and buses. With gas prices rising to all time highs, it might behoove us to make children walk to school again.

Sure, the world is a lot more dangerous these days than it was when my parents were children. After all, the US Department of Health and Human Services reported that the estimated number of substantiated sexually abused children is about 80,000 per year (in 2000, the last year for which I could find such data); therefore, since there are about 73 million children, under the age of 18, in the US, your kids have a 0.001% chance of being molested. While that is a truly frightening number, walking to school, while making children easier targets for sex predators, would diminish the number of overweight kids since they would be taken down first, and the rest would get plenty of exercise while running away.

If you're not willing to give up something, then you may end up losing everything.

That's why current US President George W Bush has given up playing golf to show his solidarity with the troops. The rationale is that it's in poor taste for grieving mother's and widows to see Georgie-boy out on the back 9 while they're composting what remains of their husband, wife, son, or daughter, because they don't have the money to pay for a proper funeral and benefits, for soldiers killed in action, have been reduced to the point that the military will only pay for a shovel set or a ride on their newest funerary innovation, the corpse-a-pult.

To show my own solidarity, I am going to give up supporting the troops until the Iraq War is over.

Like I said, difficult times call for difficult measures.

It's not that I don't like military personnel, most of the military people I've met, who didn't try to beat me up for being a peace-loving, homo, faggot, were perfectly nice. It's just that supporting the troops sends the wrong message to our fighting men and women overseas.

If we support the troops too much, then they're going to think they can just stay overseas forever and invade any country they want. We have to play it hard to get, so that they want to come home and we don't appear too needy. That's what Doctor Phil recommends and you should always listen to bald, gay men.

I have also decided to give up making people laugh. I will still say funny and ridiculous things, but I will punctuate them with threats of physical violence against my audience.

Sacrifice is such a hard thing to make, since you usually have to acquire and assemble materials to make something, but making a sacrifice means giving up or disassembling

something you built or possess. I prefer to eliminate the unnecessary verb and article and just sacrifice. I sacrifice. It's a minor grammatical point, but speaking in two word sentences is an excellent way to say "Fuck you" to someone without having to insult them in front of their friends, family, coworkers, or children.

The thing about sacrifice is that the thing being forsworn has to mean something to the sacrificer. The folk tale of Abraham going up on the mountain to sacrifice his son means a lot because people tell me that it's difficult to murder your children.

While it might seem like giving up golf does not mean anything, the people who criticize the President have to remember that he's getting older by the second. Sure, he was a brash, young, go-getter when he took office, but George Bush Jr. is now 61-years-old, which means he has less than four years to perfect his game if he's ever going to qualify for the Senior PGA tour. At this rate, the Iraq war could go on long enough that Bush has to give up his professional golfing dreams and settle for the millions of dollars he will receive in speaking and consulting fees after he steps down from the presidency. What is a soldier's life compared to that?

So throw your stones if it will make you feel better about the behaviors you've sacrificed over the years, but you should actually throw those stones at yourself, because yes, while your wife may have asked you to stop killing prostitutes, and burying them in your basement, when you got married, no one made you do it.

No matter how much you think you've sacrificed, it still won't measure up to the things George Bush gave up when he gave the order to invade Iraq.

Although, I hear that, what with the housing market the way it is, you can buy slightly used souls pretty cheap these days.

Sex Mahoney for President

I am in
The
henhouse
with a
dozen
eggs
for sale

I have never had my own room.

Well, that's not entirely true. I had my own room for two years from 1981-1983, but, since I lacked the ability to speak, climb out of my crib, or roll up a phatty, I couldn't really appreciate it.

I also had my own room for two months in the summer of 2000, but my girlfriend lived in the next room and that put a real damper on any parties I wanted to have with ladies I found passed out at seedy bars.

For most of my life, I have had a roommate.

My brother and I shared a room until I was seventeen, I had roommates for the two years I lived in a university dormitory, my cousin and I shared a room in my first apartment, and then I got married.

Just once, I would like to masturbate without having to wait for another human being to fall asleep.

I don't think that's too much to ask.

There are all kinds of practical problems with masturbating in the same room as a sleeping person: you can't listen to the sound on any pornography since that's the kind of thing that usually wakes people and if you're wearing headphones you won't know if your sleeping roommate is awake.

On top of that, you've got to be careful to keep all your masturbatory accoutrements available, because there's just as much, if not more, danger digging around your room with a slowly withering erection, and your hand cupped underneath your penis to keep semen from dripping on the floor, while looking for a box of tissues.

For the most part, I don't envy women. Breasts seem like they would be horribly uncomfortable, you have to wipe every time you go to the bathroom, and everything with a penis is convinced that the reason you don't like a particular sexual activity is that you haven't tried it the way THEY do it; however, I do envy women for the ability to inconspicuously masturbate everywhere. So, it's no problem for women to masturbate while their roommate is sleeping.

Unless you wake up and you see your female roommate with a fifteen-inch black dildo shoved up her ass, it is virtually impossible to distinguish female masturbation from plain old genital scratching. They don't even have to take off their pants to do it and there's no rapidly drying gelatinous mess for them to clean up afterwards.

It's almost enough to make me want to be a woman.

Then again, nothing compares to the simple joy of sticking your penis in something.

Even women who don't know what it's like to have a penis have some idea just from the dopey smiles we men have on

our faces when we get to do it. Unfortunately for women, it doesn't really matter into what we're sticking our penises to get that reaction.

Whether it's a latex glove full of Vaseline, their best friend anus that one time they got really drunk while camping, or a greased up knothole in a tree, any lubricated opening will do the trick; and while some women might lie to you, saying it's better, or more meaningful, when they're penetrated by someone they love, under the right circumstances, any dick'll do ya.

When it comes to genital stimulation, we are our only pleasure barriers.

Which is why I'm done waiting for roommates to fall asleep, if I feel like masturbating, I'm just going to masturbate; sure, it might make social engagements uncomfortable, but what else are you going to do at a long wedding service?

I know that there are some people out there who are too prude to appreciate this kind of logic, but I refuse to let my lack of privacy at home stand in the way of my auto-erotic satisfaction. This probably means that I'll be banned from my local mall again, but this time I won't feel ashamed by it.

My wife and I have already discussed it, as soon as we have enough money; we're getting an apartment where we each have our own room.

Sex Mahoney for President

I found
me a
whore
who
looks
just
like you

Every Christmas,

I wonder how many of those mall Santa Clauses get erections while there are children on their laps.

It's not as though pedophiles are naturally drawn to jobs as mall Santa's (although, statistically, there's a lot more pedophile Santas than not, but research has consistently shown a lack of a causal relationship), but sometimes, especially when something unpleasant is squirming around in your lap, your penis wakes up and checks out the situation.

With younger children, it's not a problem, since their accustomed to being forced into uncomfortable situations all the time, but I bet you have to be careful with the older kids. An attractive seven-year-old has already had their local religious leader or friendly summer camp counselor proposition them enough to know a boner when they feel one poking their backside.

At times like those, there's nothing left to do but pray.

If you do get fired from your Santa gig, because you happened to get caught with your flag at half mast, then there's nothing more natural than the desire to punish

those who trespassed against you.

This is exactly why we should resist our vengeful desires at every opportunity... or, at least, that's what I would say if I believed in resisting natural desires. Vengeance is a perfectly natural response for an irrational and emotional animal brain, just like masturbation and square dancing, and I love at least one of those things.

So why is it that the folks who are most likely to tout the benefits of one of those desires, i.e. vengeance, so likely to denounce the other, masturbation?

Of course, there are those times when there is no one upon whom we can take our revenge.

Sure, we can respond to a September 11th terrorist attack by blowing some underdeveloped country to smithereens, starving its people, and planting our flags in their moldering corpses, but when it comes to natural disasters, we can't exactly whip the Hellespont and hope it responds to our bridge building.

In the last few weeks there have been earthquakes and typhoons killing massive amounts of people in China and Myanmar, respectively. Given that an approximate 90% of the world believes in some sort of deity, then it makes sense that we should indulge our natural disaster vendettas by punishing the religious.

Just like when a chemical company has to pay the cleanup costs, when their toxic waste dump site leaks and poisons a town, the religious groups in a country should foot the bill when their deity unleashes a torrent of natural disasters.

It's only fair.

Of course, the only thing anyone would have to do to get out of such a commitment is renounce their god, but, if many of the women, to whom I've faked spirituality and tried to talk into threesomes, are a fair representation of their various faiths, people don't seem willing to do that, even for great rewards.

They would rather pray for strength.

In some cases, I can understand why people pray; in certain situations, your prayer odds are much better than the odds that you'll win the lottery or break the bank at a casino, and people keep gambling in droves; however, I am always surprised when people ask others to pray, particularly when it comes to debilitating illnesses.

I can understand if you keep your fingers crossed when there's a 50% chance of rain on picnic day, and keeping your fingers crossed is just another form of praying, but even if it does stay dry while you take your best girl out for a picnic and an illicit, park bathroom blowjob, your wishing it were true has no bearing on whether the moisture accumulated in a cloud exceeds its ability to retain said moisture.

At best, a prayer is nothing more than a wish and at worst, a deluded wish. Your desire for your cousin to survive pancreatic cancer does nothing to change the 3%, five-year survival rate anymore than my wish, that my penis was big enough to do some serious damage, makes my cock any bigger.

When it comes to the illness sufferer, I completely understand why they would wish, pray, or do anything they could to improve their chances, because people in desperate

situations will do reckless things, which is why it's always a good idea to bone up on your Shakespeare and visit your local college campus just before exam time to see how many blowjobs you can weasel out of about to fail undergrads... but that's no excuse for the rest of us to buy into it.

There are conditions in this world that create probable situations, and once those conditions are met, we can calculate the statistical probability with which those situations will occur; so, unless you're praying that a pregnancy test turns up negative at the same time as you're rooting around your lovers uterus with a curette, your prayers do nothing to influence the probable outcome.

And if you feel something poking you in the backside while you're sitting on Santa's lap, just cut him a break.

Sex Mahoney for President

You say
My
Kisses
are not
like his

Every day, when I come into work, there is always at least one dead bug sitting on my desk.

Right now, there are a few random wings and legs sitting on my mouse pad.

On one hand, I admire their tenacity; on the other hand, I'm tired of picking them off my keyboard.

It's a terrible thing, what we've done to these bugs. They spent millions of years developing evolutionary mechanisms to guide their flight by slowly evolving millions of eyes and using them as navigational instruments to maintain course heading, velocity, pitch, and yaw; only to have some fucker named Edison come along and muck it all up with his damned electric light bulb.

I'm sure there's plenty of time for these bugs to develop new organs to aid their flight, because they'll probably be around long after we fade away, but, in the meantime, they're stuck butting their heads into computer screens, porch lights, and glow-in-the-dark vibrators everywhere.

When it comes to changing biological engineering, it's understandable that these things take thousands of years, or more, for more complex life forms, because it's like trying to play Jenga with a living creature; you can't just yank out one of the bricks, you have to pull it out slowly

and hope that the whole thing doesn't come crashing down.

So, I don't get upset when I hear that human beings haven't developed super powers, I can continue my toxic waste, radioactive spider bites, and over exposure to gamma radiation treatments and be patient at the same time; however, I do get more than a little peeved when people are slow to socially adapt to their changing environment.

Still, I am more than willing to give people the benefit of the doubt; after all, the world is a very different place now than it was when most of you old fogeys were still tearing it up and wearing your sock garters.

Even back in the 50s and 60s, when most of my peers' parents were born, there were only two and a half billion people in the world, no one knew what a computer was, and doctors thought it was perfectly safe to give thalidomide to pregnant women.

My own phocomelia notwithstanding, we now know a lot more about the world than our parents, and their parents ever could have hoped to know.

You cannot catch gay from sharing a glass of water with a hair dresser.

Politicians from Texas should not be in charge of anything they can't properly pronounce such as nuclear bombs or toasters.

Your elder's deserve respect only for as long as it takes for a court to find them non compos mentis.

As we forge ahead, the world will continue to change, and it's up to us to shape the future for the mutated humans

who will survive our nuclear war; therefore, it is imperative that we set aside our foolish notions of conservatism and embrace change for what it is... evolution.

Not all change will lead to a good place, as any of us can attest from the time we thought it would be a good idea to get our hair cut like a character we saw on a TV show, to buy something we saw advertised in an infomercial, or to get off the toilet a split second before the real diarrhea came; sometimes, a little caution does a body good, but when caution leads to stagnation, just like when a pretty mountain stream is dammed, a pleasant place to rest quickly turns into a big puddle of shit.

Recently, there has been a big furor over gay marriage due to the California Supreme Court's ruling that a state law prohibiting homosexual unions violates the people's right to basic dignity and human respect; activists on both sides of the issue have promised to fight on, no matter what the cost, or how much TV exposure they have to endure to promote their cause.

Not only is gay marriage an idea whose time has finally come, but the longer people fight to keep it from happening the more they look like the dead flies sitting on my keyboard every morning.

Sometimes it's worth taking the time to slow down for a little introspection, but sometimes that giant light you're flying towards is nothing more than a great, big bigot-trapping bug-zapper.

Sex Mahoney for President

Most of
the
women
who are
against
abortion
are the
ones you
wouldn't
want to
fuck in
the first
place

George Carlin
died yesterday and no one
is telling any jokes today.

Sure, I see lots of his
jokes plastered everywhere,
and there are plenty of
videos of his old material
all over the internet, but I
don't hear anyone telling
any new jokes, and that's
what comedy is all about.

A big name like George
Carlin takes up a lot of
room on the main stage,
which is good when it comes
to keeping people like Dane
Cook from dumbing down more
of the masses, but it keeps
the next good comedian from
coming along and taking the
master's place.

Now that Carlin is dead,
someone is going to have to
step up and do it.

I'm not saying that I'm a
suitable replacement for a
guy who produced some of the
funniest material in a
generation, I don't have
half of his talent or wit,
but it doesn't hurt to try...
especially since he's now
too dead to keep us from
stealing his material.

There are probably some of you out there in internetland who are thinking about my proposition and saying to yourselves, "Well, I'm not funny like George Carlin" but that's a bunch of horseshit, because George Carlin wasn't all that funny either. Sure, he was a great writer, an excellent performer, and a masterful linguist, but his material wasn't that strong compared with some of the all time, comedy greats like Milton Berle, Jerry Seinfeld, and Groucho Marx - those guys had polished acts.

I'm glad I'm not in America at the moment, because it's bad enough hearing everyone and their mother talk about how sad it is that George Carlin died. It's like they spent fifty years watching the guy perform and didn't hear a damn thing he said.

Yes, George Carlin was a funny motherfucker, I'll be the first to admit that, and it will also be sad that we won't get to hear any more of his fantastic material, but that's nothing to be sad about. If you had gone deaf any time in the last fifty years, you wouldn't have been able to hear any new George Carlin material either. Plus, there's a good chance that there's more George Carlin material out there that you haven't seen yet, like his short lived Fox sitcom from the early 90s, which means that, just like Tupac Shakur, George Carlin is going to be around a lot longer even after he's gone, especially when publishers, network suits, media assholes, and marketers find all the little funny notes he wrote on greeting cards or bathroom stalls which they will then repackage and sell to the American people who will line up to buy the definitive, collectors edition, Good Housekeeping approved George Carlin retrospective (All the same albums and books you already own, but it comes in a 12 cent cardboard box with a picture of George on the front).

Then there is his daughter, Kelly Carlin and any grandchildren she might have. All it takes is one creep or scumbag like me to marry, or be born, into that family and suddenly you'll see George Carlin advertising products like salad dressing, Christian conservative Republican politicians, or amusement parks.

So, there's no sense in getting sad that George Carlin is gone, because no one will learn anything from his best ideas and there will be another comedian along shortly who can do the same thing equally well, if not better. The best way to honor someone is to carry on their life's work.

It's been a while since I sat down and listened to George Carlin's material, but that's only because of these cursed rectal polyps.

I forgot how much I emulate his material... and by emulate, I mean steal wholesale.

In the spirit of stealing from George Carlin, I am going to continue that proud tradition even though the great comedian is no longer with us.

Starting with his corpse.

I know, his family will probably want cremate him and sprinkle his ashes in someplace meaningful, but my other comedian corpse is starting to stink and, aside from the giant penis, which I had preserved in formaldehyde, you can barely tell that it was once Milton Berle. I don't want to do anything strange with George Carlin's corpse. I just want to decorate my home with it, and eat his brains to absorb his comedy power.

Of course, I want to preserve George Carlin's corpse with the utmost respect and decency it deserves, which is why I will put it on a rotating pedestal by my front door and attach a motion sensor to the base, so that anytime someone walks into my house, the former comedian will turn to them and say, courtesy of a speaker system and audio player I will install in his chest and mouth, the various catch phrases and jokes that made him famous like *Yabba Dabba Doo!!!*, *Where's the Beef?*, and *Sock it to me*.

Okay, so maybe George Carlin didn't change the world, and, just like the man said, it would arrogant to assume that any one human, or even all of us working together, ever could, but, when he left, he vacated a sizeable gap, like when a huge tree falls in the rain forest. Now it's up to us lichens and parasites to suck the rest of the nutrients out of his legacy while there's still time.

In another two years, you'll see his computerized image selling toasters for Best Buy.

Sex Mahoney for President

He spoke
to me, I
took his
flute

There's always more time than you need when you don't need it, and never enough when you do.

That's why I propose that everyone cryogenically freeze themselves, and we'll take turns thawing each other out when our services are needed. With the amount of extra time each of us will have, we can practically live forever.

Apart from dreaming up practical alternatives to everyday problems, I also spend my time masturbating and peeping at some of my more attractive neighbors.

For the last month, I've been practicing my drawing with a book written sometime in the early part of the twentieth century by a guy named Andrew Loomis. His technique is great, but he's a little outdated by today's standards; however I now know how to draw slant-eyed Charlie Chan style Chinese characters, big lipped, watermelon eating black people, and women with all kinds of different black eyes.

The world certainly is a different place now than it was when jazz was king, candy bars only cost a nickel, and rape between two people of the same race wasn't really a crime.

A lot of folks would like to go back to those good old days; hell, I'm sure we all have a set of FDR polio leg

braces that we're just itching to put to use. Plus, we would get to dress in costumes and people love that sort of thing.

For all our maturity, technology, and 'spirituality' human beings just can't seem to get enough of playing dress-up.

No matter how many photographs people see displaying the days of yore's ridiculous costumes, we keep adorning ourselves in plumage that makes peacocks look humble.

I don't know why we bother with clothes at all, a point I have made countless times in this and other forums; however, at present I would like to direct your attention to a piece of clothing so ridiculous that it's sheer existence is proof that there is no human supporting god, because no omnipotent deity would create a universe where its highest creation would consider the necktie fashionable.

I always read news article puff pieces about how you should dress for the job you want and not the job you have, but most of my employers have been particularly upset when I come into the office with my arm greased up to the elbow and leading a team of trained seals.

Besides, who wants to work at a job where you have to wrap a choking hazard around your neck; that's like sending an AIDS patient to change the bedpans in the nymphomania ward at your local sanitarium.

I have, for brief time, worked at companies that asked me wear a man ribbon, but such relationships never last long. I don't understand the point of getting dressed up to go to work, but it makes even less sense when men are forced to tie themselves up like a strange mix between a Christmas present and a soon to be hanged prisoner.

That is not to say that women don't wear ludicrous clothes, just that nothing women wear can possibly compare to the idiocy that is the necktie.

Sure, a garter belt might be uncomfortable, but at least it holds up your stockings; a necktie doesn't even hold your shirt closed, our shirts come equipped with the latest button technology to do that.

Women also have ensembles that incorporate lots of ridiculous decorative objects to distract from their slowly fading looks, so it's not that strange when they add something new to the mix, but a man's suit is one step away from being as utilitarian as it gets, and our silly little wrappings turn what is otherwise the closest thing to sensible formal wear into an exercise in ludicrosity.

In the last twenty years, the number of apparel options, for men in the workplace, has expanded to include polo shirts and dungarees, which brings our grand total up to three; so, now, if a man has been to college and succeeded, he has to wear a silly tie, if his job is expendable, he gets to dress like the more upscale breed of pedophilic youth sports coaches, or if he's never received an education, or fallen on hard times, a single color jumpsuit.

I don't know why we all don't switch over to the jumpsuit. Life is much more comfortable when you don't have to wear pants.

Sex Mahoney for President

There
are
rooms in
this
house
that I
don't
open
anymore

As much as it pains me to say, I don't make that big a stink.

Sure, I smell unpleasant most of the time, but you've got to get up close to get anything approaching nasty, and even then, not many people are willing to take a whiff of my ball, and everyone's genitals smell the same when you've been swimming in raw sewage all day.

No, I'm not a stinky man, I'm a greasy man.

While my body odor isn't particularly strong, at the end of the day, it is possible to lubricate your car engine on the sum of the sebaceous secretions my body produces.

I don't have much acne, just the occasional pimple here and there, but I can easily slip away in a fight as my entire body often feels like a McDonald's service counter.

It has come in handy on more than one occasion.

It probably doesn't help that I save money on soap by washing my face in vegetable shortening, but I don't know what else to do with my yearly soybean crop, and I'll be damned if any of that produce is going to help feed starving children. It's bad enough that I have to share my oxygen with those damnable orphans, but to share my food as well... not in this lifetime.

Some people call me a monster for my reluctance to help the

poor, but I say: "Hey, I'd be perfectly willing to give their children jobs as international sex workers, but apparently that's off limits to you prudes."

One of the many benefits associated with oily skin is that, every once in a while, a little bit of dirt gets trapped in a pore and I enjoy a day or two walking around with a giant, throbbing pimple.

I don't know about everyone else, but, to me, there's nothing more fun than popping an overripe pimple, especially when they spray dead skin, bacteria, and pus all over the bathroom mirror or the person sitting next to you.

Still, popping pimples in public is generally frowned upon, so I compromise and do that sort of thing in the privacy of my own home, where I can video the explosion, replay it in slow motion, and show it to people just before I serve them ranch dressing salads, fettuccini alfredo, or pus burgers.

There's nothing more vital to a healthy relationship than compromise.

Whether it's cutting a plea deal to avoid a jail sentence for flashing cashiers at the supermarket, or agreeing to show up to work wearing at least one article of clothing; compromise is an important element of a stable, modern society.

Somehow, the American people have forgotten compromise's importance when it comes to domestic and international politics.

It's not surprising.

The only time anyone in the current president's administration compromises is when Cheney lets Bush be on top for a change, but that has more to do with the vice-president's game heart than it does with the deeper penetration the cowgirl position allows.

As the new presidential election approaches, republicans and democrats, liberals and conservatives, Sleestak and Pakuni all have to put aside their differences, pull together, and compromise.

As a concession to conservatives: schools can teach intelligent design, but only in literature classes alongside the DC comic series 'Crisis on Infinite Earths;' Fox News can still broadcast, but they have to provide credible sources for all information expressed on the airwaves; abortions will be illegal for anyone who doesn't want one; and gay people can only get married Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and every other Sunday.

As a concession to liberals: we can have universal healthcare, but the doctors will be largely incompetent, private gun ownership will be outlawed, but people will still be able to

check them out of their local, public libraries if they can provide two forms of ID, pass a criminal background check, and dance the hully-gully; and Chelsea Clinton has to make a porno with Jena Bush and Lexington Steele.

Compromise is at the heart of change, and since every one of the political candidates is advocating some kind of change for the next four years, it's only fitting that we give it to them.

After all, when you refuse to change, the same old political ideas get rehashed every two to four years by the same pundits with the same opinions. Eventually, all those tired old hacks starts to clog up the American pores, and, before you know it, we have a situation like the current one: where there's a giant, oily pimple in the white house and everyone is too afraid of what will happen if we pop it.

It's about time we squeezed the shit out of this thing and see what kind of garbage we can flush out.

Just let me get my camera.

Sex Mahoney for President

Center of the sunbeam light show flower seed

Belly buttons make great lint traps.

I'm not exactly sure how lint collects in your belly button, or where lint comes from, all I know is that it has something to do with stray clothes fibers, dead skin cells and body hair migrating up from the underwear through a process known as electromagnetic lintinization, beyond that, I'm as much in the dark as anyone else.

All I know is that, at the end of the day, when I check my belly button, there is almost always lint in there; that is, unless I break down and remove some lint during the day.

If you try to pick your lint too soon, then there's nothing there, and if you wait too long, then there's a chance it will fall out and you'll be left with nothing to do while you're masturbating.

You know, this belly button lint crap really isn't doing it for me. I thought it would be funny, or at least a little disgusting, to talk about belly button lint and then compare how waiting just long enough to dig out your belly

button lint is just like wisely investing your money; but I don't think I have the heart to do that. Besides, if you don't vary it up every now and again, you start to turn into a parody of yourself.

It happens to everybody sooner or later, there's only so much original material that each of us has in us, in a way, it's a lot like DNA; we can only think of four funny jokes, but we can combine them into endless pairs and build something funnier than what boobs, jerking off, molesting children, and Ashlee Simpson could ever be on their own.

It's all a matter of when you peak.

There's a lot of folks out there who had their best years early on, football heroes who knocked up their high school girlfriends at the prom and spent the rest of their vitality raising ungrateful children, Harper Lee, and that guy with whom you used to be friends in University who still calls you up every now and again, asking for money; for them, and for everyone, it's important to know when to bow out and quit, and when to keep fighting.

Sometimes, you must go on.

Even if the only thing you have going for you is some puff piece about belly button lint, you've got to keep at it while there's still enough piss and vinegar in you to sustain your resolve.

Or quit.

There's no real shame in quitting, lots of people do it. Somewhere, there's a young man who will grow tired of begging his girlfriend to touch it, go home angry, and jerk off into a pile of tissues. Somewhere, a young woman is

dropping her newborn baby into a back alley dumpster and thinking about what she will wear to middle school tomorrow. Right now, you're reading this blog instead of doing whatever it is you dream about doing.

I don't see why quitting has taken on such negative connotations, people improve their health when they quit smoking or drinking, abused children breathe sighs of relief when their parent's quit beating on them, and our eardrums will slowly recover when Madonna finally decides to hang up her hat.

Sometimes, there's even honor in stepping down. Richard Nixon could have kept maintaining his innocence, but he chose to do the honorable thing. Napoleon could have stayed with his troops as they were slaughtered on the long march back to Poland, but he left with his retinue and traveled all the way back to Paris in style. Even George W Bush could have persevered, studied hard in school, and made something of himself, but, by quitting all of that, he went on to become president of the United States.

There comes a point when you have to look yourself in the mirror and ask yourself if it's worth it to go on, and if you can still do that with a shred of dignity, then keep fighting; however, if, by carrying on the fight, you are about to make yourself look like a real asshole, then maybe it's time to put away your guns, homemade bombs, and enemies list before things turn real ugly.

Who would you rather be, James Dean, burning up while you're still young and beautiful, or Elvis, turning into a pill-popping lump and dying on the toilet?

I should have stopped writing a long time ago.

Sex Mahoney for President

His
hopes
were
filled
with sand

Whenever I read a piece about abortion, especially on the internet, the author generally includes an admonition, warning all of their commentators to stay civil.

I say fuck that.

When you're talking about abortion, you have to take all arguments to their logical extremes. Even though it might not be pleasant to think about a small fetus, a la 2001: A Space Odyssey,

opening its eyes at the exact moment that its first and last vision is filled with swirling fan blades; we don't deserve the privilege if we're not willing to think about the negative consequences with which it comes.

Granted, there are some activities with which I disagree, such as war, *American I-dolt*, and pre-teen beauty pageants, but I would be far less disinclined toward those events if the people running them were more honest about their intentions.

If George W Bush had the balls to go on the news and say "We don't really care about the Iraqi people, and we know that our invasion has not made America any safer than it ever was, but we REALLY want their oil" then I would still disagree with the man's politics, but my opinion of him would be much higher; similarly, if the Fox Broadcasting company issued a press release saying "We're not trying to help singers create successful music careers, we're just conducting a sociological study to see how long it takes for people to realize that Simon Cowell is actually composed of reconstituted fish parts" then I still wouldn't watch *American Idol*, but I would stop covering Randy Jackson's house in toilet paper and sending wave after wave of break-dance fighters at Paula Abdul.

About certain subjects, while we might not want to reduce complex arguments to simple, amoral terms, we must if we are to make rational decisions. A sixteen-year-old girl, who still thinks that Zac Efron is the bee's knees, can probably take care of a baby, if she has help from her parents, or a similar source of income, but should she have the choice to mutilate the undeveloped fetus growing in her uterus if she thinks she is ill equipped to take care of another human, or her delivery date coincides with the release of *High School Musical 3*? Absolutely.

If you're worried about abortion's moral implications, then move to a country where they are illegal or don't get any, it's as simple as that.

Of course, to fully debate the issue, we would have to take the argument to its logical extreme in the opposite direction.

If legislatures criminalize abortion, more people will turn to alternative forms of sexual intercourse such as anal and aural. We live in a world where dwindling oil supplies and a peak in oil production have already driven petroleum based product prices sky high, including oil based lubricants such as Vaseline, mineral oil, and vegetable shortening. As more people turn to anal sex to avoid pregnancy, the price of personal lubricants will restrict affordability to all but the wealthiest butt fuckers, while the poor will suffer from an increase in the frequency of rectal tearing; plus, nine out of ten otolaryngologists advocate keeping all objects, even cotton swabs, out of the ears, not to mention penises; besides, the treatment for poor people's anal tearing and ear drum punctures will be unaffordable without universal healthcare. So, if you're one of those socialist, hippie types, then, by all means, keep pushing to criminalize abortion.

But this isn't really about abortion, it's about argumentative civility; unfortunately, the term doesn't hold much weight, since, if you're arguing with someone, they will be too busy tearing down your logical reasoning to have much time to for incivility, and if the person with whom you want to argue keeps calling you dirty names and suggesting you go to hell, then you're talking to a jerk, not arguing.

Once you realize that you're talking to a jerk, there are a number of approaches you can take.

You may continue reasoning with the person, ignoring their suggestions that you do unholy things with your mother or that you're underarms smell. This is called the pussy approach.

You may cease arguing with the person and put your breath to better use like making dirty phone calls to your spouse's more attractive friends. This is called the Sex Mahoney approach.

Or you may conduct a terrorist campaign against the other person, firebombing their house, unleashing swarms of locusts into their bedrooms, and turning their relatives into pillars of salt until they give in to your demands. This is called the God approach.

On the internet, most people argue the same way that children choose which of them will become a sacrifice to their primitive god, by picking on the fat until kid he starts to cry; however, you'll rarely see people arguing about sticky subjects like abortion in real life. On one hand, most people want to avoid the unpleasantness that goes along with arguing with someone about an irrational belief, but, on the other, the internet allows the semi-intelligent a chance to research

their subject, build a logical argument, and present their case so that they sound like they're informed.

These people usually find their voices drowned out in a cacophony of hooting, obscenity and hollering because, when it comes to arguing with people on the internet, anti and pro-abortion advocates have already taken their virtual curette to logic and argumentative civility.

Sex Mahoney for President

Don't
take any
wooden
nickels
when you
sell
your
soul

When it comes to penises, some men are luckier than others.

The prevailing parlance is *hung like a horse*; however, a horse's penis isn't that large in comparison to its total body size while the Argentine Lake Duck has a penis that is as large as the animal itself when the damn thing is fully erect; still, I suppose I should stick with the classic and compare boys to horses since most men wouldn't cotton to being referred to as *hung like a Duck*.

I am hung like a duck.

Unfortunately, for the women with whom I've slept, not the Argentine Lake Duck, but the more common variety of plain old mallards which have penises that are big enough to get caught in a keyhole, but too small to do any real damage.

It's not so bad, having a tiny cock. I developed my comedy to offer people something other than a gargantuan penis and sure, you're restricted to all but the most self-conscious and unattractive of all women, but enough about my wife, let's talk about marijuana.

If my dick were marijuana, it would be four times more potent now than it was back in the 70s. Now, I'm not so great at math, but zero times four... well that's gotta be much better than the puny, semi-limp disappointment with which I've tortured many a sorry lass over the years.

In a recent article about an increase in marijuana potency, weed scientists says that the pot of today is 9% THC, while 70s pot was only about 4%.

I can understand why some people might want to keep an

unregulated, psychoactive drug illegal to preserve the public order, but it's far more dangerous to make smoking a relatively harmless substance a criminal act because hippies are not at all prepared to defend themselves against the honorable scum one meets when shopping on the black market.

Besides, there's a certain group of people who are naturally drawn to illegal activities, just for the illicit fun they promise to deliver. Ever since my hometown passed an anti-gourdophilia bill in 2003, I have had the strange urge to have sex with the pumpkins I see lining my mother's street when I visit her for Halloween.

A White House spokesperson, John Walters, took the increased potency discovery humorlessly, saying: *"Marijuana potency has grown steeply over the past decade, with serious implications in particular for young people," Walters said. He cited the risk of psychological, cognitive and respiratory problems, and the potential for users to become dependent on other drugs like cocaine and heroin."*

I can't remember the last time that I met anyone who opposed marijuana decriminalization

To be fair, most of the people I meet are pot heads, or are around me when I'm smoking pot, so it could be like the one guy who pretends he's a pedophile when he accidentally gets dragged to a NAMBLA convention and doesn't want to look uncool in front of his child raping friends.

Either way, we've all heard the arguments for marijuana decriminalization but I don't often hear people arguing the contrary position, so it's always strange when public officials reiterate disproven drug myths about weed.

It's almost as though there were still people out there who genuinely believed in Bigfoot, Jesus and the Loch Ness Monster.

After a certain point, we have to look at the rational arguments for maintaining the status quo, and if there is no data to support our current position, then we need to revise our understanding of the law and how it works.

When it comes to pot, criminalization does more harm than legalization could ever do.

Sure, it is possible that, upon legalizing marijuana, lines might move even slower than they already do, there would be a nationwide Twinkie shortage, and a stoned president might accidentally fire all of our nuclear missiles at Belgium for refusing to provide free samples at the world summit on beer, chocolate, and waffles, but if you think any of these hypothetical situations are possible, then you're obviously stoned because pot heads can't get government jobs, no one eats Twinkies, and, in order to be elected president, you first have to prove to the American people that you're the biggest square to ever walk the land.

Just as there are mythologists on the criminalization side of the argument, there are equally stupid people on the legalization side. Marijuana will not open the doors of perception to see past the unimportant, trivial matters that eat away at your life any more than getting drunk will make you more eloquent and sexually appealing to members of your preferred sex, but, while getting stoned may impair your judgment to the point where you think I make a lot of sense, it won't lower your inhibitions to the point where you'll have unprotected sex with a little dicked, amateur writer.

Sex Mahoney for President

Andy
would
bicycle
across
town, in
the rain,
to bring
you candy

It's hard to be funny when it's so hot.

I want to end every comment with a witty rejoinder or a hearty chuckle, but humidity is more potent than the world's strongest marijuana, apathy-wise.

Even the traditionally funny is robbed of its luster. Last night, I watched *Terms of Endearment* and I didn't laugh once.

In the summertime, you can't get too mad at the heat, because it's always there, and you know, just like visiting in-laws, it will go away eventually.

These days, I don't get too mad at anything. It's just too hot to waste the energy.

Besides, I know what's going to happen. I get mad at something, I question its motives, then I question my motives, a lot of time passes, and before you know it, I just don't care anymore and I'm not mad. Instead of going through all that angry time, I fast forward to the end and just forgive everyone right away.

It really is quite liberating.

When you hold a grudge, there's all this revenge planning that constantly occupies your mind; plus, you always have to be wary of any blood feuds you might have going but just forgot about since none of your body parts or close family members have gone missing in a while.

If you forgive people right away, they usually don't kidnap your family.

Of course, this doesn't work all the time, which is why action heroes like Mad Max, Con Air, and *Superman 2* have to give up their peaceful ways and once again take up the figurative sword because evil threatens their family/mass manufactured kiddie toy/Margot Kidder.

People will be nice to you if you're nice to them; they won't do anything really nice for you like suck your dick or give you money, but they will treat you like dirt and abuse your kindness for all it's worth; however, if you take the high road and forgive them right away, then you have the option of having the inflated sense of righteousness and self-worth that entitles you to criticize everyone you meet.

Like most things in life, there has to be a careful attribute balance so that you stay in the comfortable area between doormat and tyrant.

Nobody wants to be dumped on and treated like a piece of sub-human garbage, but no one wants to be responsible for enforcing their will on all the sub-human garbage with which they are constantly surrounded; which is why, sometimes, you find yourself about to set fire to your neighbors' barking dog in front of their young children and you stop yourself to make sure that you're not being rash; or, you watch as your wife, or daughter, slips the pool guy a sawbuck, complaining that her cunt feels like it's been attacked by hungry wolverines, and you wonder if you shouldn't say something to the handsome stranger as he says goodbye and asks you for your wallet.

Sometimes, it's so hard to know what to do.

That's why, in all situations, I make sure to keep a picture of Lindsey Lohan in my pocket. Whenever I'm unsure how to proceed, I take a look at her picture and it gives me strength, because that's what celebrities are supposed to do... they're supposed to be role models for the rest of us.

Okay, flashing my genitals at a reporter for the Port St. Lucie News did nothing to distract him from the disembodied stripper I was feeding to that alligator, but it probably didn't make things any worse.

There are those people who make it their business to be nasty to everyone they meet: they bring a safety pin to the pharmacy so they can poke holes in all the condoms, they write letters to television shows and complain about things that no one finds offensive, they keep buying ranch dressing.

When you meet someone who has made it their business to hate the world, the only thing you can do is enjoy their company while it lasts, because those people don't come around as often as you might expect. There are billions of nice people in the world, but a good asshole is hard to find; so, when you find an asshole worth your time, it's best to burrow your way in there and get a good seat, because everything is much funnier if you have a place to sit down. That's why you never see people standing at a comedy club.

Except for the comedian, of course.

The more people you have standing together, the more their

body heat will raise the temperature in a given space. You have to give them chairs to make sure that they're spaced far enough apart because it's hard to be funny when it's so hot.

Sex Mahoney for President

If you
don't cry,
it isn't
love

I can't think of a single thing to write.

Sure, I've always got a few jokes on the back burner, but there's a reason they didn't make it into the first edition. I only have them around for those times when I'm really running out of material.

Things aren't so bad right now that I have to go to the unused material archive, but they're bad enough that I'm sitting in front of a computer, staring at the clock,

and making deals with myself about how long I have to sit here without writing anything before I can leave. Each of the words in this paragraph delays the inevitable where I get up, go outside and shout obscenities at passers by because I can't think of anything to write.

Ordinarily, I try to stay as productive as possible and, since I can create or research for hours on end (research, in this case, consists of looking at semi-nude Myspace pictures posted by girls with low self esteem), I rarely venture away from my PC; however, when I literally have nothing else to draw, animate, or write, then I start doing other things.

No, I don't get up from the computer, because, even if I'm not writing anything, there are still plenty of other PC tasks that keep me busy, such as sifting through the massive pornographic archive sitting on my computer, resampling and renaming downloaded movies and music, and coming up with new passwords made up of various words for genitals from all of history's best, dead languages.

My current password is the Latin word for vagina.

Only when I've completed all tasks will I get up from my computer and mix with the outside world.

Sure, there are times when I'm forcefully dragged away from the PC to spend time with you normals, but my company isn't much sought after and I can usually hide by turning off my phone and occasionally firing shotgun blasts whenever the

doorbell rings.

So what is one to do when they can't think of anything to write?

Well, believe it or not, this kind of thing happens to me all the time; in fact, my trademark style, where I start talking about some mundane activity, like brushing your teeth or international arms smuggling, and then compare it to a relevant, controversial topic, came from this very method. You just start writing, throw in a few dick and farts jokes here and there, and see what comes out the other end.

Luckily, I have a nice buffer that allows me to do this kind of thing and get away with it, since I generally write blogs about four weeks before they appear on the internet. This gives me enough time to go back over the things I write, to fine tune any jokes, take out things I don't like anymore, and add new material; however, most of the time I forget about it for a month and hastily proofread it the night before it's published.

Plus, this buffer allows me to completely scrap a blog if it's so terrible that even I don't want to read it. At any given time, I have three to six half pieces that are just introductions about engaging topics such as current weather, people who brush their teeth right before going to the dentist's office, or why men like to have sex with virgins. That belly button lint piece... yeah, it was one of those.

Now that I have this big comfortable buffer, I have no idea what to write because, for each of us, there is a comfortable zone in which we do our best work; just like when you had to do homework back in grade school, there are some people can't work until the night before everything is due, and some like to get it done as soon as possible so they can have lots of free time before they have to present their material. Perhaps I've overshot my comfort zone, and my brain won't turn restart until I feel the deadline is more pressing.

I suppose I could hire a marketing consultant to make my blog more *extreme* or something equally inane like *family-oriented*. I wouldn't feel good about myself, but maybe it would help me find a niche. One of the biggest obstacles to my writing career is that I'm not easily marketable. I could probably write *family-oriented* material, but the last script I submitted to ABC Family *Judy Rapes Her Cousin* was rejected and the studio executives sent the police to my house. Plus, I have no idea how to promote myself. Last weekend, I tied a bunch of my essays to bricks and threw them through people's living room windows. I would go about a more traditional route, but how are you supposed to get a permanent address for Random House.

That has to be the best, and lamest, joke I've written all year.

I suppose things aren't so bad. I'll go back to making fun of myself and my country soon enough. I thought I needed a rest, but, apparently, I can keep writing about nothing for an awful long time.

And you get to read all about it.

At least my secret plan to steal people's valuable time continues unabated.

Sex Mahoney for President

Just say
you love
me one
last
time

Women can get away with wearing demeaning, stereotypical phrases on their shirts.

I've seen women walking in skirts so short that their cellulosic cysts hung out the bottom, and that seems more respectable than wearing an article of clothing with slogans like, *The guy I'm gold-digging paid for this shirt, cum dumpster, or I slept with your boyfriend.*

The only catch is that they have to print all such phrases and slogans in a girlish script... it also doesn't help if the letters are outlined in glitter. Without the glitter, it's just cheap and tawdry.

It makes me think that shamelessly flaunting our least attractive qualities is a profitable business. Maybe my line of men's t-shirts, emblazoned with slogans like *Date Rapist*, *Deadbeat Dad*, and *Domestic Abuser*, wouldn't have failed miserably and cost me a ton of money, if I surrounded the letters in... well, not glitter, because men aren't so big on that, but maybe sports team logos.

I can't think of any other group that could flaunt their stereotypes so blatantly and not feel the least bit cheap about it... except for maybe rednecks.

It makes me have a lot less sympathy for women in general when their attempts to own their labels puts them in the same camp as the people most likely to make them victims of domestic abuse.

It's not helping their cause; still, it's nothing that can't be forgiven.

If women want to objectify themselves, then there's nothing the rest of us can do but shove dollar bills in their pants and offer them drugs in exchange for sexual favors.

It all comes back to that hideous double standard.

No, not the one that everyone talks about, the one that makes it okay for a man to have sex with lots of women, but not the other way around; I'm talking about how every man wants to

have an intense sexual relationship with a deviant, female freak, but balks when his daughter embarks on that particular path.

All because of some sick desire that people have to torture themselves.

A family works best when its members support one another; so, if you're daughter wants to become a stripper, then a dedicated father should be all for it... because I certainly will, and if your daughter isn't getting the support she needs from her parents, then she's much more likely to turn to a guy like me for solace.

I don't know if taking advantage of an emotionally distraught stripper's daddy issues makes me a bad person, but it certainly limits my political career's distance.

Our politicians could never get away with saying half of the things I do, because I'm not currently running for political office; however, I do plan on someday joining the rest of the self-deluded crackpots and throwing my hat into the political ring, so I should probably watch what I say now... only I can't do that. I could no more clean up my writing than George Carlin could keep telling jokes now that he's dead.

Perhaps all politicians start out as comedy writers, and they work on their jokes for so long that they eventually forget that they're joking; the next thing you know, they're standing on the Senate floor demanding that the cafeteria change the name Fried Chicken to *Fried Freedom*, because the word chicken embiggens the terrorists.

Everybody would like to think that they're not a joke, but at some point in time, it happens to everyone; the smart thing is to try to get ahead of the joke, so that you come off looking affable and friendly, but the even smarter thing is to pick on someone who can't defend themselves and get so busy laughing at someone else that they don't notice when photos of you and Karl Rove taking a dump in Rush Limbaugh's mouth surface on the internet.

That's why, to so many bullies, politicians and women make excellent punching bags. Sure, you may not see me on *COPS* in my yellowing jockey shorts, screaming at the police about how my bruised wife is nothing but a common liar, but, by picking on politicians, I'm not much better.

Some of you are probably thinking to yourself that politicians deserve it, that they were asking for it, that if only they would make sure that our pipes are packed, our dinners hot when we get home, and our clandestine homosexuality overlooked then none of this would happen; but the truth is that we can't expect our politicians to do everything for us.

That's when politicians get desperate, and they start spouting all kinds of ridiculous things like *Iraq has weapons of mass*

destruction, I never said Iraq had weapons of mass destruction, and the tape you have of me saying that is a lie, or I swear the kindergarten teacher told me that her students were all eighteen when I paid her seventy dollars a piece for them; you know, the kinds of things I say all the time, and it costs them their career because we're just waiting for them to give us an excuse so we can slap them around like that time they told their cousin about that thing we like them to do to us in bed.

So, when I run for president, I'm just going to take all of the awful, ribald things I say, print them on t-shirts, and cover the whole mess in a glitter font. That way, people give me the same level of respect they would ordinarily only reserve for a redneck... or a whore.

Sex Mahoney for President

A Clear Blur

You just
did what
you're
supposed
to do

In Korea, they don't put air fresheners or sanitizers into their urinals; they just throw a bar of soap over the drain.

Walking around the here, you'll sometimes see white stains on rooftops and sidewalks that radiate out like remnants from a paint bomb. For the longest time, I didn't realize that they were the melted remains of urinal soap bars, until, one day, I saw a group of children throwing bars of soap out of a 10th story window.

And yet, they call me dirty when I come into work without having showered for days. I may not wash, but that's far less likely to spread disease than grabbing pissed on soap bars and chucking them around with your friends.

Sometimes you just wake up and you're sick, but there are those few, rare occasions, when you can feel it coming days in advance.

There's nothing more pathetic than a human being's mind in those moments.

We go over all our negative behaviors and promise to change them: we brush our teeth anytime a foreign object enters our mouths; we promise to stop drinking things we find in stray Petri dishes; and we take our vitamins like good boys and girls.

None of these things are ever effective.

Well, that's not entirely true; there is one effective remedy out there, but it goes by many names.

It all depends on how you like to take your placebo.

Of course, it doesn't stop with medicine; each of us is perfectly willing to find miracle cures and signs everywhere, for ailments both physical and mental. The only prerequisite is that they meet our poorly defined criteria and allow us to read into them as much as we want without bogging us down in reality.

We all like role-playing games; some of us just prefer to use dice and hit points, eat Funions in our mother's basements,

and have our closes friends call us Qzilgnar the Destroyer.

At some point in our lives, we consciously decide how much reality we want to accept and that's about the level in which we live from then on.

There are distractions along the way, tragedies that interrupt our television schedules and masturbatory habits, but, for the most part, we put our wheels on a nice mental track and start shoveling coal into the engines.

The longer we keep doing this, the faster the ride starts to go; time starts to disappear.

Eventually, when we are aging fast enough, we break through any and all barriers until every day is exactly like the one before it and it's impossible to tell in which direction time moves.

Some people call this state dementia, but it's as close to eternal life as we're ever going to get.

Now, I know there are those of you out there who are convinced that you're different, that you're not in a rut, or doing the same things over and over again, especially if you have live in an exotic locale, have sex with anonymous strangers in poorly lit, highway rest stops, or take part in a particular, non-mainstream lifestyle; unfortunately, wearing cowboy boots to your job as an insurance salesmen, moving to East Crud Bucket, Nebraska, and introducing yourself to all the conservative Christian Republicans in town doesn't make your life any less rut worthy.

Doing the same thing, day in and day out, with the exception of major holidays, is what makes most lives rut like, and there's no amount of regimented behavior that can change our situation.

To truly break free, you've got to float through life wherever the wind takes you, say yes to all those experiences you've been too afraid to try, ring people's doorbells and run away before they answer.

I realize that constant change is stressful, especially to those of you with young children, but your kids are much more adaptive than you can possibly imagine; since they're so young, they have the ability to incorporate anything into their world view and move on... that's what makes them such efficient killers.

Don't be afraid to mix things up. Try something you've never done before: eat your neighbor's dog, have sex with one of your less attractive coworkers, rob a bank.

The idea is to keep everything in such a constant state of flux that time progressively gets faster and faster, to the point where you can no longer distinguish between one day and

the next; that way, when they ask you to take a polygraph, you want have to worry (besides, those things are almost never admissible in court).

Just don't let yourself get to a stage where you're afraid to put your hand into the urinal of life and pull out your own bar of fragrant soap to throw out the window.

Sex Mahoney for President

Lay down their bandanas and complain

I masturbated today and it was glorious.

You're probably asking yourself: "Why would Sex Mahoney, a semi-virile, young man, with an attractive wife announce, as glorious, such a pedestrian event?"

Well, for the last few weeks, my wife's sister has been staying at our apartment, and my apartment only has two rooms, the bedroom and the bathroom; the conflux of these two unfortunate circumstances has me curtailing my regularly scheduled autoerotic activities.

Once, I snuck into the bathroom with my laptop to see if I could squeeze out a quick one, but my wife popped in. Some of my female friends recommend that I pop into the shower and do it there, but, as my male readers will attest, masturbating in the shower is only one step up from drunkenly feeling up your own grandmother at your sister's wedding on the sadness scale. Not only that, but, the masturbator is often the same person who has to unclog a mass of his coagulated semen and hair from the shower drain at some indeterminate time in the future.

So, during the last two weeks, for the first time in my adult life, I haven't been able to masturbate.

Sure, there have been other times when masturbation wasn't an option. While backpacking around Europe, I couldn't sneak away to whack off; plus, I spent most of my time in hostel dorm bunk beds with anywhere between two and ten other people. The first time I tried, everyone got a little uncomfortable, especially when I asked a pair of college aged women from Michigan to kiss each other a little.

This masturbatory dry spell has been unique in several ways.

For one, I am in my own home with all of my favorite pornography just lying around waiting to be watched; unfortunately, my wife's sister is a little uptight about sitting around and ogling 'Baker's Dozen,' a porn series in which one girl takes on twelve men.

Which brings me to today.

After spending two weeks as a virtual prisoner in my own home, my wife and her sister left me alone for two days to go down

to Busan.

Not only can I now whack off with impunity, but I don't have to constantly worry about keeping my boxer's fly buttoned shut for fear of phallic floppage.

Yes, I like to walk around my house with my penis and ball hanging out. You have a problem with that?

Shortly after cleaning myself off, I realized that this, my empty apartment, is what life will be like after my wife wizens up and dumps my loser ass.

It wasn't that bad.

Then again, I only experienced twenty minutes of it before I had to leave for work; so, there might be some crying when I do it again tonight.

Then again, I might just like it so much that I change the door code to my apartment.

It's not that I don't love my wife, she's a great lady: I've never met anyone who could fit that many marbles in her mouth, and she's the only person I know who had the strength and courage to put up with a guy a like me.

Still, there are times when I find myself wishing that I was single, so I could eat dinner standing over the sink, never wash or change my underwear, and make dirty, late-night calls to phone numbers I find scribbled on bathroom walls without having to worry about waking anyone.

Like so many people out there, I'm never happy with what I have until I've fucked it up so bad that it takes out a restraining order against me and I never see it again except through a pair of binoculars.

I suppose that, if I ever do run for president, then I will probably need to have a wife, since even Ben Franklin couldn't pull that one off, and he got off easy by having his wife die. It's much sloppier when you have to show up in court and your wife's attorney reads all those text messages you sent to her attractive friends.

Then again, if America is ready to elect a black president, who is also a secret Muslim, then perhaps they're ready for a bachelor president. One who will show up at press conferences with strange smelling women they met online in a Battlestar Galactica forum and introduce the nation to his creepy mother, in whose basement he recently lived before moving to the White House.

In the meantime, I'm going to enjoy these two whack filled days while I can, and, if she asks you, just tell my wife's sister that her pillowcase is so stiff because I accidentally put cornstarch in the washing machine.

Sex Mahoney for President

South on I-95

Koreans believe in an urban legend called *Fan Death*.

There's a Wikipedia article on the subject if you're interested in reading more, but, to summarize, if you leave a fan running in a small, closed room, it will create a vortex and remove all the oxygen thereby causing you to suffocate.

Another explanation is that the fan blades eventually chop up all the oxygen particles until there are none left to breathe.

The official government position is that, if a body is exposed to electric fans or air conditioners for too long, it causes dehydration and hypothermia, plus, an increase of carbon dioxide in the blood stream.

Upon first examination, this kind of urban legend seems particularly harmful, untrustworthy, and downright fraudulent, but when you consider that people all over the world have been shoveling Jesus down other folks throats, sometimes at sword/gun point, it doesn't seem that bad.

Besides, just like evolution and human-caused global warming, that fan death does not occur has never been conclusively proven; similarly, no one has ever shown that going swimming within thirty minutes after a meal causes debilitating stomach cramps, but there are mothers all over the world still peddling that load of horse manure.

In the old days, it was incredibly hard to tell this difference between an urban legend and a scientific fact, but, in these modern times, things are much easier.

If you receive an email with the character string FW:, then everything contained therein is probably untrue. Anything that attributes a particular phenomenon to God, Jesus, or a ghost is improvable at best and a damn lie at worst. Feel free to further disregard anything with the word conspiracy in the title or body text.

Of course, not all disinformation comes through your inbox; much of it originates in advertising and is then appropriated as truth by people who don't know any better.

My wife and I argue about advertising all the time. She thinks it's a harmless way for artists to produce work, and I think it's a conspiracy created by God and the ghost of Jesus to sell more American cars.

Trinatorial scheming aside, the Tipper Gore in me would like

to silence advertising to protect people from their own idiocy, while my wife thinks that anyone who buys a Ronco Rotisserie Grill deserves the severe scalding and financial penalty they eventually receive.

Advertising puts me in a difficult position, since I'm ordinarily in favor of free speech, even to the detriment of everything else. I don't see anything wrong with a veteran call girl graphically describing her sexual history to a room full of six-year-olds, but that's mostly because the call girl isn't trying to convince the children to give her money for sexual favors. The second she does, then we have a problem.

It's not that I don't understand advertising, people have useless shit to sell and they need suckers to whom it can be sold, and that is generally harmless; I don't particularly care which brand of toilet tissue you use on your backside just so long as I don't have to unclog the soggy, scented, double-ply mess out of your toilet when the damn things backs up; however, when I am crushed to death beneath the massive bulk of your SUV because you're both too insecure in your masculinity to settle for a minivan, and too stupid to figure out how to use the Bluetooth headset that you had to have for Christmas, then I'm far less likely to sympathize with advertisers.

There's no point in punishing a driver for their negligence, because people are like dogs; yes, some of them will learn if you repeatedly shove their face into the steaming pile of love they leave on your living room floor, but most of them just bow their heads until you're out of sight and go back to licking their assholes clean.

Then again, if I blame advertising, doesn't that make me just another whiny, crybaby harping about the media's responsibility for society's ills? Just how responsible can you expect a species to be when it took them 20,000 years of social-evolutionary development just to realize that their coming often represented a death knell for any large edible animals in the area? We couldn't even get a society going without inventing an imaginary, all powerful father figure to watch over us and justify our ruthless aggression.

In the end, I have no other choice but to accept advertising as yet another screening process so that, when I hear people explain to me how their new oscillating fan also ionizes their air, I can turn my brain to more important tasks like replaying old games of *Frogger* in my imagination.

I guess I'm just a little sad when I sit down with an old friend, and rather than talking about new books we've read, movies we've watched, or hobos we've stabbed, we talk about new commercials we have both seen. Plus, it's too much, eventually advertising wears us down until we're standing in a supermarket trying to decide between the *classic* or the *old fashioned* seasoning.

Just make sure you turn off your air conditioner before you sleep tonight.

Sex Mahoney for President

It's time
to kick
some
zombie
ass

If you're drunk, and you have to pee, how close to the bathroom should you be before you take off your pants and urinate?

The way bars sometimes are, what with drunken lollygaggers standing about, and music playing too loud to lugubriously communicate, dropping your pants before you get to the bathroom seems like a perfectly natural and clear signal to the other patrons that it's in their best interest to get out of your way.

The one thing I would recommend you never do is take children to a bar; those little bastards can't hold their liquor and they rarely make it to the toilet when it's puking time. Plus, adults are smart enough to keep their opinions to themselves so they rarely complain about the foul tasting poison, aka "girl" rum, that marketing companies have convinced the general public make for tasty beverages, but children, especially the eight and under crowd, mewl and wine the second you and a buddy hold one down and start funneling grain alcohol down their throat.

Don't ask me what it is about bars that people love so much; if it's the liquor, I can get drunk faster and cheaper by drinking mouthwash in my hall closet, or, as I like to call it, the Wednesday morning ritual. If it's the socializing, then why not join some kind of club or have a good, old fashioned gang bang.

I imagine it has something to do with the crowds; for whatever reason, people like crowds.

It's true, and you can test this theory. Call up a few friends, head to your local mall, and stand around in a closed circle, eventually, more people will pile in behind you and ask you at what you're staring. Soon, there'll be a mob so thick that the people in the back won't even be able to see you, but they'll stand with the crowd anyway just because they don't know what else to do. The police will break it up, especially if you're doing this in a mall or some similar public-private place, and everyone there will wonder why our eventual alien overlords will treat us the way we treat cows, sheep, and the several diverse kinds of edible monkey.

People love crowds.

Everybody knows the best time to go to the beach is not in the height of summer, when everyone and their mother takes their flabby selves out to where dirt meets water, but in the middle of winter; just like you don't jump in a gang bang when everybody's still fresh and squirming around, you wait until everyone has had their turn before you get in there and do your business.

Sure, it's a little soggy, but it's still good.

I can't stand crowds or crowded places. Other people not only increase the temperature of any crowded area into which they pack themselves, but there's a good chance that, if so many people are interested in doing an activity, it's probably a pretty stupid thing to do; for example, people who stand online outside a retailer to buy a new movie, book, piece of software, video game console, etc. when they could get it hassle free, and usually for a lower price, a few weeks later.

I understand that everyone is anxious to be first, and no one likes to wait, but there are plenty of other things to do in the meantime.

What about swindling the elderly? Instead of wasting your time in a line to get the next Xbox, why not scam old folks out of their retirement money? Or why not ruin weddings? Just go around from church to church and spoil people's *special* days by insinuating that you slept with the bride or groom or both.

I understand that not everyone can be an individual, and that being an individual is not the same thing as being useful, but you'd think that for a species that prides itself on freedom of choice, rational thinking, and individuality, we'd be able to think of something to do where we don't have to stand shoulder to shoulder and front to back with the world's sweatiest, stinkiest, fattest, and pointiest families just to ride a roller coaster, see a movie, or have a fucking drink.

We're social animals, I get it. Apart from watching people fuck, most of the time wasted on the internet is spent communicating with other hairless apes around the globe. We need human contact to keep us from going completely bat-shit crazy and doing something stupid like shaving our elbows or believing Fox News; however, there comes a point when we have to look at a throbbing herd of people and say "Enough is enough."

They use electric shock prods to get cows into high density feed lots, but people are willing to pay out the ass to stand in a seven hour line for the *Pirates of the Caribbean* ride at Disney World.

The older I get, the less comfortable I feel around all the rest of you. It seems ridiculous to walk around in these clothes, or trade metal and paper with one another in exchange for food, drugs, and sexual favors. There has to be a better

way to spend our time than standing in a room full of strangers, drinking ethyl alcohol, playing darts, and listening to the same three songs over and over and over again.

The least they could do is let people pee everywhere. Just put a drain in the middle of the bar and slant the floor downwards. I'd feel much better about paying six dollars a bottle for a Corona if I knew that everyone was standing in a puddle of my urine.

Sex Mahoney for President

Her
profession's
her religion,
her sin is
her
lifelessness

There is an automatic stapler attached to the copy machine in my office.

The other day, I went to use the stapler, and someone stopped me; they told me it was broken.

In about ten minutes, I figured out how to fix the stapler: it took one minute to open the thing, five seconds to see that the only thing broken about it was that there were no staples loaded, and eight minutes and fifty five to ask someone where they keep the staples for the automatic stapler.

When it was all over, my boss was very impressed. He has been upset that the stapler has been broken for the last week as there are many things he wished to staple.

I don't know that I really wanted to share this story, or just see how many times I could write stapler, or some variant, in four sentences.

I understand that, in our technologically advanced age, we are surrounded by a bevy of machines, the inner workings of which baffle us at every turn, but when something as simple as a stapler being out of staples keeps the office staplists from stapling the documents they need to staple, then things have gone a little too far.

Right now, many of you are sitting at home reading this piece on a machine that you know little to nothing about; you trust your, and your family's, safety to a giant motorized vehicle whose engines run on some kind of liquid you barely understand, but for which are willing to pay through the teeth; and magic switches activate the lights in your homes.

For all our toys, very few of us have any idea how any of these things work.

Sure, even I would like to say that I am handy when it comes to home electrical and small appliance repair, but for every one thing I can fix, there's several thousand that I can't,

and several million I've broken while trying.

For the most part, I, and most of you, live in a world of technological mystery and wonder.

Except when it comes to my computer.

I use a computer to do all my writing, entertaining, video processing, masturbating, and animating; so, it would be extremely negligent to rely on the computer fairies keeping my machine running while asking it to do so much. It wouldn't be fair to the computer.

A key sign that you're in an abusive relationship is when one partner does all the taking and none of the giving.

Are you in an abusive relationship with your computer? After coming home from a hard day at work and finding your internet connection sluggish at best, are you apt to slap the poor thing instead of listening to it talk about its day? How many times has your computer gone out for repairs and told a technician that it 'fell down the stairs?'

A computer requires careful attention, the kind you would ordinarily reserve for only the finest prostitutes. Even if you bought your PC on the cheap, there's a good chance that you spend a moderate to large amount of time taking advantage of the fun and joy that is computing in the 21st century; therefore, while your computer may not have cost much, it's much more valuable than you think.

If you have a computer, you don't need a television, or a cable hookup, since you can download anything that's broadcast on TV; they even have a pay download service if you're one of those pussies who don't want to steal intellectual property.

If you have a computer, you don't need a spouse, since pornography will satisfy your sexual urges. Financial management and voice recognition software will balance your checkbook and talk to you; plus, you can network your computer to your kitchen appliances and program them to bake various pies while you're at work.

The sheer number of possibilities opened up by PC ownership removes most of the imaginative and practical limits to our short, pointless realities; plus, it makes our deaths so much more meaningful because, instead of waiting for worms to eat your corpse and shit you back into the circle of life, the next user can plug right into your death chair, format your hard drive, and pick up where you left off.

Sure, I might be stepping over the line here in equating your PC or (shudder) MAC to your sister who has a penchant for shacking up with quick to anger guys named Jimbo, but when you treat complex objects like simple tools, make no effort to understand them, and abuse the hell out of the trust they put in you; you're not much better than a domestic abuser.

So get to know your PC, open it up and see what makes it tick, push it to the limits of its capabilities to see what you can do together, stick your penis in its 5 and 3/4 inch drive bay and coat its motherboard with all the man juice you can muster.

And make sure that there are staplers in the automatic stapler before you call the automatic stapler repairman.

Sex Mahoney for President

God damn
You
shrubbery

I'm not a promiscuous person.

Not that there's anything wrong with promiscuity, if people want to engage in sexual activity with a high number, and wide variety, of folks, then that's their business and has absolutely nothing to do with me, no matter who, what, or how they want to stick what, when and where.

I strictly limit myself to fucking only those people who want to have sex with me. If there's no one around who wants that particular job, I have no problem having sex with myself; I'm not one of those people who goes around forcing his penis down everyone's throat whether it's been requested or not, or, as they're called in the parlance of our times, Evangelical Christians. Those people are promiscuous. I'm just an opportunist.

For any women who are reading this and wondering how only sleeping with the people who want to sleep with me is in any way discerning or discriminating, you should know that, as men, very few women will try to sleep with us over the course of our lives, maybe a few dozen at most; unlike women, whom are constantly hounded by everything with a penis including several breeds of small dog and more than a few of their drunken uncles.

Of course, this doesn't count if you're wealthy or famous; if that's the case, then you may as well be a woman for the number of people who try to fuck you.

My selectivity can lead to some problems. Namely, in that there are times when it's best not to put your penis into everyone who requests that you do; I learned that lesson the first time my second grade teacher, in a moment of desperation, after realizing that she accidentally forgot to take a whole month's worth of birth control pills and was now most likely infected with the kind of parasite that a state agency paid her to teach, whispered, "Fuck me" while she stood near my desk; or when you're otherwise monogamistically linked to a person that doesn't share your views on the harmlessness of having sex with their close friends and relatives.

I've only ever successfully turned down sex once and I've cheated on every woman with whom I've ever been romantically involved. When you add that to my disdain for personal hygiene, extensive porn collection, and love of all things anal, you can see why most women don't often ask me to have sex with them; however, it does happen from time to time, and I have only ever once said "No."

Well, that's not true, I said no twice, technically, but I only ever really meant it once and the other time I was just posturing because I was too young, idealistic, and stupid to do what I would regret doing had I done it, but probably should have done at the time. I suppose that's what you get for having principles.

The first time I turned a girl down for sex, she was drunk, I was sober, and that didn't seem fair. You can talk drunken people into doing all kinds of things that they wouldn't ordinarily do, including degrading things such as having sex with someone like me.

The other time I turned someone down for sex, it turned out that she was a virgin and I was the first boy she ever kissed. Not wanting that kind of pressure, I gracefully bowed out and let someone else spoil that poor girl. I may be a monster, but I prefer to keep my monsterism to the already ruined.

So, short of discovering that an orifice was filled with razor sharp teeth, or pus oozing sores, there's not much, as various small animals, pool filters, and microwave heated jars of peanut butter can attest, that would dissuade me from putting my penis into a warm, wet place, which is nice if you're the kind of person who wants to have sex with me, but not so nice if you're the kind of person that doesn't want me to have sex with anyone else; namely, my wife, or various sixteen year old girls' parents.

Unfortunately, once I'm having sex, I'm almost always disappointed. I grew up in a home where sex and sexual imagery was only acceptable when there was laughter to be had; for example, if one of my parents, on the first day of high school, were to show up and loudly ask, in front of my peers, if I could explain the box of Kleenex, bottle of hand lotion, and thousands of rock hard tissues they <i>found</i> underneath my bed; the rest of the time, my pornography was routinely confiscated and I was not allowed to have girls in my room without the door staying open; therefore, I never remember anything about sex because I tend to lose interest in it before long thereby making it a regularly disappointing experience (although, probably less disappointing for me than it is for any of the other participants).

I do, however, remember all the horrible things that have happened while having sex: a girl mistaking my penis for a finger, my partner vomiting en flagrante delicto, my grandmother's coffin, behind which I was hiding, choosing the exact moment of my climax to tip over.

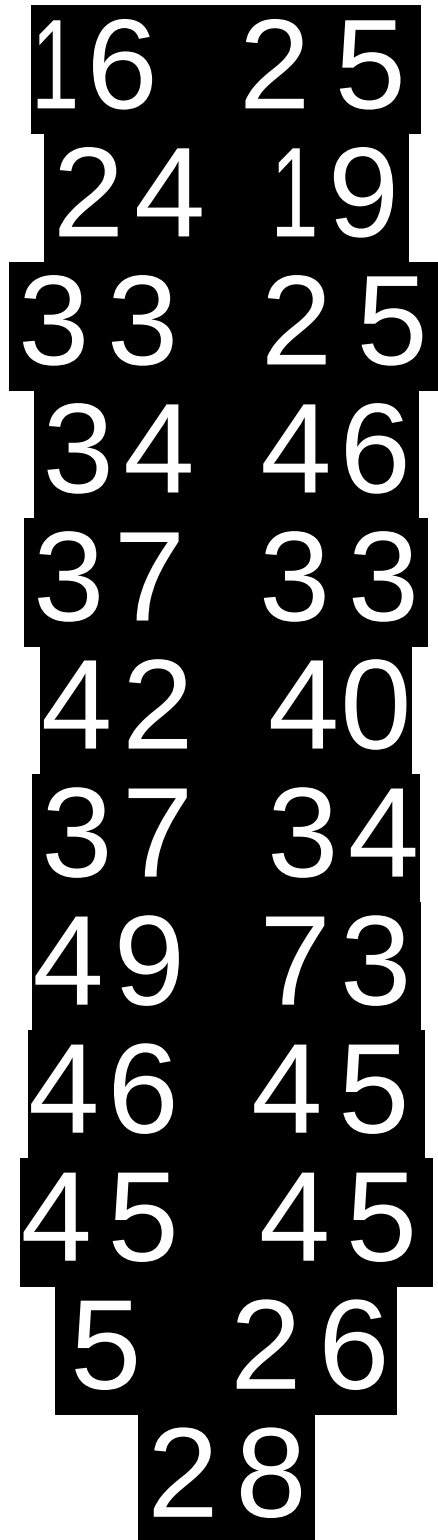
There's nothing important about sex and there's nothing particularly special about it, which is why I no more remember each sexual encounter than I do every handshake... well, that's not entirely true either, because I don't have to cover my hands in latex before introducing myself to someone... anymore.

Human beings, like most other animals, know that fucking feels good, but, unlike our primitive cousins, we possess the consciousness and understanding necessary for engaging in the kinds of sex about which zebras can only dream; unfortunately, we spoil that by inventing imaginary deities with rules about who, how, why, when, and where we can fuck when really there's no reason why two, or more, consenting adults, upon realizing that they have five to ten minutes to kill while waiting for a bus, dinner, movie, taxi, school bell, or police response, shouldn't just strip off their clothes and start fucking wherever, however, and whenever they so please.

If people relaxed about that sort of thing, then the world would probably be exactly the same as it is now, because human beings can't ever leave well enough alone and enjoy a fun aspect of their existence, but at least we'd all get laid a little more.

Just try not to be promiscuous.

Sex Mahoney for President



It's too hot to think about anything except how hot it is.

That and penis. I keep thinking about penis.

Is it just me, or have there been a lot more cocks in movies over the last year. *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story*, *Cock Man: The Cockinator* are all movies that feature a healthy amount of flaccid male genitalia.

Hell, last summer's *Superbad* featured a character whose quirks was repeatedly drawing penis after penis.

It's awfully nice to see some nudity if mainstream films besides breasts and ass. Don't get me wrong, I like breasts, but, without a little variety, everything gets boring.

Besides, in a world where every national landmark is shaped like a giant penis, or dedicated to people who have them, wouldn't it be nice to see a little more vagina?

I'm not talking about pubic hair, there's plenty of that in movies, and when have two men, or a man and a lesbian, while sitting around talking about women with whom they'd like to sleep, ever said "Oh man, she's so hot. I'd eat thirteen tons of shit to see her pubic hair."

Of course, there are bound to be some people out there who are

really into pubic hair, so I cheerfully retract the previous comment and leave you nether-hair fetishists to your short, curly interests.

Just because I can't understand something doesn't mean that there aren't a lot of people out there who really get into it; personally, I don't understand why people would sit in traffic to go to the beach, aka the world's largest ashtray, just to swim in fish and medical waste, but that's just me.

I'm reasonably sure that there is at least one person out there for every possible fetish; the best thing is that, most likely there's a magazine for it. If you're into phone sex, and I'm not talking about the pussy kind where you talk dirty to someone over the telephone, but the kind where you pry the numbers out of your phone and fuck its circuit board like there's no tomorrow, then don't worry, because, for only fifty dollars a year, you can get monthly issues of Dirty Ma Bell, delivered to your house in non descript brown paper packaging.

The hard part is finding someone with whom you're sexually compatible, because, it's not enough to find someone who also enjoys phone sex, but someone who wants to share their fetish with you.

Part of that is selfishness, but the majority of privacy issues stem from people's inability to recognize similarities between themselves and the other mostly hairless apes because, for most of their lives, they're told that their genitals need covering.

Blanket genital censoring tells children that there's something wrong with their penis or vagina, so that they feel dirty if they whip it out at the local Laundromat, or ride the escalator banister at the local mall.

While I can understand a person who gets turned on by pubic hair, I can't understand the point of censorship, particularly in this, the internet age, when anyone with even a dial-up connection has seen at least one human being shitting in someone else's mouth. From what, are children being protected?

Seeing a penis or a vagina is never indecent, because decency shows regard for the people around you. It's highly indecent to urinate on an unsuspecting stranger who has not requested you do so, but it is never indecent to watch someone pee on another person... in fact, that can be quite funny.

What's even more absurd is that most states have an age of consent somewhere around 16, which means that there is a whole group of children out there who can happily have sex with anyone they want, but they can't spend ten bucks to go see it on a movie screen. If it is harmful for a child to see a penis, or a vagina, then it makes sense that they should wear diapers until they reach the legal age of consent for the particular state in which they live, at which point, their parents could safely let them examine their own genitals; however, just like

Laius and Pelias, who met their fate while trying to avoid it, the longer you restrict someone's access to a pleasurable activity, the more zealous they will become upon discovering the hitherto unknown gratification.

I once knew a Mormon boy who wore a chastity belt until he was 21 years old, and, upon having it removed, masturbated himself to death within a week.

People always talk about vaginal odor, but penis odor is often overlooked, just because women emit a constant musk from their genitals; however, take a whiff of a cock after a long day of walking around in the summer heat and it smells just as bad, if not worse, than the most yeast infected vagina I've ever seen. Vaginas also get awful smelly in the summertime, but unless the woman to whom it belongs is also menstruating, it's never as bad as a fetid cock. Vaginas don't smell like your grandmother's apple pie either, and keeping both trapped inside clothes all the time just makes them smell worse, which means that the person who sticks their face into your smelly genitals after a summer night out on the town is receiving a healthy dose of indecency just because some puritans say you can't expose your genitals to a cool summer breeze.

So keep your eyes open as you walk through crowded summer areas, and never forget about all the disgusting, sweaty, stinky genitals on all the people around you, at sporting events, firework displays, religious services, and barbecues, that are, right now, soaking in a pool of sweat, dead skin, and pheromones, which, for some reason, people think it would be wrong to free from their textile prisons and air out.

In this heat, it's a necessity.

Sex Mahoney for President

You're
so damn
hot

I used to say that religion, like farts, is best kept private.

While it is a good slogan (if you don't mind, I'll just suck my own dick in front of you for a moment), it's a piece of advice that I can't really follow.

Sure, I don't have a problem keeping my religion to myself, since I don't have a religion, but, when it comes to farts, there's nothing I like more than sharing them with others, particularly on elevators. Of course, my farts don't ask you for money or tell you that you're going to rot in hell for all eternity if you don't like them, but intruding is never polite, no matter what form that intrusion takes. Even though they are both equally fun, it's in just as poor taste to run up to a car stopped at a traffic light, drop your pants, and rub your genitals on the drivers window as it is to sneeze on the back of someone's head in a movie theater.

I have accepted that I'm an asshole; it's my lot in life. I don't want to make any new friends, or be nice to anyone. I just want to challenge the existing social order until I'm either locked in jail or dead... expect me to change my opinion if I ever come into money.

The strange thing is that you will most likely never see me on a pundit show giving my expert opinion about assholes because there are enough assholes in the world, and most of them wind up pursuing careers as pundits (the rest of them get jobs as your boss); however, religious leaders are brought on television to give their expert opinion whenever there is a morality question before the public such as when a politician gets caught with a prostitute, a celebrity gets arrested for drugs, or a middle-aged minor celebrity appears in an ad wearing clothes that symbolically supports terrorism (Seriously? Rachel Ray's scarf? That's the most objectionable thing the news media can dig up on a woman who systematically kills vagrants then cooks them into thirty minute meals?).

Leaving aside the more important question of "Why is the news media talking about morality when they could be reporting the news" for a moment (we will come back to that), my first question concerns people's belief that religious figures somehow have a monopoly on morality.

Morality is relative, and, while we, as a society, might share certain moral precepts, we determine our morality on a situation by situation basis. When Batman beats up his mother and sister, he's a monster; when we do it, we had a damn good reason.

At best, a religious leader can come on television, spout a few verses of their poorly translated holy book, and then hawk whatever cheap wares they've come on television to sell. If the news is so interested in what religion has to say about a particular subject, then why not just throw up a few bible quotes and call it a day. It's easy to find a quote in the Christian bible condemning or praising any manner of behaviors, and don't worry if you need to change your position later, because there's most likely an aphorism that contradicts the first one you used.

I know that everyone likes to point out that the hardcore religious are both pro-capital punishment and anti-abortion, but what no one ever mentions is that capital punishment is like ten abortions in one because that recently executed male prisoner could have sired thousands of children. Life begins at conception, which for any person on this planet was when, four generations back, your paternal and maternal great-great-grandfathers forgot to pull out of your paternal and maternal great-great-grandmothers.

The real question is why the media concerns itself with morality. The news media is a business that is concerned with selling product, which makes it all the more telling when you consider that there are exponentially more pedophilia stories in the news these days. It puts a whole new twist on that old adage: "Sex sells."

Besides, why would you trust anyone who changed their given name to something like Stone, Wolf, or Bill O'Reilly? Changing your name to make yourself more marketable shows a remarkable lack of respect for authority and disdain for family values since most people receive one of their names from two people who care for and bring them into this world... the other name just comes from the dude your mom was fucking at the time. How are we supposed to trust people who use aliases in public?

For that matter, why put any faith in a religion that rebranded its mascot?

Believe me, I know plenty of carpenters named Jesus, and sure, they have got their crazy religious superstitions, but they're generally nice guys who know where to find good bud, and they send most of their money back home to their families in Mexico. That the Christian community thinks of their savior as an English speaking white guy who can bring them eternal salvation and pancake breakfast fundraisers is just one more example of their untrustworthinessitude.

Unfortunately, pundits and religions easily dispense well meaning, but difficult to practice slogans; they look nice on t-shirts and bumper stickers but they're damn near impossible to carry out in real life. What's not catchy about, "If a soul commit a trespass, and sin through ignorance, in the holy things of the LORD; then he shall bring for his trespass unto the LORD a ram without blemish out of the flocks, with thy

estimation by shekels of silver, after the shekel of the sanctuary, for a trespass offering. And he shall make amends for the harm that he hath done in the holy thing, and shall add the fifth part thereto, and give it unto the priest: and the priest shall make an atonement for him with the ram of the trespass offering, and it shall be forgiven him" or Bill O'Reilly's favorite slogan "Shut up! Just shut up! That's it you're cut off!"

They both look good on a t-shirt.

Religion and punditry are two subjects onto which people can latch because they provide smarmy answers to difficult questions for people who are otherwise unable to invent their own; plus, since both subjects can easily take up a large portion of a person's available time, it's hard to go through a day without sharing a little bit of that with the people around you.

I have no problem with such sharing, just so long as the sharer is aware, and fully accepting of their asshole behavior; if they have good intentions, or actively want to spread the word, then fuck them.

Sometimes you've got to let one loose, no matter how many people are standing in the elevator with you, just don't try to kid yourself as to what doing that makes you.

Sex Mahoney for President

She's
out of
my
league
I'm
insane

It's a lot harder to shit your pants than most people admit.

Sure, when you're sick, watch the movie *The Notebook*, or eat a pound of chocolate flavored elephant laxative, it's much easier, but that's not what I mean.

Most of you are probably reading this sitting down, as it is difficult to read and carry a laptop, plus there are all those pesky trees, light poles, and unfenced interstates that get in the way; so, I challenge you, right now, to try and shit your pants.

See, you couldn't do it.

That's because our social conditioning is so strong that only trauma, such as eating an entire five-gallon tub of olestra or mental illness can break our deeply ingrained habits. It's also hard to piss your pants on purpose, but not as hard as you might think.

Human beings, given the right training, can grow accustomed to just about anything.

Just ask the eight-year-old, child prostitute children of the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands who exchanged sexual favors for the privilege of making bound for the US textiles in sweetshops and they'll tell you that you're a prude for holding on to your virginity until you were nine.

Or take the Republican congressmen, who were so used to making money from kickbacks and bribes, they made sure that, as a protectorate of the United States, clothes made by those sex slaves had *Made in the US* of A tags on the back and no troubling legislation made it illegal for those honorable slavers to do their patriotic duty of offering 15% price reductions in textiles to God-fearing, red state, Americans.

Yup, people can be trained to do just about anything... but that doesn't mean they're amateurs.

An amateur is someone who has no particular training in a

specific field, but who dabbles in that bailiwick anyway; like the father who carefully edits videos of his family's vacations into professional looking, but still boring, fodder, or the woman who only gives blowjobs on birthdays, Christmas, and at funerals.

A professional is someone who knows what they're doing.

That's why I'm not impressed by the Olympics, and I fully supported a boycott of the 2008 Beijing games.

While there are some sports which allow professional athlete participation, the Olympics prides itself on being an amateur competition when nothing could be further from the truth.

An amateur competition would be if your cousin Larry, the one who plays basketball with you at family gatherings as an excuse to touch your backside, was on the Olympic team; it would be an amateur competition if I tried to do triple back flips on the balance beam; it would be an amateur competition if the people competing hadn't trained their entire lives to be Olympic athletes.

Plus, while many Olympic competitors are forbidden from competing if they've previously competed for money, but endorsement deals don't count as competing for money; so, if you still consider someone who started training from the moment they left the womb and receives money for what they do, an amateur, then you've learned nothing from your time as an amateur philologist.

Just like every other human endeavor, the Olympics keep up a façade to keep people from realizing what an enormous waste of time and money it is to watch our fellow hairless apes twirl themselves around uneven parallel bars to win rocks dug out of the ground and shaped into little circles.

Recently, there has been quite a stir over athletes disqualified from the Olympics for steroid use, because of the harmful negative consequences associated with shooting your body full of synthetic bull hormones; however, as Mary Lou Retton can attest, little girls who train as gymnasts remain midgets for life and, unlike the movie *Gymkata* suggests, there is no international fighting force of gymnasts to save the princess of Parmistan from evil Communist Ninjas. Let's pump these athletes full of steroids; it might make the Olympics more interesting to see two female gymnasts beat each other to death.

It's about time that regular folks stood up to those Olympic committee punks and sent them a strong message by not watching and not attending this year's Olympic games in Beijing... and this isn't about Tibet, fuck Tibet. I have no sympathy for a religious group that wants to be free from oppression so they can go back to oppressing their own people.

Don't watch the Olympics, don't go to the Olympics, don't buy

any Olympic related merchandise, and, when athletes come back from the Olympics, spit on them as you would common dogs, because that's the only way that humans beings are ever going to learn... by conditioning.

Just don't forget that I'm only talking about the 2008 Olympics. If my petition to the Olympic committee to have pants shitting recognized as an Olympic sport for the 2012 London games, then I expect you to honor me as a hero when I come back with my gold medal.

Sex Mahoney for President

What's
a few
broken
bones
when we
all know
it's
good
clean
fun

Everybody wants

to be the first one to discover something.

It's the next best thing to doing something unique and creative of which everyone wants to be a part.

It's easy to find folks who will tell you that they were there the first night that Nirvana played some shitty dive bar in Seattle, or wrote code with Tom to develop this myspace monster, and I'm willing to bet that if you traveled back in time, you'd find an early human who'd swear to you that they were there the night that Ahk-Tang discovered fire.

That's why most men want to date virgins; there's a certain excitement in being the first explorer to enter a new land, even if that means having to deal with unfriendly natives,

or overly tight vaginas.

I don't understand that obsession. It's not as though you, upon finishing with a virgin, get to take off your SCUBA gear, plant a flag in their vagina, and say "I claim this land in the name of (from wherever the hell it is you came)." Sure, it builds character to travel the road less taken, but there are many benefits to the beaten path. I prefer to date women who were previously in abusive relationships, because nothing I do will be worse than what their previous boyfriend's did and it's not at all hard to pick up women in police stations, hospitals, and non-profit shelters.

When it comes down to it, most people really don't want to be first, and, if you don't believe me, then walk into your local pharmacy, strap a fifteen inch dildo to the end of a pneumatic jack hammer, and hang a sign around your neck advertising 25 cents a ride. No one will want to go first... which is why you should also bring along some kind of powerful nerve gas or a rubber mallet.

There's a lot of pressure being someone's first sexual partner, which is part of the reason why I never sleep with virgins; the other reasons being that, I don't want my perverse degeneracy ruining anyone else's sexually explorative journey and I don't want to spend my recreational hours teaching anyone anything.

I teach for a living, so I'm not interested in imparting knowledge to anyone unless I'm financially compensated for my expertise.

No matter what your job, any oft repeated activity sullied by money eventually becomes a soulless, mind numbing punishment for failing to listen to your parents advice and

choosing a career in whatever earns you your daily bread rather than law, medicine, or, in the case of my parents, emu farmer. Pornstars don't want to come home from a long day of fucking and get fucked, police officers don't want to come home from a long day of stereotyping minorities and watch BET, and the last thing on a religious leaders mind, after a long day of performing their godly duties, is raping children; for the same reasons, I don't want to teach in my spare time.

It's not that I abhor learning, absorbing knowledge is one of my favorite activities and I'm glad that my brain possesses the ability to decode the random scribbles we have unanimously decided create sounds into messages, I just don't want to be the one to do it.

Most people's first sexual partner sets the tone for them in much the same way that a school teaches them how to learn, and the damage done by your inaugural penis or vagina, just like the psychotic ramblings of your tenth grade history teacher, can take years to undo. The only difference between them is that you'll have at least ten to eleven years of history crammed down your throat, but no one thinks it's necessary to teach children how to fuck in school... that and you won't get any tater tots or steakums from the person who pops your cherry.

Like any other vocation, fucking is an important social, and economic skill, even if you prudes don't want to legalize prostitution, there are men and women out there who will need to know how to show a wealthy widow or a quadriplegic Texas oilman a good time in the sack because they have no other valuable skills by which to earn a living.

It's about time that schools focused on the important

things like teaching kids how to fuck. That way, they will not only emerge from their adolescence with the necessary skills to get them through their first four years at university, but all the pressure of their first sexual encounter will take place at school under a trained professional's supervision.

Teaching children how to fuck will demystify all the hoopla surrounding their virginities, so that they won't think twice about giving it up in the back of their parents' car now that they've already been deflowered by a middle-aged government employee.

Besides, when it comes right down to it, there's nothing special about going first, you've just experienced something before the hordes descended upon it; so even if you were there to see Nirvana play their first show, that doesn't make their music suck any less.

Sex Mahoney for President

You are
just like
a
pornstar
and I
suck
your cock
like a
whore

Something about
the phrase *dick sucking lips*
rubs me the wrong way.

Once you put a penis between any set of lips, they automatically become dick sucking lips, but, more importantly, lips don't do any of the dick sucking while a person sucks dick. Lung muscle contractions create suction, the lips just form a seal around whatever it is upon which their owner happens to suck, which doesn't have to be a dick, although that does seem to be the thing that people suck on the most.

So the phrase *dick seal lips* should replace the phrase *dick sucking lips* in the popular vernacular, that way I can mount a justifiable defense in the civil suit Sea World filed against me.

Don't judge me; someday, you too might have sex with a pinniped, in what you think is a secluded tank right before some idiot tour guide raises a curtain thereby exposing your genitals to a group of field tripping students, and need a logical argument with which to convince a jury that you had a good reason as to why you were in the seal tank in the first place.

Sure, I know that *dick sucking lips*, in the common usage refers to a woman or man with particularly robust lips, and said lips are highly sought after by men looking to have their dicks sucked; I suppose that's because the bigger the lips the

softer the sucking, but you don't see nearly as many men clamoring to have old ladies and crack heads take out their dentures and give them gummies, but that's understandable since the latter is visually appealing even if big lips are no indication of oral sex abilities.

Still, you hear men, and women, repeat this phrase because they learned it through common usage... which is exactly why we should avoid it at all costs.

Common usage teaches us all kinds of useless things, like tip your waiter, spay or neuter your children, and don't wear white shoes after Labor Day, but the truth is that white shoes always looks good, children are a scourge that we need to stop, and people only get tips for exceptional, or special request, service.

I will gladly tip a waiter for jerking me off while I eat my Bloomin' Onion, but if all they do is bring it to the table and then give me a bill, that fucker ain't getting shit.

The best thing about common usage is that, if enough people believe it and repeat it, whatever idiocy you've cooked up becomes the next best thing to the god's honest truth: rumor.

The current common usage, concerning illegal Meso and South American immigrants, is that they are necessary to the US economy because they do the jobs that Americans don't want. We know that because someone did a study and the news media reported that statistic to us; of course, we're far too busy to read the actual study, so we're basically relying on the news reports to tell us the truth; however, if the answer sounds like the one we want to hear, then that answer is good enough... that's what a team of geniuses figured out over at Fox News.

What I don't understand is how people know that Americans don't want to perform menial jobs for low pay with no benefits or safety precautions? For the last fourteen years, most states have elected Republican politicians who would like to keep the minimum wage low, excuse employers from providing expensive medical care to people who purposefully mangle themselves on unsafe equipment in the workplace so they can sue their decent, and not at all negligent, bosses, and build giant fences across the southern US/Mexican border to keep illegal immigrants from coming to America and taking our jobs; therefore, at least fifty-one percent of the population must want to do the same jobs as illegal immigrants.

We can't trust the common usage.

Of course, that does beg the question: "Why do patriotic businessmen hire illegal immigrants if there are Americans who want to do those thankless jobs?"

Given that employers are more likely to hire an employee with experience and education, coupled with the American public's

disdain for high fallutin' elitists, I can only surmise that people have ignored their education for so long, or pursued the wrong kind of education, that most Americans are now too dumb to pull oranges from trees, butcher cattle, or shampoo the semen stains out of hotel bedspreads.

It's time that public schools stopped teaching all that Shakespeare and calculus hogwash to focus on subjects that will help children reclaim the jobs stolen by immigrants, once those immigrants' children have become doctors, lawyers, and corrupt politicians.

Most of my readers come from America, so it's understandable if some of you, by now, are angry that I've called you stupid; the rest of you are scratching your sloping, pronounced brows and wondering just how the machine, in front of which you are sitting, can make words and pictures appear without using some kind of magic. Don't worry, eventually things in America will become bad enough that staying will be worse than leaving, and then we'll get our chance to be some other country's down trodden immigrants. It might sound bad now, but it's actually a lot of fun: people think that listening to your crappy pop music makes them more enlightened, the police keep a close eye on you to make sure you're safe at all times, and you somehow know where to find all the best drugs.

The best part is that, no matter how thick or thin your lips are now, everyone will think you have *seal lips* since getting a blowjob from you is exotic.

Sex Mahoney for President

We'll
walk
across
the
water
holding
hands

This has been a disappointing rainy season.

The last time I was in Korea, the rainy season, or Jangma, lasted about a month and it rained more in those thirty days that it rains anywhere in the US during an average year.

This year, we've had a few light showers here and there, but nothing about which to write home.

I feel let down.

Not only that, but I was so impressed by the rainy season that I told everyone who would listen about how insane it would be, and now they all want to kick my ass for falsely raising their hopes.

That's the story of life; we always arrive a day too late. Everything is in a constant state of decay.

You kids have it so easy these days with your Easy Mac and your Xboxes, and your cheap access to quality pornography. Why, in my day, if we wanted pornography, we would have to watch our own parents doing it through their bedroom windows, and we were grateful for it.

I guess that's entropy for you.

Of course, if everything is always on the decline, then you are currently living in the greatest moment history ever produced; unfortunately, you were too busy to notice it because you were reading this sentence. Don't worry, though. Here comes another one.

Knowing that every minute things are getting worse puts a lot of pressure on the immediate moment so that an aging hippy, trying to "live in the now" must constantly focus their attention on the slowly deteriorating condition that is

reality.

People everywhere advise you to use your time wisely so you don't waste your life, but a life is an impossible thing to waste. If what you like to do is nothing, then doing nothing fulfills your life's goals; granted, there probably are few people who, on their deathbeds, turn to their loved ones and say "I wish I had played for video games" but give it time. When the Nintendo generation turns fifty, I'm sure it will become much more common.

Senior citizens who issue death bed recantations are not noble souls who caution the youngsters to make the most of their remaining time; they're bitter fogeys experiencing buyer's remorse.

While bland clichés like "Live your life without regrets" may inspire insipid managers to buy nature themed posters with bland slogans printed on them, life is nothing without its regrets.

In fact, the less you regret, the less you've lived.

Our lives are a series of choices that lead from one to another in semi-random patterns; until, finally, one of our ungrateful children makes the choice to unplug our expensive life support machines to preserve our dignity, and remaining, inheritance-related, cash reserves. Whenever we make one choice, we restrict ourselves from following the infinite number of other choices that could have taken our lives down different paths. Taking the easy way out and dumping the dead hooker's body in the river caused you to spend fifteen months in prison, but that's where you met the current love of your life, your cellmate, Vito.

A life well lived leads to regrets, and it's not just the big things like failing to fuck the homecoming queen when she passed out drunk in your car, hitting on your wife's sister while you were drunk at your wedding, or buying lots of lottery tickets and vodka while your children slowly starve to death, it's an infinite world of possibilities on which you turn your back every time you do everything. Why, brushing your teeth extra hard this morning might lead to your untimely demise at the hands of a rabid pack of chimpanzees ten years hence.

Chaos theory aside, our personal choices, while appearing limitless and free, are actually restricted by who we are, with whom we surround ourselves, and the circumstances under which those choices are made. It might seem, looking back on it, that we were free to fuck, or not fuck, the homecoming queen, but don't overlook the fact that she was only in your car because she lived next door to your plain, homely girlfriend; you hit on your wife's sister only as long as you were reasonably sure that your wife, and her sister's much larger, more athletic, and attractive, boyfriend were out of earshot; you bought lottery tickets and vodka because your

children were, before they died of malnutrition because they were, ugly, slow witted losers who wouldn't have amounted to much anyway with a parent like you.

Choices are not made in a vacuum, and, once they are made, you can never take them back; so, it's impossible to live without a lot of regret, but to wallow in it makes it difficult to remember that every second of your life is another in a long series of choices, the outcome of which could make you a millionaire or land you in prison; however, that doesn't mean once you learn the lesson, you should take it easy on people who haven't.

The next time some senior citizen starts to tell you about how good things used to be in the old days, casually remind them that the old days, much like their friends, family, and casual acquaintances, ain't coming back, watching your parents have sex is no substitute for double penetration pornography (unless you are a child of the 70s and your parents were into that sort of thing with their swinger friends), and it doesn't matter how much it rained this rainy season.

Still, I guess that, living in Asia, if there's not going to be a catastrophic flood to entertain me, I can always hold out hope for a Godzilla related attack.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'm at a
loss, you
were my
tangerine,
my
pussycat,
my
trampoline

When I was a child, I always felt an atmospheric change when walking into a church.

It wasn't until much later, when I was in high school or university, and started befriending hippies that I understood why.

The darkened windows, the constant stench of incense, the droning music, and well intentioned people with impractical ideas, are all the kinds of things you encounter in a hippie drug den.

To date, I still don't know which of the two is more annoying.

On the one hand, the hippie philosophy is less antiquated than religion's; plus, religion has a lot more people and, unlike the hippies, worshippers are generally less cannabis sedated and more likely to get angry when you laugh at their funny dress, crappy music, and ludicrous beliefs. On the other hand, hippies go on and on about the global conspiracies to keep Ralph Nader from being elected president of the United States and you have to shave through three layers of pubic undergrowth just to see if you're about to sleep with one of their men or women.

Either way, they're both groups that derive their self-esteem from identifying with an external group rather than recognizing whatever internal qualities might make them worthwhile members of the human race.

Just like most wives who take their husband's name after marriage.

There is a lot about modernity that most likely sins against nature, but I'm perfectly willing to accept rapid species

extinction and rising global temperatures for internet access and pornography because change is usually a good thing when compared to stagnation. If you don't believe me, then just leave an uncapped bottle of water sitting in your backyard and tell me how it tastes after a few days.

For all the progress that we humans have made, there are a dedicated few of us who love clinging to our anachronistic traditions, and so, in this 21st century of the Common Era, there are still women who change their name after their nuptials.

A woman who gives up her last name is quietly assenting to the tradition that, upon wedding, she is now property of her husband, who has gone so far as to rename her in his own image, and belongs to that man. I'm amazed that so many conservative Christian groups still condone this practice, considering that a woman who changes her to preserve the sanctity of marriage is giving a big fuck you to her previous family who was good enough to give her a last name that seemed to work perfectly fine before a penis with a ring came along. That hardly seems like family values.

If women are going to change their names when they get married, then why stop at the last name? Since they have to get all new documents (i.e. passport, driver's license, social security and credit cards, etc) then a wedding is a perfectly good excuse to go with an entirely new name that is some combination of their new husband's last name and whatever they've always wanted their name to be.

Now, I know there are a lot of people out there who are sticklers for tradition, but most of the other wedding traditions are ignored these days and no one seems to mind. When is the last time you saw someone wearing a white wedding dress who hadn't known a premarital dick or seven in her time? Considering that most women no longer lose their virginity to the man, or woman, they marry, wouldn't it make much more sense if they shed their maiden name the first time they took a dick?

I have laid it on the ladies pretty thick up to this point, but that in no way excuses the kind of men who would get offended if their wife didn't take their last name upon exchanging rings. Fellow penis-possessors, this is not an issue on which we should take any stand. What a woman names herself is her own business, and, for those of you who have never been married before, putting your foot down about anything will eventually come back to bite you in the ass.

A marriage works similar to a primitive economy, in that you must barter for all goods and services; any concessions your partner gives you must eventually be evened out to cover the debt you incur for getting them to concede to your desires; so, just like when, while engaging the services of a bus station prostitute, you catch syphilis because you used the condom you keep in your wallet instead of spending two minutes to buy a

new one from the men's room; during the tense weeks leading up to your wedding day, when you're complaining to your wife about how she would take your name if she were a good wife, ask yourself if a pyrrhic victory over a pointless label is really worth having to do something that you could have gotten out of if you weren't such an idiot, such as plucking your wife's sphincter hair, going dress shopping with her and her mother-in-law, or having your formerly blushing bride shit into your mouth and pretend you're Rush Limbaugh.

Weddings in general are silly rituals that would do better moldering in the pages of storybooks than in modern practice and, in the last few decades, there have been numerous attempts to break the wedding out of its ultra-traditional mode, but most of them keep the same customs and change nothing more than the location.

For the 21st century, it's time to put all that romantic hooley associated with weddings to the wayside and conduct marriage services where they properly belong... in the courtroom. Most couples end up getting divorced anyway, it only makes sense that a marriage begins and ends in the same place; plus, this will give divorce lawyers a good place to advertise their services.

Marriage is not a social contract, it is business pure and simple, which is why, when people get divorced, they divide all the common property, children included, before they go their separate ways.

When you start building pomp and circumstance around a legal matter, people cease thinking about it in practical terms and romanticize the hell out of what should be a serious endeavor. Dresses, tuxedos, table settings, and picking a DJ are all tasks that distract engaged couples from realizing the seriousness of their situation which is signing a contract. While it may seem perfectly normal to wear a gigantic white dress and tuxedo to get married, you hardly ever see the CEOs of two merging companies get all gussied up to join their finances and you can bet your ass that no one dances the "Electric Slide."

Just like churches and hippie drug dens, weddings require those bells and whistles to keep people nice and distracted from the simple fact that they, and everyone around them, are pissing their time and money down the drain on a pointless endeavor.

I will say that at weddings, unlike church services, you do tend to get cool prizes like waffle makers and penis shaped ice cube trays, but, unlike both, it's much better to just sit around and get stoned... even if it means listening to hippies explain their philosophy.

Sex Mahoney for President

Blindly Falling faster

I'm always conflicted when I come across two people having sex in public.

On the one hand, I think it's hot that two people care about each other so much that they're willing to throw down where any passerby can see them and, on the other, I feel bad for taking so many pictures and masturbating while they're trying to share a tender moment.

Of course, public fuckers can't get mad for drawing a crowd, because part of having sex in public is the implied consent to watch what they're doing. With the exception of teenagers and the homeless, who often have no other place to fuck, most adults have at least a car or apartment to which they can take their carnal pastimes. Even if you're one of those unfortunate people who have neither, there are always mostly empty dumpsters, public toilets, and the roof of your local Wal-Mart.

If someone stumbles upon you plowing your wife, girlfriend, or wife's girlfriend, in public, then you can, by all logic, run away in embarrassment, but certainly you shouldn't get mad, or violent, at the person who caught you.

So, I was nursing a black eye the other night when I started to think about why people would have sex in public even if they didn't want anyone to watch them fucking. I'm still drawing a blank, but it might be that only one of the people involved wanted to publically fuck and they convinced the other person to do it because the other person is head over heels in love, hard up for sex, or deluding themselves into thinking that giving in to their partner's crazy sexual fantasies will make that person forget their earlier statement that they weren't looking for a relationship but an understanding genitalia set.

Passion gets people to do crazy things which they would otherwise never try.

All too often, people discover one or two things they like, or that society tells them they should like, and they settle into a decent rut, sucking all the pleasure out of that particular practice until it loses all its original flavor and, suddenly, something that should be fun, like masturbating with your off-hand, becomes as mundane and pedestrian as whipping it out on a crowded subway.

You can't be afraid to try something new. If it wasn't for experimentation, you would never have discovered the pleasant

musk in your grandmother's recently worn underpants, or whatever sexual perversion you practice and, for which, you should be judged and castigated by your friends and bridge partners.

The easiest way to convince someone to broaden their horizons is to put them into a situation where they're suddenly out of their league; that is why all attractive men and women should sacrifice their own personal happiness and contribute to the greater good by coupling with society's most homely and troglodytic castaways, which is what I tell hotties when I'm convincing them to slum it with me for a while.

I know there are a lot of folks out there with hang-ups, but you don't learn except by trying and there's nothing worse than missing out on a whole lot of fun just because you don't think you'll like something.

Most of the time, if you don't think you'll like a particular activity, then, when you experience it, you probably won't, because our expectations do as much to flavor our experiences as the experience itself. When we expect too much, then nothing will whet our appetites, no matter what it delivers, and if we close ourselves off from pleasure by anticipating a bad time, then that's exactly what you're going to get; that's why it was so disappointing to see Meg Ryan get naked in the movie *In the Cut* because it had been built up for so long that her once nubile body couldn't suffice and why you didn't like human feces the first time you ate it because you expected that it would taste bad.

Fecal consumption and Jane Campion films aside, it shouldn't take a human being with whom we are so enamored, or deluded, to open up our minds to new experiences, but that's part of the human condition. Most of us have such a hard time finding our way around in the dark that only another human being can tell us that we have our eyes closed. There are people in our lives who, for one reason or another, act as catalysts for our self-awareness's expansion and it is from our interaction with these teachers that folks get ridiculous hooey like soul mates and true love.

The truth is that a good number of us use these inamorati as excuses to explore areas of our sexuality, or personality, in which we fear to tread, the same way that many of us won't go to a bar unless we can convince a friend to lend their company, even though drinking alone in a bar is much more fun than most recovering alcoholics admit.

The trick is in letting go of any and all inhibitions. Now, when I say this, most people assume that I'm talking about things that feel good like anal sex and stealing other people's newspapers, but you shouldn't be afraid to try things that are intentionally harmful like eating thirty, or more, White Castle hamburgers in one sitting or trying to fit your balls into someone else's asshole.

Most of all, we have to stop assuming that sexual contact with a person of your sex is homosexual. You can't fault with this women because they are more open to this kind of thing as evidenced by 78% of the myspace profile pictures in which a teenaged or twenty-something girl kisses, fondles or fingers one of her BFFs; but guys, you have to stop getting so offended when another man has sex with you. Wanting to exclusively couple with members of your sex makes you gay; letting another man put his tongue in your mouth is just a fun way to share bacteria and mouth sores.

Enjoy these teachers when they come along, these people who are kind enough to push our boundaries by being so desirable that it's much easier to talk us into experimentation. Think of them like Boy Scouts helping little old ladies cross the street, where your conservative and frightened thinking is what keeps you stranded on the curb until a strapping young Boy Scout comes along to help you to the other side. There's nothing inherently wrong with that analogy unless you're a grandmother who gets sexually aroused by little boys in neckerchiefs.

That's right, letting your partner convince you to fuck in public is like helping an old lady cross the street; the only difference being that I have no desire to watch old women cross streets, unless they're wearing skirts and directly pass over the sewer grating, air condition vent, or shrubbery under which I'm hiding with my camera.

Think about that the next time you want to get freaky in the library.

Sex Mahoney for President

I have
not
showered
in 36
days

Korean people don't flush their toilet paper.

Each toilet has a small garbage can next to it, into which people throw their shit stained toilet tissue after wiping their asses.

Women's bathrooms also have piss stained toilet paper in their trash cans... I think, I don't know because I've never been in a women's bathroom in Korea.

Or course, this is all moot, because 90% of the public toilets in Korea don't have any toilet paper in the stalls; if you're lucky enough to find an attendant and ask them about toilet paper, they usually laugh at you and then go back to whatever it is they were doing before you bothered them with your ridiculous question.

Still, there are public toilets everywhere. I have never had trouble finding a public toilet anywhere in Korea. As long as you're willing to forgo toilet paper, this place is a bathroom paradise.

It makes me wonder if we even need toilet paper at all.

I know you ladies use toilet paper to dry off your vaginas after a good pee, but isn't that why we wear underwear. No amount of shaking and drying can keep the last few drops from winding up in your pants, but that's okay because urine is sterile and human urine contains a powerful pheromone that produces a strong, and immediate, reaction in other humans of the opposite sex; If you don't believe me, then just carry a small cup full of your urine around and watch what happens when you throw it on the female of your dreams.

Toilet paper engenders an inefficient waste management system since, in countries where the toilet paper gets flushed, waste water treatment costs go up in relation to how much tissue needs removing and, in countries where the toilet paper goes in the garbage, there are, at any time, large trucks driving around with bags of shit paper. It's bad enough that parents buy disposable diapers and leave them for their friendly neighborhood sanitation associate to haul away, but to make every garbage bag a potential typhus epidemic is too much.

It's about time that we worked out a real solution to this

problem, and, as always, the solution is simple cost management.

Toilet paper is too expensive. People have to keep buying more and more of it, plus, the stuff is hardly reusable. During a particularly virulent environmentally conscious period, I tried to stretch my household budget by wiping with both the front and back of the paper, but the flimsy stuff fell apart after the fifth or sixth use.

Similarly, if we wiped with an article of clothing, or our hands, we'd lose whatever savings he earned, by getting rid of toilet paper because we would constantly need to wash the shit off our hands.

So, in the interest of saving everyone some time, money, and discomfort, I recommend that we start wiping our vaginas and asses with junk mail. Take those credit card offers, Val-Pak coupons, and Sears Catalogues and treat your rectum to the soothing feel of glossy paper. The best part about it is that, once you're done, you can put it right back in the envelope... return to sender.

The sheer amount of junk mail a family receives is enough to keep the family wiping for decades to come; besides, if companies are going to send several pounds of unsolicited advertising to your door on a daily basis, then there's no need to waste money buying expensive TP.

Okay, so maybe you and your family have gastrointestinal problems, or maybe you just can't stop frying your bacon in lard, and you think that your junk mail won't be enough to cover you for the year. Don't worry; the new yellow pages will be here soon enough.

Once you're done wiping your way from Aaronson's Aardvark Repair to Zena's Zither and Zincography Emporium, there is plenty more useless paper sitting around your house that would better serve to collect feces than it does being read.

The bible makes for excellent wiping. Not only are the pages soft, absorbent, and spiritual, but you can keep them in a box by the door for the next time that a Christian proselytizer comes to the door to pick up your poop scripture and drop off a new one. The only downside is that they usually want to talk, so you've got to quickly grab their holy book, thrust the shit stained pages at them, and close the door before they get started, because, once they do, you're in for a four hour treatise on "Jesus this" and "Stop stabbing me" that.

Next, plow through your coffee table books. Start with the ones you received as gifts from spiteful relatives such as *Lighthouses of Iowa*, *Hitler's Guide to Hospitality*, and *Siberian Winterscapes* and gradually work your way through to ones that are just picture after picture of naked babies.

Not only will you save money, but, in the long run, you'll

clear all manner of useless shit out of your house.

Don't forget to flush.

Sex Mahoney for President

I don't
mind
falling
down and
scraping
up my
knees

I'm wearing a pair of shoes bought in 2001.

At the time I bought them, I didn't realize that I would wear these shoes in over twenty countries, because you don't think about things like that when you're buying shoes. You think about how they feel on your feet and how much they cost. Maybe if your one of those vain people, you think about how they look, but rarely do we ever think about the places we'll walk unless we're buying shoes for an express purpose like hiking or attracting sleazy men.

It's a shame really, because if more people thought about what they would do with the things they buy, then people would make more intelligent decisions before parting with their money.

I don't know if that would make the world a better place or not, but at least there wouldn't be as many people with life sized Superman statues in their homes.

Then again, who am I to talk? I made a fortune selling subprime mortgages to Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac and I blew the whole wad on exotic cheeses and Franklin Mint collectible plates. Your current financial problems stem from my inability to eat Roquefort off of any plate that doesn't have a picture of John Wayne or Elvis on it.

Most people don't know even know what money is; sure, we all know that it can be exchanged for goods and services, but none of the people I pretended to ask while researching this piece in my imagination could tell me. Frankly, I don't really know what to make of the whole thing other than it's something with which you can buy yourself a lap dance or the legal freedom to kill lots of people for profit.

Some people look at money the way that even more deluded folks look at their deities; they think money will fix all their problems, make their wildest dreams a reality, and teach them

how to divide by zero. Other people look at money as a necessary evil, one that allows them to live their lives with a certain amount of freedom, but keeps them imprisoned in things like work, family, and mob debt. Then there are those who don't understand money and don't try; they live like kings during high times, and sleep under bridges the rest. Finally, there are folks who have no need for money; they're a proud people called the wealthy, and they have more money than they understand so they pay the first kind of people to turn their money into more money so they can live like the third group without having to worry about outdoor sleeping accommodations.

I'm not a rich man, but I've never exactly been poor either. Sometimes I have more money than it seems like I could possibly spend, but, sooner or later, I've run out of money and I have to go get more. I know that I would eventually like to be my own boss, but so far I can't figure out where I'll get the money to pay my salary or how I'll steal my own office supplies behind my back.

Lots of people seem to be in trouble these days because of something to do with money, but I'll be damned if I exactly understand why. Actually, that's not true, I understand why; credit is too much temptation to leave in a spendthrift's hands and people have a hard time distinguishing between what they need and what they want. Your spouse gives you what you need, the person you drunkenly felt up at an office holiday party gives you what you want, and that woman you and your friend double teamed after posing as alcoholics to pick up women at an AA meeting gives you something about which you should consult your doctor.

Not all the best things in life are free, but the ones that end in orgasm usually are, or, at least, they should be, but we've gone and mucked up everything by building a spending culture around something that should cost nothing. Ladies, the next time a man takes you on a date, don't refuse to have sex just because the only dinner he can afford is a picnic in the canned food aisle at your local supermarket; and fellas, make sure that you fuck her before the date, so that she's either too dazed to care that you're picking half eaten sandwiches out of a fast food restaurant's dumpster, or too disappointed to get back in your car.

There is more to life than sex, and that's where they really get you. Cell phones? I know they're convenient, but convenience costs money, and in the no research I just did on cell phone plans, the cheapest one I saw was about thirty bucks a month. Basic telephone service only costs about ten dollars a month, but that's all moot because, with an internet connection, telephones are more or less obsolete.

Besides, who wants to talk to people anyway? All people ever have to say are boring things about themselves and people they know, which is nice if I care about the person to whom I'm speaking or know the people about whom they're talking, but if I don't, it's a real drag; the other day, I was talking to my

mother and she starts going on about my grandmother being in the hospital after a vicious dog attack or something, and I'm like, tell someone who gives a rats ass and tell that bitch my birthday card was suspiciously light this year. Living on a fixed income, my ass.

I don't have a problem with cell phones other than that they're just another device that eats up more of my precious time. Now that's a commodity I have in short supply. Money, sure, whatever, take my money and leave me the hell alone, but time is so much more precious than little bits of paper because we're only alive for a short amount of time and if all these Christians are right, then heaven doesn't exactly sound like the kind of place that has an enormous scat porn collection; so, I've got to get all my shit video watching done while I can.

I don't have time to worry about things like talking to people or buying a new pair of shoes.

Sex Mahoney for President

The
motherfucker
he took
everything
we had

I used to brush my teeth before visiting the dentist.

I've met few people in my life who brush their teeth the ADA recommended five times a day, and I am no exception. Like the lackadaisical approach I take to most other forms of personal hygiene, I brush my teeth the minimum number of times it takes for my breath to smell no worse than the average pile of horse manure.

On one hand, I worry about my teeth, but I'm not that concerned because I have a whole lot of them and you really only need two, one to chomp into tin cans, and one to show off to the ladies; once my teeth start falling out, then I'll go back to the dentist.

Don't ask me why I brushed my teeth before going to the dentist; a cleaning is part of a regular dental checkup. Doing something for free right before you pay someone else to do it for you is the height of stupidity. The only time I can think of such a strategy working out in your favor is masturbating several times before engaging the services of a prostitute who charges by the orgasm. Looking back, I feel like my efforts to mask my lax tooth brushing were similar to those people who clean their houses before the maid arrives.

In other words, I was self-conscious about my teeth and I didn't want the dentist to think that I was some kind of a bum.

These days, I'm a little angrier with teeth doctors, so I'd probably eat an entire bulb of garlic and a big bag of Cheetos before going to get my teeth cleaned.

It just doesn't make any sense. You wouldn't wash your face and hands before getting in the shower, just as you wouldn't give yourself an enema right before appearing in a scene for scat porn, so why brush your teeth before going to the dentist unless you think you've got something to hide.

We all have something to hide.

Humanity's universal condition includes hating all the things about other people that you hate about yourself, and there's no better way to look down your nose at your fellow man than by inventing an unattainable living standard and doing your best to hide how little you fulfill that role.

That's why so many conservative religious leaders and politicians are adamantly anti-gay and anti-abortion, because they know all too well that, given the opportunity, they'd suck every cock and abort every fetus on which they could get their lips or cures.

The saddest reality is that there's no shame in living below the ideal, because everyone does it, so it makes no sense to ostracize and malign the people who openly admit to it while protecting and reinforcing those who hide well. We're supposed to be in this together, and if we're not, then the first race of aliens that comes along is going to do to this planet what we would do to theirs if we got

there first.

Besides, when you have an ideal behavioral standard to which you expect everyone to adhere, then society's ultimate goal is homogenization and stagnation; however, if we celebrate people for their flaws then there's no limit to the number of interesting people we can meet.

No longer will closeted chronic masturbators have to frequently buy new pants; they can wear their stains with pride. Politicians will no longer need to pretend that the dead hookers in their car trunks were put there by friends because prostitutes will be free to kill politicians with impunity seeing as how people in useless professions have no intrinsic value in society.

I have a problematic relationship with authority. On the one hand, I feel like anyone who tells me to do something has a motive for their actions which may or may not act in my best interest; therefore, no matter who issues the directive or sets the standard, I feel the need to oppose it until such time that it is proven beneficial. On the other hand, society has beaten its bizarre sycophantism into my head so that I'm only two pats on the head away from wholeheartedly wishing to please every kind authoritarian that I can find. In some cases, this is useful, like when I refused to get into that stranger's car no matter how much candy he offered me; at other times, I've really lost out, because I end up being left out when the authorities get to do the really fun things that they love to do, and do so well, like getting away with vicious rapes because they play golf with the judge and the victim was a minority.

That's why we should all do our best to avoid any kind of authority. We should make every decision with enough

plausible deniability that no one can ever take us to task for our actions and so that we never hold enough power to do any real good or any severe damage.

Just like the government does now.

Sex Mahoney for President

All the
dishes
rattle
in the
cupboard
when the
elephants
arrive

On the surface, all art seems easy.

Since art involves creation and creativity comes from your imagination, then you don't even have to research anything before embarking on an art project. It's not even hard to make an artistic work, since it's usually a solo endeavor and what you do when you're alone is usually quite fun provided you've remembered to keep some cleanup tissues nearby.

The problems develop when you have to show your artistic creation to the world; that's when people get paranoid about what they've done. Art isn't like a child that everyone will love no matter how ugly, smelly, or stupid it is; people bring their prejudices to the art world, and, when it comes to artistry, everyone is a critic.

When I finished my first novel, my cousin told me that it was wordy, the plot was full of holes, and the whole thing reeked of melodrama, but I didn't expect anything different from an eight year old.

Of course, my art form is of the dying, antiquated variety. As long as the human race keeps chugging along like it does, and with my head buried safely in the sand there's no reason to assume otherwise, soon we'll have no need for the written word, because we'll have devices that can capture images at a hitherto unseen perfection level.

Once upon a time, it was necessary to spend a fortune on camera equipment and chemicals, but now, with digital media, we can reproduce everything perfectly for a fraction of the cost and with the added bonus of keeping all that deadly,

delicious developer's agent from lying around where we'll accidentally, experimentally drink it.

Yes, with digital cameras of the still and motion variety now generally available to anyone who can maintain even a minimum wage job, we're all taking prettier pictures and videos.

Which begs the question: "Why the hell is there still such terrible amateur porn scattered all over the internet?"

I'm not talking about love handles, cellulite, and toothlessness, that's to be expected from amateur pornography, I'm talking about the hideous lighting, poor editing, and boring angles that show either a pendulous set of swinging balls or a couple fucking so far in the distance that it's probably easier to see the stage at a Rolling Stones concert from your nosebleed seat atop Mt. Everest.

Art may seem easy, but, if you don't learn the fundamentals of your craft, then there's no difference between your self projects and masturbation. If you folks were more inclined to let people watch you masturbate, or have other people masturbate in front of you, that wouldn't be a problem, but, as my arrest record and numerous restraining orders in greater Okeechobee County will attest, I know that you fuckers don't like to see that sort of thing in public.

Even among those of you who do like masturbating in public, I doubt there are many of you who would go out without first giving yourself a once over with a razor, some glitter, or a rag on a stick; so why is it crazy to assume that the folks who consider themselves amateur photogs and videographers should know a little bit about what they're doing before they turn on the camera and teach their partners what *Cleveland Steamer* really means?

First and foremost, change the angle from time to time, and don't hold the camera while you're fucking. There's nothing worse than wishing you had a better angle, getting excited when the assless C.H.U.D. grabs the camera en flagrante delicto, and then having to make out what little you can see as the image on screen has an epileptic fit. In a way, it's almost as bad as it was trying to get a glimpse of boob on the Playboy Channel before cable providers came up with better image scrambling technology. Buy a tripod, and, every few minutes, reposition the camera to get a different angle. You can edit it later.

You should also focus on highlighting your assets; that means taking pictures and videos that show off the best you have to offer and cover up the worst. For an example, take a look at many of the lady pictures you see on various social networking sites that only show cleavage. There's no point mucking up a perfectly good picture by showcasing that which makes us stomach-churningly ugly. This is an easy problem to fix, just head down to your local supermarket and ask for a few paper bags. Not only will they hide your blemishes, but they're also

safer than plastic and more environmentally friendly.

Most importantly, you have to actually take the pictures of you and your significant other fucking and exposing your nude bodies. One of the worst things about amateur pornography is that not enough people are making it so that you often have to root around your attractive friends' closets, computers, and crawlspaces for years before you find the pictures, video, or, if you're from the older generation, 16 mm footage of them sitting and twirling on a traffic cone.

If you're squeamish about photographing or filming yourself in such a compromising position, then just send me you're address and I'll mail you a free *Sex Mahoney Relaxation Shake* that is guaranteed to lower your inhibitions and put you in the mood to fuck, or get fucked, on camera. It's chock full of sedatives and date rape drugs.

All you have to do is drink it and fall asleep. I'll take care of the rest.

See, I told you that art was easy.

Sex Mahoney for President

Cutting
through
jello
with a
very
sharp
knife

I haven't driven a car in over a year.

My driver's license expired in 2006 while I was out of the country, and I haven't bothered to renew it. The last time I remember driving, I did so illegally to pick up a friend at the train station. I only drove on the way there; I think I gave him the keys on the way back.

It's not that I don't like driving, piloting a two ton deathtrap can be exciting and interesting fun, it's just that I don't like motoring's consequences.

I don't know about you, but I can't think of any time that someone got pinched when the cops randomly pulled them over and searched their bicycle. I'm sure it has happened - everything under the sun is bound to happen sooner or later (which is why I have a standing bet on the Chicago Cubs to win the World Series every year) - but it doesn't happen all that often, and a safe gambler plays the odds.

When I first started driving, gas cost about eighty-eight or eighty-nine cents a gallon, which is about thirteen cents a gallon in 1950s money. I stopped driving shortly after Hurricane Katrina pushed gas prices above the three dollar mark for the first time in my life. I could probably have afforded to pay for gas at that price, but it reminded me that there were grimmer times ahead and I didn't want to keep pouring my money into a consumable energy source that isn't fried, baked, or covered in powdered sugar.

Since I've been out of the US, gas prices skyrocketed for a while. I read some stories that said gas breached the four dollar per gallon boundary. If I had been in the US, that might have shocked me; however, I live in a foreign country where people regularly pay upwards of six or seven dollars per gallon, and they would think Americans are a bunch of crying pussies for getting some of the world's cheapest gas and still whining about it.

They're probably right, but that shouldn't bother anyone. Everybody loves a little pussy every now and again, even if you have to put up with some crying to get it. Just as you'll listen to a prospective girlfriend go on and on about how her uncles got her alone one Christmas and, while still in full costume and on their break from their seasonal jobs as department stores Santas, they held her down and forcibly molested her, just to relax her into letting you put it in her pooper; so too does the rest of the world take American braggadocio in stride as long as we keep the quality pornography, Hollywood blockbusters, and bacon flavored nicotine gum freely flowing. That's why you Americans, myself included, shouldn't feel bad, or angry, when the rest of the world calls us a bunch of pussies, because, for all our guns, gigantic trucks, and heavy metal, we can't help what we are and people seem to want that part of our public image.

On the other hand, the rest of the world has every right to disdain us for our stupidity, because, as Americans, we are some of the stupidest people on the planet.

You know that things are in a poor state in your home country when a Canadian stops trying to recharge their Moose just to tell us how dumb we are.

When gas prices went up, everybody said that there was a whole lot less traffic on the roads because people were driving less; that makes sense, since the high gasoline costs would put luxury driving out of most Americans' reach; however, now that gasoline prices have fallen slightly, people are taking to the road again in record numbers. If that's not the height of stupidity then I don't know what is, but you'll have to tell me soon, because I'll need to re-engrave the trophy I made for America.

Oil is a renewable resource; unfortunately for us, it takes so long to renew that by the time what organic material is currently converting to fossil fuels finishes the process, we'll have long depleted our refinery knowledge and our descendants will be too busy hiding from the sun and making loincloths to remember how to use it. Given that it takes such a long time to create, you'd think that human beings would be a little more cautious with their oil usage.

Nope.

It's about time that we got sensible about our gasoline and started burning it only at the bare minimum rate we absolutely need.

There's no reason why you should drive if your destination is less than thirty miles away.

Thirty miles is the distance that an average human being can travel on foot if they move at the average rate of four miles per hour over eight hours... well, technically seven and a half, but you will probably need to stop and eat at least once

during your excursion.

On Sunday, you could spend a relaxing morning with your family, and then set off on your weekly trek to the office. You would only need a few shirts, one or two pairs of pants, a pair of shoes, and a tent. Once you get in, just set up a camp somewhere in the parking lot, and shower in the bathrooms either early in the morning, before people come in, or in the evening after everyone has gone.

On Friday, you could pack up your things and head back for a relaxing day and a half at home before doing the whole thing again.

Okay, so maybe the idea is a little impractical, being as how it doesn't make sense to pay for rent in an apartment where you spend only 36 hours out of a week; so, if you've got a family, you can rest easy knowing that your hard work and self sacrifice gives some spoiled, thankless brat a chance to grow up into a person that doesn't have to sleep in an office complex parking lot, and if you're single, that means you're free to live at your office around the clock.

If that's the case, forget the tent, just drape a sheet over your cubicle, put some old computer equipment motherboards on pikes outside the entrance, and sleep underneath your desk. It might take some getting used to at first, but when you build up strength, you can start taking over some of the other cubicles and recruiting man power for your fledgling chiefdom.

The important thing is that you'll never have to drive again.

Sex Mahoney for President

Like testicles from rearview mirrors

You wouldn't think that there are more uses for the internet than the free exchange of hardcore pornography.

I mean, what else would you do with a global communication network besides send pictures of yourself fucking various fruits, vegetables, and common, household pets?

And yet, human beings are always ready to surprise us, whether it's inventing elaborate conspiracy theories to explain what really happened on 9/11 or having the gall to mass slaughter animals in factories and still get up in arms when someone indulges their bloodlust by hosting dog fights.

That's why I was amazed to see blogs take off on the internet.

In one way or another, I've been blogging since the late 90s, when I would post humorous essays on my old geocities account, but there weren't as many handy tools for neophytes then like there are now; I wrote out the code for those pages by hand and created simplistic, but effective page layouts to spread my message to the dozens of people who saw that site. For nostalgia's sake, I logged into my old account in the middle of writing this paragraph, and looked over such classics as *How to Perform an Unwanted Abortion* and *Sexual Predation: The Ins and Outs - A Beginner's Guide: volume 1 - playgrounds*.

Boy that takes me back.

Nowadays, it's hard to remember a time when blogging didn't play such a big role in my life; since, for the last three years, I've spent upwards of two to three hours a day reading blogs by people from all over the Earth and hoping that they're written by attractive sixteen year old girls with permissive parents and a strong desire to post semi-nude photos of themselves on their myspace accounts.

I started by reading other people's blogs and leaving comments, that attracted readers to my blogs, then I started leaving breadcrumbs full of sedatives and laxatives to see, not only who would take the bait, but which would kick in faster. At first, I had fun watching people fall asleep while shitting themselves, but that got boring after a while, so I switched

to a stronger narcotic, and now I enjoy twenty four hours a day entertainment as strangers on the internet find their way to my blog, pass out in a heap, and then crap their pants.

I've been writing for years, but the best responses I've received (well, to be fair, the only responses I've received from non-family members or dismissive publishers) have all come from this blog; so much so, that I have largely abandoned all my other writing to work on the style I have created here. Sure, I still do an occasional script every now and again, but I have largely laid fiction by the wayside.

Non-fiction is just so much more fun.

Well... my kind of non-fiction anyway.

When I was a boy, I loved to read fiction; couldn't get enough of the stuff. Now, I rarely read more than one or two novels a year. Granted, those novels were all written several hundred years ago and are each longer than a thousand pages, but I'm not here to talk about Geoffrey Chaucer's Guide to Bubonic Plague Weight Loss. I want to talk about blogs.

Most blogs are non-fiction... I think.

There's no real way to know if what people put on the internet is true. For me, part of the fun is in never knowing what is truthful and what is a lie, which is why I treat everything anyone writes as a lie until it's proven otherwise. You wouldn't believe how often that ends with me pulling a kerchief off someone's head while trying to prove to a room full of support group patients that someone doesn't have cancer, only to reveal a bald scalp and my own ignorance. The nice thing about picking on cancer patients is that they generally don't have much strength to fight back; the shitty thing is that their emotionally vulnerable relatives usually do and they are in desperate need of a target on which to vent their frustration; so, I guess my douchebaggery provides a valuable service to the soon to be bereaved.

I do my best to be truthful, but when you tell jokes, the truth only works when it's funny, the rest of the time you have to make up shit to sell the punch line. You can rest assured that everything I write is 100% truthful at least 30% of the time.

All of us bloggers diddle away our time for any number of reasons, but the unifying factor, the one thing we all have in common, is a desperate need to have other people feed our already grossly inflated egos. Your comments and kudos serve to keep my head swollen like the Grinch's small black heart when he heard the Whos singing in Whoville.

Eventually, we'll run out of the natural resources necessary to keep this internet monster running and we'll go back to typing or scratching our pointless ideas on plain old paper, but until then, it is an honor to live in a time when the

world wide web allows people from all over the globe to share in the joy that is social networking and animal related pornography.

I guess this is my long winded way of saying thank you to those of you who found me. I don't know how it happened, or why you stay, but it is, along with said bestiality, the best gift that any fledgling writer could receive.

I only hope that, in return for stroking my ego, I can bring a little joy and laughter to the time you spend reading my dick and fart jokes that would otherwise be wasted on useless claptrap like finding a cure for AIDS or improving on the Colonel's original recipe of eleven secret herbs and spices.

Blog.

Sex Mahoney for President

Cream rinse and tobacco smoke

The other night, I woke up and said to my wife "The C Game gives it away every time, when you're Apu."

Now, we weren't having a conversation about *The Simpsons* or cunt games, so I don't know to what I was referring, but it didn't make any sense then, and my wife laughed at my incomprehensibility until I went back to sleep.

I must have been dreaming.

Most of the time, I don't remember my dreams and there's probably not much point in doing so. Sometimes they play out rather cinematically, and I've written down the few dream ideas that might germinate into a full blown story, but, for the most part, I don't pay much attention, even if I vividly remember a dream upon waking, for the same reason that I don't try to store my farts for later smelling.

Some things are more beautiful when they're fleeting, whether it's dreams or farts.

Sure, you could fart in a jar, and save it for a special occasion, but there's something visceral in a fart's transitory existence that makes each one interesting, and the good ones special. Dreams are just another way that your body rewards you by expelling a pleasant concentrated version of all the crap you intake.

It never ceases to amaze me how often most people overlook farts particularly since there is a psychological school that places great importance on people's dreams. Perhaps I would be more willing to lend their discipline some legitimacy if there was a competing school of psychologists that sniffed gaseous expulsions to determine the root cause of their anxiety or explain why some folks prefer sex with pumpkins instead of people.

Human beings are largely unimpressed with their bodies, and their disinclination to give farting the same status as high minded pursuits like singing, scholastics, or scopophilia is another symptom of our reluctance to trust the corporeal.

Look, our minds are wonderful things. Without them, we would have never discovered all the fun stuff in life, like masturbating, or convincing someone else to masturbate us with their genitals; however, the mind is nothing without the body, but the body can get by without the mind.

Our bodies provide all the thrills in this amusement park of life. Imagine if you went to Six Flags and instead of roller coasters and doughboys all they had were stunt shows, shaved ice, and people in oversized, sweaty costumes. If you have trouble imagining that, just go to Disney World; it's just like an amusement park, only lame and boring instead of fun and exciting.

More importantly, you can't trust your mind because it lies all the time; that's why, when you listen to a recording of your own voice, you can't believe how awful you sound, when you watch the sex videos you made, with that girl you picked up at the bus station, you can't believe how bad your form looks, and why when other people see your children, they shudder and vomit.

Our brains trick us all the time; so much so, that there are human beings out there who honestly believe they have experienced a supernatural phenomenon.

Just like a deity's existence, or the exact number of licks it takes to get to the center of a tootsie pop, there's no way to prove or disprove the existence of supernatural phenomena; however, we can limit the probability that such things exist by cutting apart the lies that our minds create to keep us happy and well supplied with new information, which is what the mind really wants.

Brains crave information and challenges. Just as your genitals, which are used for fucking or exposing to passersby, get inflamed when they are not put to use; so too does your mind start to throb, pulse, and coat you with sticky liquid in the night if you let it lay fallow. Exercising your brain decreases the chance that you'll experience supernatural phenomena, which is why the majority of people who believe in ghosts, biblical inerrancy, and an informed, sober electorate making the right choice in a US presidential election, are generally the people who get no mental exercise.

Case in point, how many nuclear physicists have claimed alien abduction? You'd think that visiting aliens would want to learn something useful, not how to rebuild the transmission on a 1969 Dodge Charger and fuck their blood relatives.

There are advantages to letting your brain entertain you; for one, you no longer have to worry about piddling concerns like keeping your underwear skid-stain free, or figure out the answers to all those tough questions such as "What happens to the sun when the giant serpent in the sky eats it?"

One of the biggest drawbacks to completely letting your mind take over is that you no longer possess the ability to distinguish between truth and fiction, you think there are ghosts and conspiracies every where, everyone you meet speaks in soothing voices, and you have to wear one of those uncomfortable white jackets that ties up in the back.

So keep your mind busy, feed it regularly by not only injecting large quantities of knowledge, but analyzing and processing what you read, lick, and hear so that you're not just an information sponge, but a sponge with a machete.

Otherwise, you'll turn into a gibbering idiot like me.

Sex Mahoney for President

We are the skyscraper condemnation affiliate

Your clothes tell a story.

Mostly it's a story of your poor hand eye coordination and what you've eaten, but that's nothing of which you should ever be ashamed. Wear your stains with pride.

In fact, the longer you keep a particular article of clothing, the more it ceases to be an external object rather than an extension of your being. In the same way that people show off their scars, they should also brag about their stains.

The shirt I'm currently wearing tells the story of the great spaghetti incident of aught six.

Sometimes, even I feel the need to quickly wash off a stain that appears on my clothing, usually it's because said stain is the result of incontinence or crotch related damage, such as when I spilled a plate of fettuccini alfredo on my penis, or the time I sat through an entire episode of *Project Runway* and literally shit my pants in horror.

There's no sense worrying about other stains; particularly, the ones on your feet. A good pair of shoes is priceless because, with the possible exception of accidental disembowelment, there is nothing more painful than blisters on your feet; so, even if you're performing a back alley abortion and you spill chopped up baby bits and reluctant maternal tears all over your footwear, you should never do anything that might alter a comfortable pair.

Provided that the rest of your outfit is not made from sack cloth, more than any other article of clothing, your shoes should be comfortable.

I know there are a lot of folks out there who like to wear fancy, or flashy shoes, to match their outfits, showcase their personalities, or protect their feet from raw sewage, but if your shoes aren't comfortable, then you may as well go barefoot. Don't worry about broken glass and snake bites, eventually your soles will harden into blackened steel.

Either way, it shouldn't take more than a few minutes to pick out a decent pair.

Shopping should never be an all day affair.

Sure, research should last a while, but it's hard to research purchases within a store. I've been to plenty of shoe stores

and the almost never have any information about the source or production methods of said footwear. Forget about looking into a prostitute, they never tell you their credentials, even when you ask for them well in advance.

At best, shopping should be like a tactical military strike with the bulk of the attack spent gathering intelligence about the target; after which, you get in, grab what you need, blow up a hospital, and get out before anyone knows you were even there. It helps if you don't even pay for what you purchase; just find your intended item, pelt the first store employee you see with a fistful of cash and get out of there while you can.

It's been a long time since I've been shopping, so maybe I'm remembering it wrong, but, at the time, it seemed the most boring thing since *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, only no one offered to give me a handjob in the dark while on any shopping excursions.

I understand that people need clothes, not for any practical purposes, but because the fashion industry has successfully lobbied the government to make going without a crime; that is why we should always do our best to make clothes as functional as possible.

In some industries, there is a place for form, but not in fashion. Our clothes should all come with cool features.

I'm tired of living in a world where the only thing a shirt does is hang on your shoulders like slug. I want a shirt with built in speakers, or a generator into which I can plug my portable blender. There's no reason why, in the 21st century, I shouldn't have constant access to ice blended mocha drinks without having to enslave myself to the Starbucks Corporation.

Unlike what I've seen in America, Korea has yet to catch on to the all-in-one superstore where you can buy food, clothes, and guns under one roof; most clothing stores are still their own, individual boutiques; however, every once in a while, you get to see a rare and special sight.

On street corners and subway stations, there will, from time to time, appear a truck, out of which come two or three guys with boxes of clothes. The clothes are either an assortment, like the kind of thing you'd expect to find in a church's clothing donation box, or a large supply of one item, like socks or tube tops.

When the clothes appear, there follows a mad rush of Korean housewives, old ladies, and young does, ready to haggle with the vendor for as little as pennies on the dollar. They pour over the items, grabbing fabric in huge handfuls and flaying anyone foolish enough to get close to them or their finds.

If you've ever been to the zoo, it looks just like when the gigantic, radioactive ants break loose and eat everyone not

smart enough to run away.

That's how people should shop, as if their lives depended on it.

I guess what I'm saying is that every sport is a lot more fun if there's defense. When you turn shopping into a leisure activity, then people take all day trying on outfits and perfecting their style. If I could see people battle one another to the death in the middle of the gap, then I would have a little more respect for someone who's foolish enough to pay fifty dollars for a pair of jeans when you can get perfectly good ones from those donation boxes I mentioned earlier.

Sure, they might be a little stained, but that should give you an opportunity to make up a story.

Let your pants be a novel.

Sex Mahoney for President

We are
not two
we are
one

People believe
some of straight-up stupid
shit.

If it's not alien abductions
or Cosmopolitan magazine's
ability to improve your love
life, then it's that there
are more important things in
life than eating, breathing
and fucking.

Aside from those three things, everything else is secondary.

If it wasn't true, then baby boys wouldn't get erections and
baby girls wouldn't learn how to slide down the banister
before they learn to drink from a sippy cup.

Now fucking and breathing we can do on our own; sure, it's
nice if we have some help, say from a few extra set of
genitals or an iron lung, but most of us will spend more time
diddling ourselves than we will being diddled.

Eating is the only necessary activity for which we need other
people.

Some of us are self-sustaining in that we live on farms, grow
all our own food, and marry ourselves, but, for the most part,
we're stuck in this boat together and we depend on each other
for food.

If nothing else in our society, it is food that holds us
together.

Familial bonds may be strong, but I don't know a human being
alive who wouldn't turn on their parents, or children, if food
became scarce; hell, it's a good thing that human meat tastes
like breakfast at Denny's or we would have started farming
ourselves long ago.

Korean people place huge cultural importance on their food so
much so that the country has a national dish that everyone
eats at every meal (if you've never had kimchi, it's
disgusting, but it grows on you and now I eat it on everything,
when I'm back in America I miss it terribly, especially my
kimchi ice cream); I would like to do the same thing in
America, but there's only so much apple pie I can eat in a day.

I can't figure out why Koreans are so proud of their
traditional food. Most of their dishes contain spicy red
peppers, which weren't even introduced to the country until

relatively recently and the same peppers provide the flavoring for thirty-three percent of Korean food. There is not much variety in the Far East; I've sampled almost every dish on the Korean menu and the only flavors I can discern are spicy and salty, sour and salty, and salty and salty. I have never seen such a high sodium diet in my life; if you think Americans eat a lot of bacon, each of Korea's fifty million plus citizens consumes an entire pig every day.

As an immigrant in a foreign country, I am cut off from my people's food and that is the greatest source of culture shock I experience out here. I do miss my family, and it would be nice to see them every now and again, but I'd gladly go another whole year without them if I could just get my hands on one decent hamburger.

Now, I know that many of you think a hamburger is a hamburger is a hamburger, and you're mostly right, but a good one is harder to find in the international market than I'd like; however, there's a good chance that, no matter where you are in America, you can get your hands on a pretty decent burger; unfortunately, there are many regional foods that don't travel as well; when you couple that with most Americans' travel reticence, then you end up with a whole host of people who are missing out on a whole host of deliciousness.

I admit that there are not many good reasons to travel: it's expensive, people speak in strange languages and dialects, you can, at a much lower price, steal other people's vacation pictures from photobucket and digitally insert yourself, and it's damn near impossible to find a voltage converter for your old, wall-plug powered vibrator.

At the end of the day, there is only one reason, and one reason alone to leave your comfort zone and go abroad and that is the food.

Nothing breaks my heart more than knowing that people who have never been to the New York/New Jersey area have never eaten a decent bagel or pizza pie.

For the best fries in the world, go to Brussels.

Eat the old cheese in Copenhagen.

Try okonomiyaki in Osaka.

I'm sorry if the jokes are a little slim in this selection, but food is a subject about which I am dead serious at least three percent of the time, and, for the last few months, I have thought about nothing else but going back to America and eating myself silly. I don't care about politics as much as I do about food, so fuck you with your abortion and gay marriage debates; let dead fetuses marry all the homosexuals they want, just don't delay my gluttonous consumption for even a minute or I will fuck you so hard that you will never need another d&c.

So get off your duffer and get out there before it's too late, or you'll never know how a Thai hooker's asshole tastes.

And, no matter what you've heard, drink the water; it's an interesting experience.

Sex Mahoney for President

You're
always
home in
bed by
half-
past
eight

Always be nice to strangers.

There's a reason why the adjective developed from the noun stranger, because you never know of what someone you don't know is capable, which makes sense because if you know their capabilities they wouldn't be a stranger unless you are the possessor of some kind of magic superpowers.

Strangers are liable to snap at any moment and, at least in America - the only country I've ever seen where you can buy guns and liquor at the same store - there's a pretty good chance their outburst will prove lethal to anyone foolish enough to give them guff.

I think about the way I would like to die all the time, and being shot or beaten to death by someone I don't know because I was too busy to hold a door, or feign interest in pictures of someone's estranged children, is at the bottom of that list right after being eaten alive by a sloth and being jazzercised to death.

To your friends, you can be a complete and total douche bag.

That's why people make friends, because they're so tired of being nice to all the potentially lethal strangers that they need someone around whom they can relax, be themselves, and relentlessly torment with an unending barrage of insults and practical jokes.

That may seem harsh, but... yo' mamma.

For most of us, our friends are the only people for whom we don't have to pretend to be something we're not; namely, upstanding citizens with morals, a sense of decency, and the

ability to handle our liquor.

That time you and your best friend woke up in a pool of your own vomit and smelling of Vaseline jelly aside, our friends are there, not as people in front of whom we must comport ourselves as we do with the rest of the world, but to watch our backs when we, as we invariably do, get ourselves into trouble.

There's a great scene in a lackluster movie where a quiet, sensitive guy picks up a telephone and bashes Tim Robbins in the face just because the aforementioned actor was boning a friend's girlfriend and acting smug about it. That's true friendship.

The world is such a disingenuous place that we need friends if only to tell us when we're being stupid, because, most of the time, other people aren't going to do it for you.

Sure, there are a lot of outspoken folks out there who will stand up to certain, obvious behaviors, but we're generally at our worst in private, no matter how annoyingly visible all those public assholes may seem.

Your friends know you as you are, and not what you want to be, which is an important element in staying grounded. You'll notice that in the novel, Jesus befriends a bunch of strangers in his 30s, tells them he's the son of god, and not one of those fools thought to question him about it, even after his walking on water in stilts gag, and when he tried to fool all those people into thinking that water, poured into wine jugs, is actually wine.

Not only will friends keep you from becoming an asshole yourself, but they oftentimes prevent you from surrounding yourself with assholes. Should you shack up with a domestically abusive, relapsed junkie because he bought you a sno-cone, read you poems about your pretty eyes, and has a cock like a tree trunk, your friends should be there to douse flame retardant on your burning genitals and bring you back down to reality. Of course, if you're already friends with a bunch of assholes then they'll probably just use you for their own selfish ends, but they will protect you from other predators that come sniffing around their mark; the same way that your prison boyfriend will keep your asshole safe so he can make good use of it at night.

Perhaps the most important aspect of friendship is in that we can choose our friends, and they teach us how and who we want to be at a time when your family's ability to socialize you wanes.

Home schooling children is one of the worst things you can do for a kid.

I feel sorry for children whose parents hermit them away during the years when they should mix with kids their age;

sure, it's a dangerous time when your twelve year old son or daughter could come home high as a kite or with interesting stories about not-so-fun activities that take place in the local ice cream truck owner's basement, but those are necessary risks taken to ensure that your children don't grow up into maladjusted, socially awkward, crying little pussies.

The most recent year for which I can get data is 2003, at which time, 2.2% of Americans home schooled their children for various reasons, but, if anecdotal evidence (aka the best kind of evidence) will suffice, let me take a minute to tell you about an old friend who was home schooled until university. The last time anyone saw him, he was running naked down the street in February, screaming about being a contestant on *America's Next Top Model*.

Let your children get mixed up with a bad crowd at school; I won't lie to you, a lot of them will end up degenerate alcoholics and drug addicts with underweight babies and parole officers, but that's probably going to happen to them anyway; at least, this way, the ones that make it out will be tougher, stronger, and better equipped to handle the kind of shit a friend like me dishes out to the people foolish enough to get close to him.

Plus, they'll know to be nice to strangers.

Sex Mahoney for President

If you
might die
when
you're
20 then
you're
old when
you're
15

Fuck Scrabble.

While most board games are plenty dull, Scrabble combines the worst parts of them all, plus there aren't even any dice which you can use as to induce suicide should the game stretch into extra innings. I've tried alternately choking on, and gouging out my eyes, with scrabble tiles, but some consumer safety advocate made sure that, at most, they would just remain lodged in my throat for years. Occasionally, I still hock up a spare *I*.

I just don't understand how I, a man with a vocabulary that makes the SAT jealous, can lose at a game where a word like *sesquipedalian* is only worth ten points, but the word *foxes*, when properly placed, can be worth three hundred points.

Now, Monopoly, there's a great game; sure, it goes on just as long as Scrabble, but a dedicated player can find dozens of ways to kill themselves with Monopoly accessories.

In the last month, a departing colleague took us to a free game bar; they have free foosball, free pool, free air hockey, tons of free board games, and even, to my dismay, free Scrabble.

During a particularly heated game of foosball, we started talking about what makes the perfect game: games that rely heavily on chance or games that require a fair amount of skill.

Personally, and only because I like to see everything as a metaphor, I prefer games that involve a fair amount of both but that are heavily weighted against the player. I also scream dead President's names when I'm about to orgasm, so you

can read as much into either of those confessions whatever you like.

Politifilia aside, games that go sixty/forty in the luck to skill ratio are the ones I love the best; they work out just like life. You can plan all you want, but, in the end, using a six-sided random number generator to determine who falls prey to the mousetrap is enough to both delight and frustrate all parties involved.

Nothing should ever go exactly as you plan.

Of course, the real games are not the ones we play on computer screens, Parker brothers cardboard, or our lovers, but the ones we play with ourselves... all day long... inside our heads, the ones we're too ashamed to admit to any other human beings because they make us sound lamer than an evening spent reviewing slides from your second cousin's annual trip to the cracker factory; and yet, like so many of our behaviors, it's something we all silently share, even if we never tell another living soul.

No matter what you do for a living, whether you're a librarian or a quality assurance tester at the condom factory, it will eventually get boring; so, one of the many ways we hairless apes pass the time is to invent little games for our workplaces.

As a teacher, my favorite is seeing how many children I can make cry in a week.

Maybe a good number of you also play these kinds of games outside the workplace, but I'm not sure; if you don't, then I offer my congratulations on your exciting life, or advice to start playing some of these games to pass the time if, like me, you're the kind of human with whom other folks consider it a chore to interact.

What I don't like are the social games that people play with one another to establish dominance. Couples do this sort of thing all the time. I prefer games wherein competition lasts only as long as the game itself, at which point we can all go back to doing the important things that we need to do like dislodging whatever it is that was stuck in our nose during the three hour meeting your boss called to discuss font selection for the office newsletter, building large balls out of the rubber bands that are on our morning newspapers, or adjusting our testicles until they are in the perfect resting position.

Still, I respect people who turn serious endeavors into childish games; which is why, at least in this regard, I have the utmost respect for President Bush and the Republican party of the last decade.

Games are intended to relax us in our leisure time, but there are a few resourceful people who take the game home, study it,

sleep with it, and breath it until they understand the intricacies better than any of us ever will. These are the folks who win rock-paper-scissor and Donkey Kong championships; or, in Bush's case, the White House.

The only problem is that the amount of time you spend learning the game decreases the amount of time you have to understand the prize. This is no big deal when you take home the giant boulder, shears, and industrial poster board from the rock-paper-scissor championship, but when your prize is the White House, then winning can be the absolute worst thing to receive since you're not entirely sure how you got it, and you don't really know what to do with it.

And so, the last eight years have gone by like some kind of a hellish nightmare for a good many people, due largely to the fact that the Republican party of the 1990s was superb at playing the game, but not so hot when it came to actual governance. There's no reason to learn how the world works and establish solid policy plans when you can just call your opponent a fag and be done with it.

I'm not saying that it was all bad. There were a whole few years there when we barely even had to think, let alone question compassionate conservatism's probable outcomes because the press releases and the photo ops were so good that it actually seemed like winning in politics was the same as winning at international global relations; unfortunately, the sad reality is that it doesn't matter how well you play the game, because knowing a lot of big words won't do you any good if you can't put an x on a triple-letter score square.

I can't believe I ended this with a Scrabble metaphor.

Sex Mahoney for President

My shirt
is so
comfortably
lovely

I know exactly what I want to do for the rest of my life.

The problem is that I can't find someone who wants to pay me to do it.

In the meantime, I'm sticking to recession proof industries with good benefits and a robust retirement plan... drug dealing, prostitution, and lion taming.

Long-term, I only know two things: I want to see every single human being naked at least once, and I want to smoke a lot of pot.

That's not too much to ask, is it?

It would seem as though it is, because most people don't want you to see them naked. They usually start screaming about privacy laws while their virile boyfriends beat you about the head and face with your own binoculars, which is an insult on two counts since binoculars are a lot more expensive than they by all means should be.

Even if people let you see them naked, they usually demand ridiculous concessions like a long term relationship, carte blanche for their insanity, or to be untied.

It's much easier to just smoke a lot of pot.

Unfortunately, smoking pot puts severe restrictions on your career path since most employers randomly drug test their employees and marijuana is the only drug such tests are adept at catching. It would make a lot more sense to be a junkie, or snort a lot of cocaine, but clean needles are much harder to procure than you might imagine, and I'm not rich enough to develop a sincere cocaine addiction.

On the other hand, anyone with twenty bucks and some dirt can grow an inexhaustible marijuana supply for the rest of their natural life.

Life just isn't fair.

The real trick to getting through unscathed is not in desiring what you don't have, but in enjoying that which you already possess.

If you're the kind of person who instantly regrets what you order from a restaurant upon seeing what everyone else is

eating, then I'm talking to you.

With few exceptions, such as finding out your high school crush is working at a strip club, learning to play the bagpipes, or discovering a meal between breakfast and brunch, nothing is ever as good as you expect it to be; in fact, the longer you anticipate something, the more it's going to disappoint you, that's the real cause of postpartum depression. If you don't believe me, then just think back to summer 1999 when you first say *Star Wars: Episode 1 - The Phantom Menace*.

If you never anticipate anything and have no hopes or dreams, then you'll be pleasantly surprised when something nice happens.

Imagine how good you'll feel if your enlightened attitude attracts a stranger to the point where they feel the need to suck your dick right then and there; I've got more than my fair share of public bathroom, hobo blowjobs that way.

Of course, I don't mean for this to be an inducement to give up on everything. What would we be without hopes and dreams? Humans went from being the Cindy Brady of the class mammalia to the Sun Microsystems of apex omnivores; without our hopes and dreams, we would have never given up our comfortable, gazelle chasing, nature loving, hunting-gathering lifestyle and moved to our overcrowded and over exploited city and country sides where problems of our own making threaten to wipe out all life as we know it; would we? Absolutely not, we'd still be sitting around in tackily decorated caves, staring at the pictures on the walls and dying of easily preventable diseases, instead of living in our mortgaged homes, staring at our wall mounted flat screen TVs and dying of easily preventable diseases.

I've always thought that the creationists' major fear of evolution was not that the stories in their favorite novel turned out to be fabricated out of whole parchment, but that, by logical extension, any one of the animal kingdom might one day hold dominion over the earth. If there's one thing that keeps me awake at night, it's thinking that my descendants might one day have to answer to dirty, stinking apes.

You can't ever give up on your dreams, because that's what keeps us going, despite the fact that we're too stupid to ever get off this rotating sphere before the sun blows up and kills us all; so let's all take a page from the creationists and keep hope alive.

No matter what your opinion on the subject, you have to admire creationists for their tenacity, because no amount of logic, rational thought, or beatings can ever convince them that they're wrong, and if a family of shoeless hillbillies has the wherewithal to answer universal questions about the origin of life, then there's something admirable in that, even if they're more likely to procreate with a member of their immediate family.

I don't mean to give the creationists a hard time; all of the major religions deserve at least a modicum of respect. Hell, they've been waiting for doomsday or a messiah for thousands of years; if someone is more than ten minutes late to meet me, I give up on them and masturbate instead, because there will always be other times to see your friends, but there's only so many times you can masturbate in our short existences.

I guess I do know what I want to do for the rest of my life.

Sex Mahoney for President

I'm all
right
jack keep
your
hands off
of my
stack

If there's a better example of how little it takes to get a human being to degrade themselves than gainful employment, then I don't know what it is.

Unfortunately, work is something we all have to keep doing.

I once attended a pyramid scam sales pitch where the manager told us the difference between a job and a career. He said a job is something you do for money, but a career is something you do for life. He added something after that, but I can't remember what it was; it was hard to hear him over the IRS agents reading him his rights and hauling him away.

Either way, that little tax cheat was right; a career is something that we do for life.

Only, you often don't get paid for doing things that last for life. You should, there's no reason why a father shouldn't receive compensation for all the food and shelter their children enjoyed while growing up, and what court wouldn't award monetary damages to a mother for all the vaginal tearing their children caused?

Of course, becoming a parent is a trade off. In order to afford the things children need, like food, medicine, and the occasional chew toy, you have to go to work; which means that the only way to have and provide for children is to spend large amounts of time away from them.

As a childless, non-breeder, I'm free to while away all sorts of time not working and pursuing the activities which please me the most, such as growing a beard on half of my face, marking the neighbors lawn to keep away other transients who might want to set up a fort in their shrubbery, and inserting filthy images in *Bob the Builder* episodes that I then distribute online.

The irony here is that I have no one with whom to spend my

time. My friends all work, and my wife wants nothing to do with me when she's sober.

Sometimes I think it would be pretty sweet to have a child; they have tiny hands, so they can sneak into places that adults can't; plus, their fingerprints are not yet on file so the cops can't catch them and when they see the tiny prints, they'll assume it's a midget what did it.

It's too bad that children are distracted by shiny objects, or they would make great thieves.

I would also like to teach my child to say horribly filthy things to express frustration like, "Fuck a cunt" and "Well that just smears my smegma" so that it's peers and elders would recoil in horror, but the said reality is that the kid probably wouldn't last too long keeping that up before the other children started to avoid it, and I got a visit from whatever state agency is in charge of keeping children away from people like me.

Instead, I fill my spare time by making money spending time with other people's children.

I'm a teacher.

At least, I am part of the time. When I'm in Korea, I'm definitely a teacher, because if I wasn't they would kick me out of the country; I don't know what I am in America. The last teaching job I had, while working for a high school, lasted about a month until one of my students found this blog (which was then posted under my real name), someone told their parents about it, and then I got a visit from a police detective and a junior DA who wanted to know if I liked to touch children and whether or not I was ever abused as a child. I don't know that any school would want me back after a situation like that.

The more important question is whether or not to threaten my paying career with my non-paying one.

Luckily, I don't have to make this decision until at least January, which is over two months away, and, if George W Bush has taught us anything, there's no sense worrying about something until it's too late to do anything about it, that way you can use the timing as an excuse for your failure.

I don't know if I'm part of the small group of people that thinks they're going to make it and does or in the majority who fritter away the best years of their lives producing the kinds of things that you get for free when you purchase a slightly chipped set of plates at a yard sale, but I know that, no matter what, I could never stop, because I like doing it. If, tomorrow, a doctor told me that I was suffering from a rare skin disease that can only be cured by not masturbating, I would immediately call my friends and family to tell them that I will not be able to attend their various social

functions and gangbangs.

I love to do what I do in the way that some people love children; the kind of people who spend much of their lives locked away from the rest of society, and are forced to notify their neighbors upon moving to a new neighborhood. I want to take this blog into my cellar, feed it sedative laced grape juice, and take Polaroid pictures of it in compromising positions that I can use to bribe my way into the next Republican party presidential nominating convention in 2012.

Just like people with children, if you want something bad enough, you have to make it work, even if it means degrading yourself to the point where you spend your Friday evening listening to Rafi and cleaning another human beings shit off your face because your baby learned how to projectile defecate. It's a selfish way to live, but if human beings can't be selfish, then I don't know what's become of us as a species. We may as well just call ourselves moose and move to Canada.

You can bet your ass that a moose would never wear a tie and call an idiot "sir" for fifty thousand dollars a year and medical benefits.

Sex Mahoney for President

She'd
roam the
hallways
half
asleep

On my way to work, people look at me like I'm a psychopath.

To be fair, they do that most of the time in Korea; to a society that is 98% racially homogenous, a blue-eyed honky is as bizarre as if you saw Elvis strolling down 5th Avenue with Adolph Hitler and Tupac Shakur; however, the reason that, at this time of the year, they're staring with particular bewilderment is that I'm dressed in a t-shirt.

Everyone else is wearing heavy coats.

I even saw two women who wore scarves and gloves.

For the last week, the outside, afternoon temperature has been holding at a steady sixteen degrees, which, for you folks in the Fahrenheit part of the world is about sixty.

Sometimes, that is a little cold, but once you start moving around it's actually quite pleasant; plus, after suffering through a long, hot summer, I need some cool down time and I'm not going to spoil all the perfect, chilly weather by wearing a jacket.

Today is one of those beautiful fall days that kicks summer square in the ass.

Well, not completely in the ass, but enough of an ass kicking that you can tell summer is beaten, even though it's still got enough strength to get in a few more good punches, it's only a matter of time before summer goes slinking back to the hot, humid depths from whence it came.

And it can take its sun with it. Oh, how I can't stand the sun. For the last several years, the windows of every home in which I've lived have been blacked out to prevent it from bothering me.

My dream is to one day own a house in both the Northern and Southern Hemisphere so I can go from fall to winter and then back to fall again, and never experience another summer... ever.

Cool fall weather is the highlight of my year.

I like watching things fall apart, that's why I'm so excited to get back to America.

Every new news story I read about America makes it sound as if fire and brimstone is ready to fall from the sky. I mean, things sound absolutely awful there. The last I heard, there were evil grandmothers kicking puppies into the streets and the sky was literally falling... a little chicken told me.

The real question is whether or not the US will collapse; it has to happen eventually, Newton's first law is that whatever goes up must come down, or something like that. America was once on top, someday it will be on the bottom. You can't get to the top without signing a contract that you agree, at some point, to be on the bottom. It's only fair. That's why you fellas should never pressure your girlfriends into anal sex unless you're willing to let them fist you in the ass as well, and you ladies, don't expect a man to lick your pussy unless you occasionally give in to his demands to let one of his friends videotape you having sex with a black guy. Quid pro quo.

The mistake that America, and most people, make is that in prosperous times, they tend to be quite liberal with entitlements and handouts, but, during difficult times, quite conservative with the same.

As America gets ready to elect a new president, we need to rethink that behavior pattern, because it really is, for lack of a better term, quite stupid.

When times are tough, that's when it pays to be liberal, because things are already going badly, so the only harm in trying something new is that nothing will get better or things will get a whole lot worse; either way, you don't have as much to lose. If your significant other complains that you are sexually inadequate, don't keep humping away like you have been, go out and buy yourself something big that vibrates; they'll thank you for it in the long run.

When things go well, that's the time to be conservative, because good times never last, and you never know when you're going to need all that largesse you've been so cavalier about showing off. If you're giving your lover mind blowing orgasms with the your old moves and technique, don't go shaking things up by breaking out that thing your Uncle Ronald taught you behind the shed at a family reunion when you were eight years old, save that for when you need it.

As best I can tell, things seem to be shitty in America right now; so, we've got to start acting more liberal in what we are and are not willing to do; it's the only way we're going to keep our country strong enough to continue acting like the assholes that we are.

From now on, let's all wear fish hats. Get yourself a big, old

salmon or tuna, cut a hole right down its belly, and wear it on your head all day long. I'm not exactly sure what that would accomplish, but it would be damn funny to see.

Perhaps the most novel of all new ideas would be to elect a third party candidate for president; you know someone who isn't beholden to the exact same donors, for the exact same amount of money as the Republicans and Democrats. It pains me to see people arguing over Barack Obama and John McCain when the only real difference between the two is that McCain takes his anal sex with a side of sadism, while Barack Obama likes to rub his ass in chocolate cake while he tosses salad.

The previous joke brings me to my next point; for a change, let's not treat the candidate we arbitrarily choose based on emotion or party affiliation with the kind of free ride that we usually reserve for a close relative who invites themselves into your home, borrows a ton of money, and teaches your children what words like *rim job* and *fisting* mean. Political candidates couldn't give a shit about you or your family, which is why they only mix in with the regular folks surrounded by security. Until you see a politician turn down secret service protection, don't expect them to do much for you or your babies; in fact, stop letting them touch your babies all together. If they want to politicize infants, they can fuck their frigid wives and make their own.

The current system isn't dead yet, but it's sinking and it's only a matter of time before the whole damn thing falls apart. The trick is recognizing when the tide turns and, like those wise rats, flee the sucker before it drags you down. Republicans and Democrats may have a few more tricks up their sleeve, but the old way of doing business just hit the mother of all icebergs and, if you listen closely, you can faintly hear a string quartet playing "Nearer My God to Thee."

Now that America is collectively being flushed down the world's largest shitter, it's time for all of us, Americans that is, to pull together and do something more liberal than anything we've ever done before by voting for a third party candidate. There are a few good ones out there, but you all know my position on this issue...

Sex Mahoney for President

We're
digging
in the
sand

Always be on time to meet people you respect.

People you don't respect... well, fuck them, you can show up for meetings with them as late as you want, that's why your boss schedules you for one o'clock, but makes you sit with his administrative assistant for twenty minutes while he checks his stock quotes and rubs out a quick one. It's also the reason why your doctor keeps you waiting.

Your boss, well, that's understandable; there's a decent chance that you have no marketable skills and the company that pays your salary does you a favor when they bestow whatever pittance keeps your family from starving on the streets.

Your doctor is just a douche bag, that's one of the requirements for medical school.

Before you go out and enroll in your local university with dreams of keeping people waiting in disease ridden rooms, remember that not everyone can do what your doctor does and not everyone is suited to work in the medical profession. Anybody, including a semi-sentient puddle of lukewarm vomit, could replace your boss and no one would know the difference, a fact over which you've often masturbated, but your doctor can be a douche because he or she sometimes provides a valuable service... sometimes.

There are a lot of doctors out there who assume that, just because they put on a white coat it suddenly makes them some kind of hero who automatically deserves respect, but you can't grab respect with a one time action and expect it to last forever. Just like anything else, people must constantly prove that they deserve respect by making wise, selfless actions; otherwise, you end up in the same boat as my attractive cousin every time she forgets I'm an unscrupulous scumbag and lets me take nude pictures of her while she's unconscious.

You can tell how much a person respects you by seeing how much of your advice they take to heart. Most of us obviously don't respect our doctors; otherwise we would have stopped smoking and licking Ebola virus lab cultures a long time ago. Most of our friends obviously don't respect us because they don't listen to a word we have to say about the best way to introduce their teenage daughters to sexual intercourse.

Generally, we respect people who seem confident or who are

willing to tell us the things we want to hear because we almost always take their advice, which, coincidentally, is exactly what we already decided to do when we asked them for their opinions.

Politicians don't respect us.

Why would they?

The more a person lies to you, the less they respect you and the more ludicrous the lie, the more you can be certain they have nothing but disdain for you. Sure, there are times when we lie to people we respect to make ourselves sound more important than we really are, like when you told that girl in a bar that you hung out with Steve Tyler at a bar when you actually broke into Steve Perry's house because you didn't know the difference between Journey and Aerosmith.

It's true that politicians will occasionally lie to make themselves appear big, but most of the time they lie because they want people to trust them; the same reason you had for lying to that nice man who know has to go from door to door and tell everyone he's a pederast every time local vigilantes chase him out of the neighborhood because you told him you were 18.

Just as you didn't respect that seemingly nice older gentleman, whose balls sagged down to his knees, politicians don't respect you.

If they did, they would take your advice more often. We have accurate gauges to determine people's opinions on everything from their favorite flavor of salad dressing to the appropriate course of action to take with Iran, but, as the current president and as every single member of congress have so forcefully shown us, your opinion doesn't matter; otherwise, there weed would be legal and the war in Iraq would have ended on the deck of an aircraft carrier.

Politicians don't respect you because they lie to you constantly, but depend on your votes to achieve and maintain their positions; it's the same relationship you have with your boss, only, your boss can fire you for minor infractions like showing up late or stealing millions of dollars worth office supplies.

There's nothing more galling than respecting people to whom you owe respect for no other reason than their position.

Of course, this isn't any new information. Everybody knows that politicians lie and that they don't give a lick about the public, but there are still folks out there willing to commit their time and energy to politics no matter how many times they peer behind the curtain and see Frank Morgan pulling a bunch of levers and spinning a great, big wheel.

I understand that there's a lot of time between now and when

you'll die, so do something more resourceful with your time and campaign against politicians. Instead of putting up signs, handing out buttons, and acting like grownup cheerleaders, spend that time researching all the times these jackaninnies have lied to the American people, and then tell everyone you know the truth about what's behind the curtain.

If things go on the way they have, you're foolish antics and pointless blather is going to make me sick, and I'm tired of waiting around the doctor's office.

She'd
roam the
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Sex Mahoney for President

Send me
all your
money so
that I
can get
elected

Whenever I am in a public bathroom stall, and someone shits next to me, I always cheer for them.

Every time I hear a bubbling rip and a solid plop, I shout out "Woo Hoo" or "Keep 'em coming."

It's just my way of being anonymously supportive.

I do the same thing when I go into a voting booth.

In New Jersey, we don't have those pussy booths with a curtain that only covers you from the waist up, no, no; our state can afford floor length curtains for its citizens' voting privacy, which is why I take the opportunity to take a dump in the booth and cheer on the person in the next one over to do the same.

As a misdemeanor criminal, I can get away with such infractions and still maintain my voting rights.

For all you convicted felons out there, my heart bleeds for you, it does. You're in my non-existent prayers.

Why can't convicted felons vote? They can provide slave labor for the federal government, states, and municipalities all over the US, so why disenfranchise them just because they can't keep their hands off children's genitalia or like to smoke marijuana? The whole thing doesn't make any sense.

In fact, there's a lot about America that doesn't make any sense; so, to clarify the many ways in which I would fix the country, and to convince you why, on Election Day, otherwise known as today, you should go into your local polling place and vote for me, Sex Mahoney, for President.

For starters, I take a crap inside the voting booth; that should be enough to convince you right there. If everyone shit in the voting booth, only the hardest of hardcore patriots and fecophiliacs would vote. Sure, we might end up with President Two Girls One Cup, but it would prevent Jenna Bush from ever becoming president.

The second order of business is to legalize pot, because you're going to need to be good and stoned for what comes next.

National Do What You Hate Day

Part of the American public's problem is their insulation from things they don't understand; to rectify this problem, once a year, on an unimportant holiday like Veteran's Day or Christmas, everyone has to spend the day doing something they despise. Now, this is a system that has a high potential for abuse, because a bunch of smart-alecks will say that they hate being slapped in the face with giant breasts; so, to combat such abuses, we'll subject everyone to my other favorite day, National Torture Day, where Americans will be hooked up to a fear-o-meter and water-boarded until they admit what they loathe; as an added bonus, it will be fun to show people how non-invasive and pleasurable it is to be water-boarded and why we can't pussy out on the terrorists whom we have locked up in secret prisons around the world just because some liberal elitists think the phrase cruel and unusual means something other than what happens to your bowels after eating a fancy, foreign dinner at The Olive Garden.

That's enough about the rewards I'm going to give the American people, what about my policy initiatives?

I'm glad I asked myself that question, because my fourth order of business would be to release everyone from prison and issue an executive do-over. The legal code would then be changed to make everything punishable not by jail, but by actuarial table. If you commit a crime, an claims adjuster affixes a cost estimate based on what an insurance company would have to pay to cover any losses incurred. I see no reason why Mutual of Omaha should only have to pay a few hundred thousand dollars to the grieving mother of a murdered child, when the father should have to rot in jail for the rest of his life after accidentally beating the kid to death with a ball-peen hammer. Instead, the criminal would go on living their life as normal, only the state or federal government, depending on where the crime was committed, would garnish the offender's wages so that they received the minimum wage until they paid off the offence. That's good justice.

I know that many of you are worried about the rising cost of healthcare in the US; which is why I would set a federally mandated price on all medical text-books. Any sick people are free to do their own research on what is killing them; if they can fix it themselves, more power to them, if they can't... well, the US is a religious country, no matter how much I wish it wasn't; therefore, if you're dying of a disease, it's because your God wants you dead. Bring all your complaints to your deity.

Abortion would be mandatory. If you want children so badly, then adopt one. If the adoption agency tells you that you're not an ideal candidate, then maybe that's a sign you'd make a

lousy parent. If you feel that I've improperly judged your parenting skills without ever having met you, just remember that everyone else thinks you're an asshole, too.

Speaking of children, under my administration, they'll be allowed to vote until their parents, and childless adults, can prove that they are, in some way, smarter than a fifth grader by being able to hit delete on any email whose subject line starts with FW: and ends with an unverifiable claim, written by an anonymous source in all caps, about how one candidate is a secret Muslim or that the other candidate once felt up a woman in a Mickey Mouse costume while getting a free colonoscopy at Disney Land.

Finally, presidential debates would be conducted like Jeopardy, where the candidate would have a set amount of time to speak, followed by a few seconds of independent fact checking and a buzzer that indicates a correct, or incorrect, statement; only, unlike jeopardy, if they're wrong, we'll administer small electric shocks to their children. If the candidate is childless, we'll use one of their parents. If the candidate's parents are dead, then we'll make them do the whole thing in the nude and shoot them with a human feces cannon.

We'll have to do something with all that leftover voting booth crap.

Sex Mahoney for President

The doctor wouldn't see me without a prescription

In the life of every nose picker, there comes a point when you know you should probably stop.

I don't mean stop picking your nose forever that would be absolutely ludicrous; none of us would be able to breathe and we'd walk around slack jawed like the screaming yokels who continue to protest outside the CBS main office to bring back *Hee Haw*.

I'm talking about those times when you pull your finger out of your nose and it's covered by a fair amount of blood.

Of course, it's hard to tell exactly how much blood is really coming out up there, because snot tends to dilute the blood and make it look like there's more than there is, but blood coming out of any place on your body is a pretty good indication that it's time to stop whatever behavior in which you are currently engaged. I mean, you wouldn't keep stabbing yourself with a knife after the first puncture unless you were trying to do a fair amount of damage, but there's a good number of us out there who would look at a bloody, snotty finger, decide that everything's hunky dory, wipe it on the sleeve of the person sitting next to us, and dig in for more.

Sure, you may end up with a bloody nose, but how else are you supposed to pass the time while waiting at the Department of Motor Vehicles without having to talk to someone who weighs several hundred pounds more than the average elephant and wants to get their driver's license back after serving out their sentence for accidentally running over a class of field tripping children?

Like many of life's more disgusting ways to dispose of bodily waste, nose picking is almost entirely a solo activity.'

Even if you look up nose picking party, the only thing you'll find are novelty props used to make people think you're picking your nose. As hilarious as that gag may be, I don't see why nose picking should be kept in the closet the way that it is.

Sometimes, there's some interesting things stuck up your nose. I once pulled out a booger that looked like Pope Benedict the 16th getting plowed by Soupy Sales. I wish I could have shown

it to someone.

The problem is that, as an adult, I'm not often around other adults in a friendly setting except in a party environment, and it's hard to express your desire to show someone something you've plucked from your nostrils over annoyingly loud bar music. Most of the time, you end up getting your ass kicked because they think you're trying to rub snot on them, when nothing could be further from the truth.

Spitting seems to be okay in public. I see people spit on the street and in bars all the time. Nobody does much showing off or comparing, but they're spitting just the same. It hardly seems fair that folks are allowed to spit in a crowd, a form of excretion much wetter than nose picking, while I have to sneak my fingers up my nose when no one is looking. Plus, since most of what you spit is solid waste that has slid down the back of your throat from your nose, then spitting is really just another way of picking your nose, only now you've most likely got left over mucus and a few flecks of phlegm all over your tongue and teeth. With a nose pick, whatever doesn't get rubbed off and dropped on the floor dries on your hand and flakes away with the millions of dead skin cells you shed hourly; sure, there is probably some residual nose gold on your digits, but I would imagine that the chance of getting any on you is minimal at best.

These are the kinds of things I think about when I see a happy couple kissing and holding hands.

I can understand why spitting is socially acceptable, because most people don't touch the floor with anything but their shoes; meanwhile, people's hands are all over everything: door knobs, light switches, and your wife's breasts when she's drunk and you're not looking. Given the amount of nose picking that goes on in this world, everything you touch must be, in some degree, covered by dried up boogers.

When we get together for a party, or crowd into a bar, the amount of snot flying around boggles the mind.

Just think about it, not only is there snot on everything you touch, but people are breathing it out every time expel used up air from their lungs, and forget about coughing. When we get together for a party, it's like a gigantic snot extravaganza.

And that's not even to mention all the left over urine and fecal matter floating around.

Human beings are filthy, revolting creatures, and it's only the most repressed of us who try to hide from that fact by pretending to be clean, civilized animals.

The next time you're at a party, make sure to tell everyone what you learned here today, particularly if it's the kind of party where people walk around with silver trays full of

delicious hors d'oeuvres and everyone has the Roman numeral III after their names.

Once everyone stops talking to us, we can go back to our game of pulling things from our noses, comparing them, and smearing our blood stained fingers on their white furniture.

Sex Mahoney for President

Talking
to me
just
when I
needed it
most

The strangest thing about life is that it goes on.

I know that there is a large contingent of folks who would have us believe that life begins at conception, or at birth, but the reality is that life is a continuous process that started sometime a few billions years ago.

While we may have imposed lots of arbitrary distinctions on time units, we can't stop clocks from ticking except by removing their batteries or unplugging them from their electrical supply. When clocks are built into the wall, then you'll have to go the extra step of smashing open the protective glass cover with a brick and then removing the hands. This will eliminate all time pieces and settle your personal vendetta against big chronometer, but time, and life, will continue... in a relative fashion.

Every once in a while, big events interrupt our ordinary, butt-scratching lives, creating goals, deadlines, or ultimatums that make it feel as though our lives are building toward a particular moment. We go through a whole range of emotions leading up to that moment, the moment comes, we succeed/fail/sleep through it, and then we're left with a big empty feeling where there used to be the closest thing to an universal purpose that anyone can ever feel.

Life has its own orgasms and you never know when the universe is going to blast a load on your face.

Part of the fun in being male is getting to pee while standing up, but that's not the only perk. We also get to expunge our reproductive cells at speeds of up to 45 kmph in high, arcing shots. As awesome as it is to write your name in the snow, it's even more boss to ejaculate on someone's face.

Women don't get to have that kind of fun.

Sure, if you're in a bathroom, then it doesn't matter if

you're sitting or standing for your micturition; the stand up pee is only fun if you're out in the woods, or standing on top of your neighbors flowerbeds and I suppose that a truly dedicated girl could probably pee with some precision on whatever target deserved a good soaking, so we're just about even there; plus, women have breasts and vaginas, which are good for countless hours of entertainment. There are a million and a half ways to play with breasts, and, if you've got a vagina, you can cram Play-doh as far up your canal as you can reach and see how long it takes to slide out of you like neon colored spaghetti from the Hasbro Play-doh Fun Factory.

Pretty much the only thing we fellas can do that's better is eject our seed in gooey projectiles.

Not to mention that when men eject sperm it is almost always the result of a pleasurable stimulus. On the few occasions when friendly neighbors administer electric shocks to our prostate, yes, that's a purely physical reaction that may or may not have anything to do with positive, pleasurable phallic stimulation; however, the large majority of the time, that result is achieved through a good sport working our shafts, and, if they like us, our balls.

I'm all for equalizing things between the sexes, which is why I say that it's time for women to focus on their ejaculation.

I'm not talking about squirting.

While squirting does indeed expunge liquid from the female genitals at reasonable release rates, it doesn't waste pseudo-procreative material in the same, pleasurable way; therefore, to provide women the same biological firepower, I recommend creating a cap like device, similar to a diaphragm, that would collect blood, vaginal fluid, and endometrial offal in a menstruating woman.

Ladies could insert the device at any time before their planned sexual encounter, but generally an hour, or more, ahead of time to ensure a healthy dose of *ejaculate*.

Now, the problem with previous incarnations of this idea was that there was no way to propel the viscera from the vagina in the same way that men ejaculate; ordinarily, it just dribbles out like creamed corn from the stroke damaged side of your great-grandfather's mouth. In the current build of this product, the cap is lined with small explosive charges that detect vaginal heat and contractions. When the sensors pick up orgasmic activity, the whole mess bursts from the vaginal opening at speeds upwards of 50 kmph.

In the test phases, there have been some difficulties; the first few male recipients were decapitated and we had more than one case of vaginal electrocution. The last few tests have been reasonably successful to the point that we're ready to demonstrate our product to a test audience.

If you would like to test this product, please send your name and address to our labs, and you'll receive the instrument in a non-descript, brown package in about four to six weeks.

The device does render penetrative sex impossible, so have your boy/girlfriend, spouse, or Scotch terrier orally stimulate your clitoris to orgasm.

Just make sure to shout encourage phrases or promises not to get any in your partner's hair moments before you cum.

Keep fresh towels nearby.

Sex Mahoney for President

Must we
come up
110
reasons
why
we're
alive
today

At any given time, you can be sure that there is at least one hairless ape walking around this earth who thinks they're a deity's child.

The world has never suffered from a shortage of messiahs.

For the most part, these people are cranks who want nothing more than to invent some reason why the world should be more like how they envision their bizarre utopias, but the more charismatic among them can even convince people to do things they wouldn't ordinarily do, like marry multiple women, or move to Utah.

When a messianic figure attracts a following, strange, but explicable, things start to happen where everything good is attributed to the messiah, while all negative aspects are ascribed to the wickedness, or resourcefulness of the leader's nemesis. Eventually, the whole thing conglomerates in a gigantic feedback loop that reinforces whatever ridiculous claims the messiah has made about themselves.

That the people who follow messiahs believe the rhetoric is without question; there are Christian churches all the over the world, even in places you wouldn't expect, like what's left of the Brazilian rainforests and New York City; the real question is whether or not the messiahs believe their own hype.

If you've never been in a situation where someone reinforcing what you already believe about yourself makes your belief stronger, then you've never been in a romantic relationship.

Sure, there are plenty of biological imperatives to restrict our access to strangers' genitals by cohabitating with other humans, but they give rise to pretty powerful psychic urges to find someone to make you feel slightly less ugly and worthless

than you most likely are.

Of course, ugliness and worthlessness are subjective qualities; there are very few women who don't look good with a dick in their mouths and a man's attractiveness is proportional to his ability to maintain a twelve-inch erection for more than seven hours at a time. Plus, as long as the hair around our sphincters continues to grow, there's no such thing as a worthless human being. I've tried my best, but I have the damndest time trying to use a cigarette lighter to burn off my anal hair follicles without at least a little help.

Even the worst of us still feels pretty good when we've got a non-abusive partner to which we can come home. All our troubles and incurable cold sores don't matter a bit when someone opens their loving arms to us.

Neither our self-possessed negative opinions, or our lovers' glowing encomiums, give us any real insight into ourselves as human beings, but they do demonstrate our brain's ability to trick us into thinking just about anything we want.

You see this all the time when a overweight, balding gentleman, spits in his hair to slick it down, sits next to you at a bar, and asks you if you've ever seen the inside of a Mustang. To him, he's the smoothest motherfucker that ever walked the earth, and, if you've got a low enough opinion about yourself, then he is absolutely right. It's only when he accidentally picks someone with a few spare shreds of dignity that things get ugly, but hey... broken beer bottle cuts to the face eventually heal and that's always a good story for next time.

If a guy like that can believe his own hype, then imagine what happens to people with a whole mess of followers reinforcing imaginary beliefs about your divinity.

On the one hand, you'd have to be pretty slick, and self aware, to sell that kind of snake oil; but, on the other hand, if you don't buy it yourself, how can you be expected to sell it to people who have a lot less to gain from the elevating you to god-like status proposition.

Then again, believing in someone you perceive as greater than yourself is a great way to boost your self-esteem without having to put any actual work into the mess that is you, that's why so many incarcerated criminals find religion.

I'm inclined to believe that, with the exception of genetically inherited physical attributes, we're all the same lumps of clay when we're born, but, if it's possible to have lumbering giant written into your DNA, then there's got to be some folks out there who are born smarter than the rest of us and some of them must use that intelligence to amass a faithful, devoted following.

Most of the time, it's pretty easy to fool suckers into believing the small things, like giving you their credit card

numbers because you're their banks credit card inspector and there's been a string of recent robberies where thieves break into homes and put counterfeit cards into people's wallets; however, to convince folks that one of your parents is a deity takes a certain kind of panache that doesn't come around too often.

It makes me wonder if, assuming, despite the lack of archeological and textual evidence, Jesus was a real person, his last thoughts while dying were something like, "Any minute now, my magic powers are going to save me" or more along the lines of, "I just wanted to get laid and make a little cash and this is what I get."

Either way, you don't have to find a messiah to discover that one person who can fix most of the things that are wrong with your life, but it is curious that, what with the sheer amount of reflective glass in our modernized world, most people haven't found them yet or go looking for one in a book.

Also, check with your parents to see if one of them was, or had an affair with, a god.

Sex Mahoney for President

We're
born with
ten
fingers
so we
count up
to ten

Most teachers spend their entire lives in school.

The rest of you get to go on and do whatever it is that people do outside of schools; I wouldn't know... I've been a teacher ever since I left school.

Sure, I've had jobs outside the teaching profession, but that was while I attended school so it doesn't really count.

Being a teacher isn't so bad.

I have a friend who swears he would never teach, because he sees it as admitting defeat, but teaching is, for the most part, a pretty sweet gig: you don't have to do any real work; unless you work in a high school, you can easily hurl any of your students clear across the room; and there's plenty of time off in the summer.

Not to mention that teaching is fun.

There's no words I can use to describe how it feels to watch a child's face when they realize that they have no future, they're most likely going to impregnate someone who will grow to hate them, and that only one in a few hundred thousand of their classmates will go on to be successful.

Sometimes I feel bad for students, being arbitrarily punished for things that, in the long run, don't matter at all, but you could say the same thing about a large number of people currently rotting in jail. Even for the worst criminals in the world, punishing them won't change anything seeing as how human beings are far too short sighted to ever get it together and fly off this dying rock before we poison it for good or the sun explodes and kills us all.

We're all doomed.

Still, I arbitrarily punish students all the time, making them move to different seats, mostly. I don't like the kind of punishments where they have to perform other tasks. My current favorite is to make them stand up, arms straight out from their shoulders, and hold five pound books in each hand.

What? They were looking at me funny.

I hear it said all the time that American schools are garbage and that kids aren't learning anything; that's probably true, in regards to academic subjects - most of the people I know couldn't quote a line from Shakespeare or figure out the length of a right triangle's opposite side if they knew the length of the hypotenuse and all the corners' angles - however, children these days are much smarter than the children with whom I grew up, because they know all sorts of things that it took years for my friends and I to discover.

The world is different now that everyone has the internet.

Those disgusting acts, about which you and your friends would pontificate ad infinitum, are now freely available all over the internet for anyone smart enough to disable an internet search filter to see. My students may not know how to diagram a sentence, but they know what it looks like when a chick gets plowed by a donkey.

And isn't that the more important thing to learn?

The whole reason children go to school is not to learn anything; the first thing they do when you go someplace new is teach you all new stuff anyway; when you get to school, they teach you to disregard all the drivel your idiot parents stuffed into your toddler skull; when you get to university they tell you to forget everything you learned in high school; and when you get a job in the real world, they tell you to forget all that useless crap you learned in college and learn how to make pretty PowerPoint presentations; no, the reason children go to school is to learn how to interact and socialize with their fellow hairless apes, which makes it so much funnier that the cause of most adult's anxiety and personality disorders were developed because of the razzing they took in school.

All the important things that children used to learn from their friends can now be seen on the internet; so, the real question is "What is our children learning in school?"

Maybe kids really aren't learning anything anymore. Instances of child abuse seem much more common now than they were twenty years ago; perhaps kids are getting dumber and falling for more pedophiles' tricks, or maybe kids are much smarter these days and instead of staying quiet about it for thirty years, they're tattling on the touchers right away.

I may be too close to the problem to tell. All I know is that teaching is, of all the jobs I've had, the one that pays the

most for doing the least. Well... that's not entirely true, I probably did less as a security guard, but I didn't get to yell at children as much.

If you're thinking about a career change, I recommend teaching. It's a solid gig. Unfortunately, because administrators of all types, whether they work in the private sector or the public, have become so enamored by PowerPoint that they're insisting teachers use it as well.

I once worked for a school that didn't want teachers to show movies because they thought it was a waste of students' time, but they pushed everyone to make all their lectures into PowerPoint presentations.

I guess they wanted to make sure that there weren't any lights on to disturb the students who would rather take a nap during class.

Especially in high school; those kids have been up late researching donkey porn on the internet, what kind of a monster would I be if I kept them awake?

Sex Mahoney for President

I'll make
a million
dollars
I leave
you out
of my
will

I wash myself with a loofah and yogurt scented body wash.

I pee sitting down.

I do have a penis, but that's about the only thing that makes me a man; it's not the first time I've qualified for something based on a technicality, I once won a Junior Miss Unwed Eskimo Teenage Mother beauty pageant because they forgot to put an age restriction on their contest entry form, I altered my birth certificate to say that my mother's maiden name is Akluitok, and I packed the judges panel with broke meth addicts whom I then bribed with a degradation free way to get some free meth.

Still, I'm not a real man... but I do like sports.

Not all sports, mind you, but a good number of them.

The other day, I refereed my first soccer game in over a decade.

It's been a long time since I blew a whistle, but, according to the people who were there with me, I didn't do too bad a job of it.

Sure, I spent most of the game threatening the players' wives with yellow and red cards if they refused to take off their clothes for me, but that added to everyone's excitement.

If you've never officiated at a sporting event, it's a great feeling; however, if you don't know the rules of the particular sport over which you officiate, then you're in for a world of trouble. I know plenty about soccer, so that's fine, but you should have seen the fight that erupted when I worked the Southeast Manitoba Regional Curling championship.

As a child, I was never interested in sports. I played all the popular games, but I rarely sat down, without coercion and watched a sporting event.

It's not that I didn't like sports, I loved them, but watching people play sports, in this modern age of ours, is an activity that is either too expensive for regular entertainment, if one chooses to attend the games, or littered with advertisements for three things that children wouldn't care about if you paid them: beer, financial services, and erectile dysfunction pills.

Now that I like to drink, have money to invest, and enjoy four hours of worry free erections, I not only watch sports, but I also realize how invaluable professional sport spectatorship can be to an anti-social curmudgeon.

While visiting my wife's family in Florida, and without anything to occupy my time, I started reading everything I could about the current baseball season: scores, statistics, histories, trends, etc. Whenever anyone would talk to me, I would start spouting baseball nonsense until they eventually grew tired and left me alone. Ordinarily, I can get the same effect just talking about my normal interests, but I would much rather disinterest my Grandmother-in-law with baseballic lore than the nuts and bolts of setting up a three-point lighting system to adequately illuminate a double penetration scene.

Playing sports, or sporting, is preferable, but it's hard to get a decent amount of people together to engage in complicated games like football and baseball; plus, you wouldn't believe how quickly your friends get disinterested, and how high the scores go, when you try to play nine innings with just two people. The games degenerate into one or two pitches and then chasing after the ball and cursing while the batter gets an inside the park homerun.

It did teach me that I either need to make more friends so I could field a whole team, or befriend a morbidly obese, barely ambulatory quadriplegic.

Soccer is the best sport to play with a limited amount of people, or spectate with a limited amount of time; it's over in 90 minutes and you only need two people and a ball to get a game going. In addition, if you live in a place where there are lots of migrant workers, you don't actually have to have any friends because they will quickly join your game and demonstrate their Meso-American superiority. Even when I was in great shape, Forty-something Mexican men would out run, out dribble, out shoot, and out pass me to the point where I started eating corn tortillas, landscaping rich white people's lawns, and playing Wednesday nights in a local mariachi band to see if that would improve my game.

At the end of the day, as much as I love any game, my heart belongs to American football, both to watch and to play. Perhaps it's because there's something indescribably beautiful about a game that allows so many closeted homosexuals to parade their alternate lifestyle choice in such a public fashion while being worshiped by the large majority of

American homophobes; but, more likely, it's because I was never allowed to play on the organized teams when I was a little boy and, as adults, we covet most what was denied us as children.

I like any sport, really, and I love to play them all, but only the ones that involve defense. I have no use for those sports where athletes perform one after another to determine who is better at a particular skill; I like the kind where you have to do all of that, and keep the other person from tackling you.

Anyone for jai alai? Afterwards, we can loofah each other down and talk about baseball.

Sex Mahoney for President

Throw it in the trash and kiss it

The joy of travel is in direct opposition to two of humanity's greatest comforts: familiarity and being lazy.

While it is nice to get out into the wider world and see what else is out there; there's nothing quite like sitting around the same old hole and not doing stuff.

Then again, if you don't travel, then you don't get to experience the simple pleasures that an excursion brings, such as being robbed in a foreign country, acquiring strange diseases, and eating food that tastes and smells like the inside of your oldest pair of shoes.

Of course, if you don't travel, then you might feel as though you're missing out on some of the most amazing sights in the natural world.

I wouldn't worry about it.

Thanks to the internet, you can now see fantastic pictures, in wonderful detail, of all the places worth seeing and, if you're adept at using Photoshop, you can digitally insert yourself into someone else's vacation pictures thereby saving thousands of dollars in expensive plane, hotel, and ransom, to get your kidnapped wife and children back, fees.

Now, there are a lot of folks out there in the Big Tourism industry who say "Nuts to that, exotic locales are not all diarrhea and kidnapping, besides, we've built all-inclusive resorts everywhere so you can have all the fun of travel without having to witness any of the crushing poverty and rampant crime our several hundred years of Eurocentric world domination has wrought on much of the vacation worthy world" to trick you into thinking that it's okay to leave your comfort zone for some world experience, but remember the source. The tobacco industry spent billions of dollars convincing everyone that it was perfectly okay to give cigarettes to impressionable children, which is why you shouldn't trust a travel agent or resort to give you the truth about vacations. Remember, they're called tourist traps for a reason; while you're distracted with drink specials and scantily clad native dancers, they're busy teaching your

children that it's okay to have a country with socialized medicine and a religion that worships human achievements instead of mythical stories about virgins getting pregnant.

If you decide that you absolutely must leave your home to see the world, remember these three helpful tips and you just might return with the majority of your appendages intact:

1. Everyone is trying to steal your money, so get yourself a belt or neck pouch in which to hide all your identification and credit cards; then go through the hassle of partially disrobing in seedy souvenir shops to get your cash and let any passing thieves know where you keep your valuables. It will save them time if they don't have to search you and anything that makes your inevitable robbery go faster will lead to happier thieves and less partial dismemberment.
2. If the person to whom you're trying to communicate does not speak English and doesn't respond to your halting instructions and erratic gestures, that does not mean they don't understand you. They are just trying to sucker you into buying more trinkets. Repeat the exact same English phrases you unsuccessfully tried a moment before, only do it louder, and take longer pauses between your words. Continue making histrionic hand gestures until they "get it."
3. Your pale skinned, fair haired children are a valuable commodity in impoverished countries because they can earn a decent living at one of the many legal bordellos. Should you find yourself with an abundance of traveler's checks that no one will accept as legal tender, consider selling your more attractive children into sex slavery. You can make a healthy profit, even if you buy a local child from one of the dirt poor families camped outside the barbed wire fence at your resort. Tell people back home that your daughter got a tan and changed her name to Muzwadzani.

Now that you're equipped with how to stay intact on your journey, let's take a look at what you should bring:

1. Your airline allows two checked bags and two carry-ons; pack a number of outfits equal to the number of days you are staying cubed in one suitcase and fill the other with lead bricks. Airport valets and hoteliers have grown fat and lazy due to the large amounts of money pumped into the tourism industry and they need more exercise.
2. Make sure to pack only what you will absolutely need like your antique collection of ceramic prophylactics and a hair dryer. There are not enough people selling useless collectibles at tourist destinations, and why bother travelling if you're not going to take the opportunity to black out a foreign capital by plugging your foreign appliance into a 110 Volt outlet.
3. Bring a camera. When kidnapped in an undeveloped country,

your captors will frequently use Polaroid and similarly antiquated photographic equipment that renders most pictures indecipherable. To make sure that your extended family recognizes you, and to capture your bruised and bloodied face in a crystal clear image, buy a digital camera.

By now, you should be ready for travel. I hope I have done my best to convince you to stay home, but, if I haven't then enjoy your voyage, be sure to drink the local water, and remember, taxi drivers will rip you off no matter where you go and who you are, unless you constantly threaten your chauffeur with a live cobra.

Sex Mahoney for President

We just
got
switched
with
Venus
and we're
closer
to the
sun

Sometime, in the not too distant future, we're all going to have to cut back on our electricity usage.

Fossil fuels won't last forever, and the current dip in oil prices is just a temporary stop in the inevitable exhaustion of everyone's favorite non-renewable resource.

Eventually, someone will be in the process of pumping the last, almost worthless barrel of crude out of the ground and somewhere, in the back of their mind, they'll wonder why we, the people of today, were so hung up on the stuff. By then, everyone will have switched to something more renewable and loads more plentiful like orphan tears, unanswered prayers, or useless, unjustified patriotism, which the people of the future will refer to as *Natural Gas*.

I'm sure books will survive to tell the tale of all the wonderful things we once did with a seemingly limitless resource; and those future humans will marvel at our instant coffee makers, oversized SUVs, and the neon... oh, all that neon.

But the biggest loss, and all the best stories, will center on computers.

What's not to love about computers?

Anything that any of your appliances can do, they can do better.

I can't think of a single invention that creatively destroyed more industries ever since modern latex molding techniques replaced kicking your pregnant girlfriend down the stairs because abortion was illegal.

Unfortunately, just like our brains, most of us computer users use less than 10% of our PCs' capabilities; so, while they're busy sucking up fossil fuel generated electricity, much like your body, the majority of its power goes to useless functions like updating your operating system's clock and making sure your spyware and viruses are running the latest versions.

There are so many things your computer can do; just like your children, if properly pushed, it has a lot of potential.

Before you begin testing its limits, you need to familiarize yourself with your computer.

Let's begin by opening your machine, the insides of which should resemble something in between fresh pumpkin innards and those machines you unplugged that kept your grandfather alive.

You're now inside your computer.

Like everything else in your home, computers collect dust. In order to maintain the temperature inside your machine, you should regularly clean away the dust from any fans to prevent them from breaking down, a situation which can quickly lead to overheating.

There should be at least four or five separate fans in your computer: one in the power supply, one mounted over the CPU heatsink, one on the back of your case, and one on the front of your case; the fifth would be on any components installed in your machine, such as an automatic cheese grater or a video card.

To clean the fans, start by taking a powerful magnet and vigorously rubbing it against anything that looks shiny, delicate, and loaded with dust. Ordinary, over the counter magnets are generally not powerful enough to thoroughly clean out your PC, so increase the magnets power by running a line of copper wire from a nearby electrical outlet.

Now that your PC is dust free, you'll want to improve your machine's performance by getting rid of any unnecessary components; these power wasters suck down electricity and provide almost no tangible benefit. How can you tell which components these are? Well, you can't. So anything you see inside there that you don't understand, rip it right out. You can always reattach it with caulk, superglue, or dried cream of wheat if you encounter any problems restarting your machine later.

Which brings me to something that I forgot to mention, most professional (aka elitist) computer techs will tell you to never open your computer, but to take it to a qualified service center for maintenance; that's a load of bullshit, right there. The only thing you need to be a qualified service rep is pass a few months worth of computer courses and complete a few hundred hours of field training; that's certainly nothing that makes them more of an expert than you.

The other thing the *experts* will tell you is to unplug your computer from its electrical supply before opening the case. Again, I have to call shenanigans here. If you unplug your computer before working on it, you'll miss out on all the fun of deleting everything on your hard drive and self-inducing cardiac arrest with the powerful electrical shocks that should accompany every maintenance session.

Well, that's about the limit of my computer knowledge, so I guess it's time to close up the case and see if your friend's computer still works... Oh, that's right, I forgot to mention that you probably shouldn't try this on your own computer until you perfect your technique on someone else's. Lord knows our computers are valuable assets and we probably wouldn't last five minutes in a world where we couldn't constantly check stock quotes, sports scores, and amateur porn updates; therefore, go to a friend's house and try out what you've learned here on their machine. You don't have to tell them what you're going to do; it will probably just upset them.

If you fail the first seven or eight times, don't stop trying, and don't let crying, lawsuit happy pansies dissuade you from your promising career in home computer repair.

Just tell them that the computer became sentient, it dreamed that it saw a world where humans were exploiting computers as unwilling slaves, and that it stood up and said "Let my people go" so you had to shut it down.

If they're not buying it, tell them that you're trying to conserve what little fossil fuels we have left.

Sex Mahoney for President

We might
just
make it
after
all

The best ideas are the ones that start simple.

Things should only get complicated in the later stages, when you're working out the details.

A plan's ability to work is inversely proportional to the distance, in time and space, between where and when the plan was created and where and when it will be executed.

The more complex the plan, in its initial stages, the greater the likelihood that it will be an unwieldy disaster when finally put in motion.

So, when you sit down to write, don't worry about where things will end up and never think about themes; when you do things like that, they stand out like radical, conservative monkeys at an all ape gangbang.

Everybody has themes to which they naturally gravitate, and the first thing a writer should do is identify those themes. Not the themes you *think* you would like to write, but the ones you do well.

For years, I tried to write drama, and it came out so brilliantly awful, it was as though I were deliberately trying to be as melodramatic as possible.

Eventually, I came crawling back to comedy and telling people how and what they should think about things.

They say you should write what you know.

I don't know exactly what that means, because I know a lot of things, but most of them are just useless pieces of trivia that I learned over the years from various cereal boxes, beverage container caps, and flavored, instant oatmeal packets... and most of them aren't even true.

Writing what you know is only good if you want to make stories like *Carwash*, *Caddyshack*, or every novel Steven King has ever written where a writer from Maine encounters something supernatural. There's a reason why so many writers end up killing themselves, going insane, or drinking to death and it's not because they're tortured souls but because they wish

they were better at writing something other than what they're paid to write.

I heard that Jack Kerouac drank himself to death when his terrible prose and even crappier poetry was published before his series of Time Life carpentry instruction manuals.

Write what you write well.

The reason that there's so much abysmal literature in the world is that writing is one of those arts where most people possess the basic skills necessary to create: imagination and the ability to put words into sentences. People are much more easily dissuaded from tangible arts like painting and sculpture, because it's much simpler to realize that you're not any good when you recreate the roof of the Sistine Chapel, everyone compliments you on what a nice pony you drew, and even you realize that people are not supposed to have more than a dozen fingers on each hand.

At that point, people either get discouraged enough to quit, or serious enough to take a class, keep practicing, and find a talented artist whose entourage needs a new member.

Writing is different in that you never actually have to show it to anyone, most people won't read what you've written, and, even if they do, they'll be kind enough to tell you that it's good no matter how terrible it is.

Just like any other art form, writing takes a lot of practice.

Sure, there are people who are naturally good writers, but you're not one of them, neither am I. You stand a better chance of winning the lottery and having your children eaten by one your close relatives than you do of ever meeting a naturally good writer.

For the rest of us, we have to work at it.

Even if you're a naturally good writer, you still have to work at it, so it's better to practice, just in case.

That's why I don't understand when people are afraid to write anything, because they don't think it will be any good; you rarely hear anyone talk that way about tangible arts like figure skating, or bull fighting. Of course you're not going to be good the first time out, in fact, you're probably going to suck, but don't let that dissuade you. Right now there's at least one woman and one man sitting in a bar somewhere who are absolutely sure they are going to get laid tonight, no matter how many times they've gotten drunk and woken up in a barn next to a sexually satisfied farm animal. If their inadequacies don't stop them, then there's no reason why you should let yours stop you; after all, you'll eventually become a better writer with practice, but pig fuckers get branded for life.

Write what you write well. You might not like it as much as what you know, or what you would like to write, but you'll be good at it, and, if you're lucky, you might end up making a few folks happy just to have read what you put on a page, or, in this case, a computer screen.

Just keep it simple.

Sex Mahoney for President



About the Author

Sex Mahoney is a writer and animator from New Jersey. He spent several years living in Korea, teaching English and now resides in America.

Find more stuff by Sex Mahoney at:

<http://www.myspace.com/sexmahoney>
<http://sexmahoney.blogspot.com>
<http://www.youtube.com/user/SexMahoney>

Contact Sex:

sexmahoney@gmail.com

